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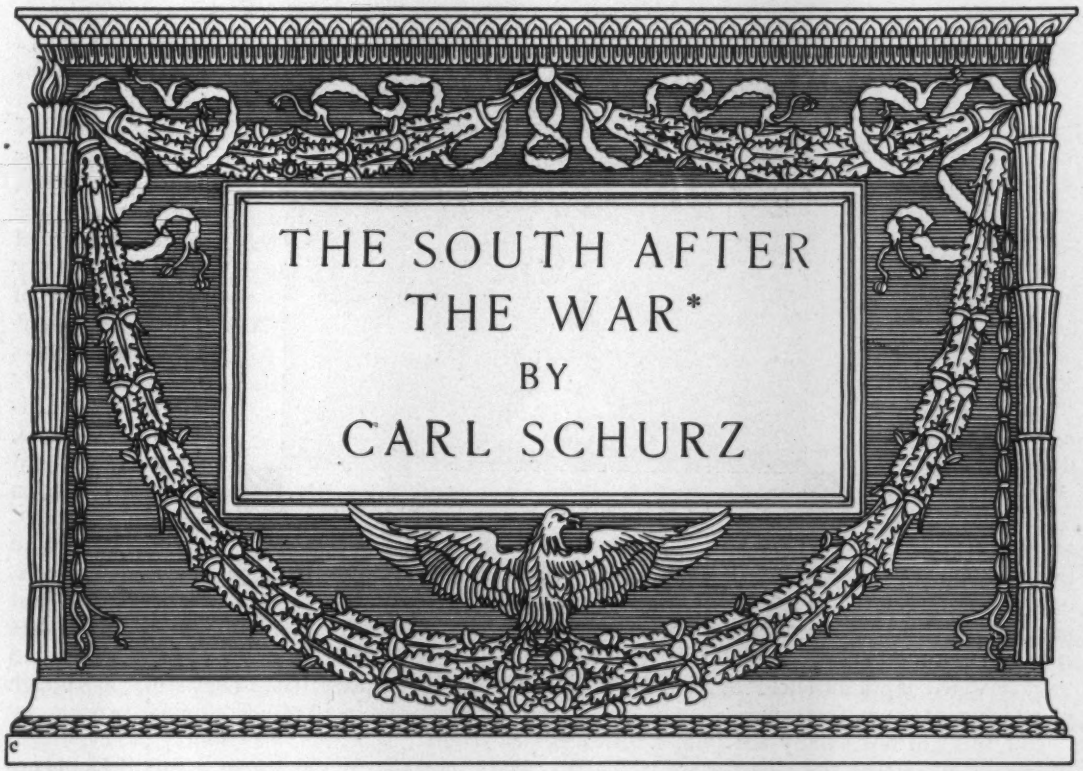

THE peace which followed the surrender of the Confederate armies in the spring of 1865 was by no means unclouded. The Southern soldier went home bowed down by the mortification of defeat, ragged, emaciated, and footsore, to find his home, maybe, in ruins, his family on the edge of starvation, his country partly devastated, and all fearfully impoverished. With sullen fierceness would the wrath of the Southern heart now and then secretly break out at the "ruthless invasion" of the Southern soil by "cruel hordes of Northern hirelings." Meanwhile, there was much jubilation at the North over the restored Union. The longed-for day when "Johnny would come home" had at last arrived. One after another, the regiments of bronzed veterans, flushed with triumph, returned to the places from which they had gone forth. But, after all, very many of the "Johnnies" who had gone to the war had not come home. There were terrible numbers of parents who had lost sons, of wives who had lost husbands, and of children who had lost fathers. And there were many tales told and eagerly discussed that were more than apt to stir resentful and vindictive feelings—grim and ghastly tales of the specterlike appearance of the Union soldiers who had survived the horrors of the prison-pen at Andersonville, and, above all, tales of the dastardly assassination by rebel hands of our good, dear President Lincoln—a crime never to be forgiven.

Bitter Feeling in the North

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln was, indeed, a national calamity of the most sinister effect just at that critical period. Cool reason-

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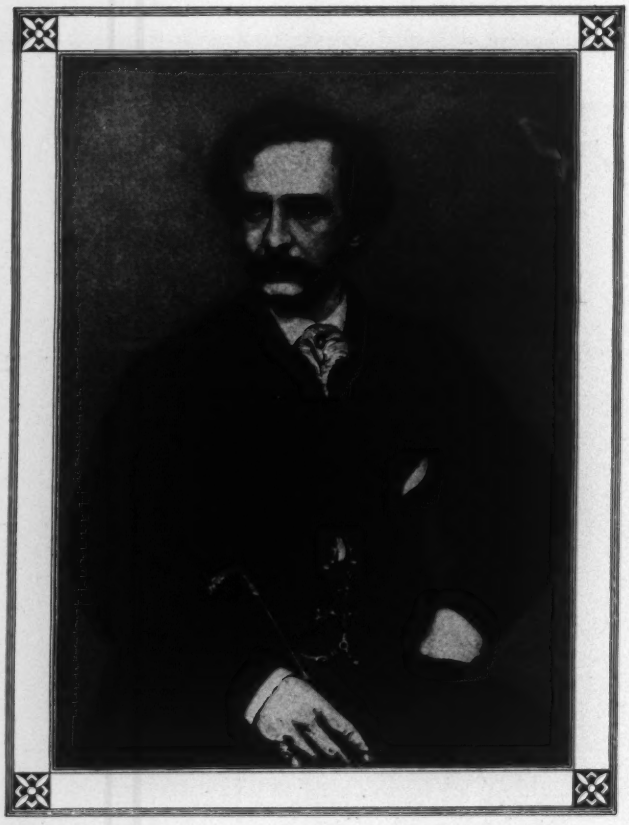
ing might have inferred that it would, as it soon actually did, turn out to have been the work of a handful of half-crazed fanatics of the lower order, utterly devoid not only of moral principles, but also of the slightest glimmer of common sense; for nothing could have been more obvious to any sane mind than that this crime could not possibly be of the least benefit to the Southern people in their desperate straits, but would only serve to inflame the feelings of their victorious adversaries against them. Swift vengeance overtook the murderer of Lincoln. The other known members of the conspiracy were caught and held for trial, the result of which everybody foresaw.



JOHN WILKES BOOTH

WHO ASSASSINATED PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT FORD'S THEATRE ON THE EVENING OF APRIL 14, 1865

But this did not satisfy the public. It was widely believed that the abominable crime had been the upshot of an extensive conspiracy among the principal Southern leaders — that it should be charged to the general wickedness of the Rebellion, and must, as such, be investigated, prosecuted, and punished. General Grant, one of the calmest of men, seems to have been under that impression, for he telegraphed to General Ord, commanding at Richmond, to arrest and put into Libby Prison Judge Campbell, with various others, and even to arrest all paroled officers unless they took the oath of allegiance. He was prevailed upon by General Ord to withdraw that order, but he insisted that "extreme rigor will have to be observed whilst assassination remains the order of the day with the rebels." In a proclamation issued by President Johnson, the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and the intended assassination of Secretary Seward and others were declared to have been "incited and encouraged" by Jefferson Davis and his agents in Canada, Jacob Thompson, late Secretary of the Interior under Buchanan, and Clement C. Clay, late United States senator from Alabama; and rewards were offered, of $100,000 for the capture of Jefferson Davis and of $25,000 each for that of Thompson and Clay, on the direct charge of their complicity in the murder of Lincoln. Jefferson Davis was captured on May 10, 1865, near Irwinville, Georgia, by a detachment of a Michigan cavalry regiment. It was reported that, trying to escape, he had put on some of his wife's clothes, but that his cavalry boots had betrayed his identity. The story, although somewhat stripped of its comical aspects by subsequent accounts, was widely believed and much relished in the North. But the capture of Jefferson Davis was a very serious thing, and it was regarded by not a few cool-headed and long-sighted men as a very unfortunate one. It has become well known that President Lincoln wished that the downfall of the Confederacy would not deliver the chief of the Confederacy into his hands. There was a Lincoln anecdote current at the time which seemed to have good authority behind it. It was this: After Lee's surrender, a friend asked Mr. Lincoln whether, all things considered, he did not think it would be best to let Jefferson Davis get out of the country. Lincoln answered by telling a story of a Methodist preacher out West, a strict temperance man, who, on a hot day, was offered a glass of water with a dash of brandy in it, and who replied that he would not object to a drop of something strong in his drink, if that drop could be put in "unbeknownst" to himself.

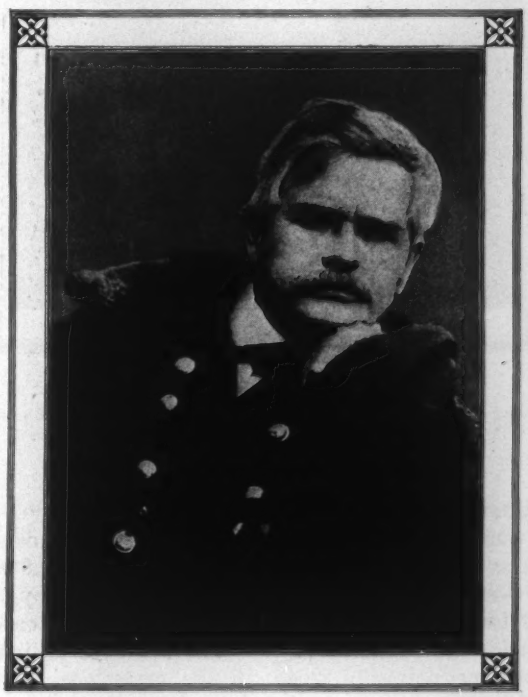
President Davis a Troublesome Captive

Lincoln's keen mind no doubt saw clearly that the capture of Jefferson Davis would burden the government of the United States with a most embarrassing dilemma. The public voice would insist upon the chief of the Rebellion being tried and punished for treason; indeed, he could not possibly be held in captivity forever without being tried. Now, his crime of treason had been committed in the South. A trial for treason by a regular tribunal in the South would be a mere farce, for it seemed a foregone conclusion that no jury in the South could be found that would pronounce Jefferson Davis or any of the heads of the Rebellion guilty of treason, unless that jury were composed wholly of negroes; and even then the outcome would be doubtful. A trial by a military commission might, indeed, result in a verdict of guilty; but resort to a military tribunal for the trial of a political offense after the close of the war — in fact, the greatest state trial of the century — might have looked like a stretch of arbitrary power befitting an Old-World despotism rather than this New-World republic.

But the assassination of Lincoln, the charge and the wide-spread belief that Jefferson Davis and some other leaders of the Rebellion had been accomplices of the murderer, and the existence of a vague apprehension floating in the air that the republic was still in some danger or other, made the resort to a military commission for the trial of the captured rebel chiefs more plausible. Yet, when the news came forth that Jefferson Davis and his associates were not only to be tried by a military commission, but that the trial was to be conducted in secret, there was much shaking of heads among men who were not entirely carried away by the excitements of the time. My constant concern as to the light in which the attitude of this republic would appear before the civilized world — an anxious consideration which was omnipresent to my mind — troubled me so much that I resolved to write to President Johnson the following letter:

"DEAR SIR: Permit me to avail myself of the privilege you gave me, to write to you whenever I had anything worthy of consideration to suggest. A few days ago I found it stated in the papers that the trial of the conspirators was to be conducted in secret. I did not believe it until I now see it confirmed. I do not hesitate to say that this measure strikes me as very unfortunate, and I am not surprised to find it quite generally disapproved. Yesterday I returned from Philadelphia, where I had spent two days, and I can assure you that among the foremost supporters of the administration I did not hear a single voice in favor of it. I admit, I do not know what objects are to be gained by secrecy. I take it for granted that they are of no futile character. But if it is important that the accused should be convicted and sentenced, and that, perhaps with a view to further developments, the testimony as it appears should be kept from some conspirators still at large, it is of vastly greater importance that the trial should be absolutely fair, not only in spirit, but also in appearance.

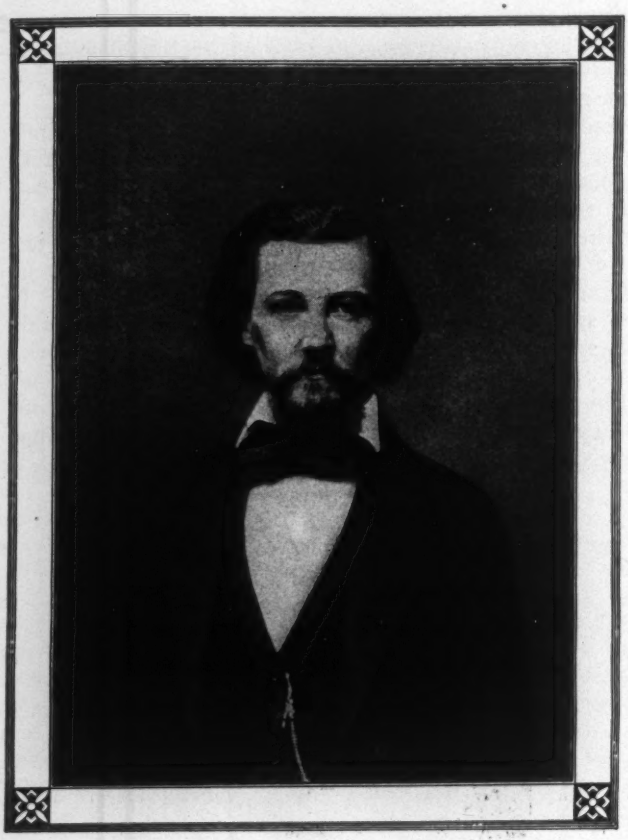
"When the government charged, before the whole world, the chiefs of the Rebellion with having instigated the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, it took upon itself the grim obligation to show that this charge was based upon evidence sufficient to bear it out. I am confident you would not have ventured upon this step had you not such evidence in your possession. But the government is bound to lay it before the world in a manner which will command the respect even of the incredulous. You will admit that a Military Commission is an anomaly in the judicial system



GENERAL EDWARD OTHO C. ORD

WHO PERSUADED GENERAL GRANT TO WITHDRAW HIS ORDER FOR THE IMPRISONMENT OF PAROLED CONFEDERATE OFFICERS UNLESS THEY TOOK THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

of this republic; still, I will not question here its propriety in times of extraordinary dangers. At all events, to submit this case to a Military Commission—a case involving in so pointed a manner the credit of the government—was perhaps the utmost stretch of power upon which the government could venture without laying itself open to the imputation of unfair play. But an order to have such a case tried by a Military Commission behind closed doors, thus establishing a secret tribunal, can hardly fail to damage the cause of the government most seriously in the opinion of mankind. This is the most important state trial this country ever had. The whole civilized world will scrutinize its proceedings with the utmost interest, and it will go far to determine the opinion of mankind as to the character of our government and institutions."



CLEMENT C. CLAY

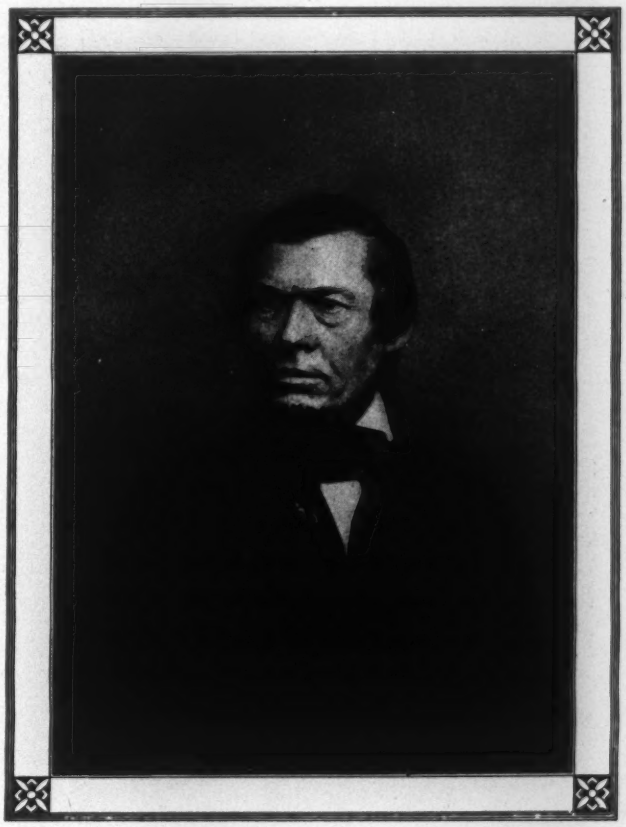
A CONFEDERATE SENATOR WHOM PRESIDENT JOHNSON CHARGED WITH HELPING TO "INCITE AND ENCOURAGE" THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

When I wrote that letter, I, of course, had in mind the trial of Jefferson Davis and of the late senator from Alabama, Clement C. Clay, who, when he found himself charged with complicity in the murder of Abraham Lincoln, voluntarily surrendered himself to General James H. Wilson, and was incarcerated with Jefferson Davis in Fortress Monroe. The immediate accomplices of Booth were tried by a military court appointed for the purpose, and met their fate on the gallows. But as to Jefferson Davis, it soon became painfully clear how correct Abraham Lincoln's instinct was when, in his quaint way, he expressed the wish that, "unbeknownst to himself," the Confederate chieftain might escape. As an exile from his country who had sought personal safety in flight, he would soon have been reduced to a minimum of significance; but imprisoned in a dungeon, the great representative of the "lost cause," the prestige of martyrdom was thrust upon him. And when, by some mistake or official stupidity, chains were, for a short time, put upon his limbs, he appeared in the aureole of a hero suffering for his people unheard-of torments and indignities at the hands of a ruthlessly vindictive foe. This prestige of martyrdom gave him still a certain measure of influence upon the opinion, or the imagination, of the Southern people. He subsequently used his influence, not, as General Lee did, in his frank and generous way, to encourage among his friends a loyal acceptance of the order of things and a patriotic devotion to the restored republic, but rather to foment in a more or less concealed way a sullen animosity against the Union. He stimulated the brooding over past disappointments rather than a cheerful contemplation of new opportunities. He presented the sorry spectacle of a soured man who wished every one else to be soured, too. Thus he forced unprejudiced observers to conclude that, measured by the true standards of human greatness, he, with all his showy and by no means valueless qualities, wound up his career as a small man.

The evidence of Jefferson Davis' complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, which President Johnson had in his possession when he issued his proclamation offering a reward for Davis' capture, subsequently turned out to be absolutely worthless. After he had been for two years a prisoner in Fortress Monroe, Davis

was indicted and arraigned for treason before the United States Circuit Court at Richmond, Virginia, and released on bail, Horace Greeley, the old antislavery apostle, Gerrit Smith, and Cornelius Vanderbilt being his principal bondsmen. The case, however, as might have been foreseen, was never tried, and in December, 1868, he, with all his followers in the Rebellion, received "a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason," suffering no other punishment than the disability to hold office, imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

It cannot, therefore, be said that he and the other Southern leaders, after all that had happened, were harshly treated. On the contrary, the leniency with which the victorious government which had them in its power dealt with them is without parallel in history.



JACOB THOMPSON

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR UNDER BUCHANAN, AND ONE OF THOSE ACCUSED OF COMPLICITY IN THE LINCOLN CONSPIRACY

The President Reverses his Policy

The accession of Andrew Johnson to the presidency at first made no change in the character and tone of his utterances concerning the treatment to be meted out to the rebels. The burden of his speech at Washington, as it had been at Nashville during the war, was that "arson was a crime, and that robbery was a crime, that murder was a crime, and that treason was a crime worse than all; that this crime of treason must be made odious and properly punished; that the principal traitors should be hanged and the rest imprisoned"— by which he meant, as on some occasion he said himself, that their large plantations must be taken from them and sold in small parcels to farmers. There was much surprise, therefore, when, on the 29th of May, 1865, two executive proclamations appeared, one of which, a proclamation of pardon and amnesty, put an end to the anticipation of a policy of hanging and impoverishing, while the other appointed a provisional governor for North Carolina, whose duty it would be "at the earliest possible period to prescribe such rules and regulations as may be necessary and proper for assembling a convention — composed of delegates who are loyal to the United States and no others — for the purpose of altering or amending the constitution thereof, and with authority to exercise all the powers necessary and proper to enable the loyal people of North Carolina to restore said State to its constitutional relations to the Federal government," etc. The proclamation provided, also, that, "in choosing delegates to any State convention, no person shall be qualified as an elector or eligible as a member unless he shall have previously taken the prescribed oath of allegiance, and unless he shall also possess the qualifications of a voter as defined under the constitution and laws of North Carolina as they existed in North Carolina in 1861, immediately prior to the so-called ordinance of secession." The convention that might be elected by such voters, or the legislature that might be subsequently elected by virtue of the State Constitution as amended by the convention, was to have the power to prescribe the permanent qualifications of voters and their eligibility to office.

And who were the loyal persons who were to be intrusted with such far-reaching powers?

Not only the men who, during the war, had abstained from giving aid and comfort to the Rebellion, and who maintained their loyalty to the United States, but also those who, having given aid and comfort to the Rebellion, had subsequently cleared themselves by taking the oath of allegiance prescribed by the amnesty proclamation and by thus promising to be thenceforth loyal to the United States.

The amnesty proclamation, giving the country and the world the assurance that the victory of the Union would not be tarnished by any acts of bloody vengeance, was received with general satisfaction at the North, excepting by a few extremists. But the proclamation ordering the reconstruction of the State of North Carolina caused much misgiving, since it was taken to be, not a mere experiment, but an intended rule for the reconstruction of all the other Southern States. It confined the right of suffrage to white men. Among the white men of the South there were only a small number who had not, after the secession ordinances had been passed, thrown in their lot with the Rebellion. These comparatively few consistent loyalists did not, as a rule, belong to the influential class; and among these few there were still fewer convinced antislavery men. It was, therefore, certain that a large majority of the voting body in the Southern States so to be reconstructed would consist of men who had taken part in the Rebellion and then qualified themselves as voters by taking the oath of allegiance, and that this large majority would stand under the immediate influence of the class of men who were excluded, on account of their prominence, from the general amnesty, but, for the most part, were individually pardoned, and who had instigated the attempt to break up the Union for the purpose of founding "an empire on the corner-stone of slavery." Nor was it unreasonable to expect that this class of men, if directly or indirectly intrusted with power, would indeed accept the abolition of slavery in point of form, but would spare no effort to preserve as much as possible of its substance.

Availing myself again of the privilege President Johnson had granted to me, I wrote to him about the anxieties among many of his friends caused by the position he had taken in his North Carolina proclamation, and, in reply, I received from him a telegraphic message asking me to call upon him at the White House at my earliest convenience. I obeyed his summons without delay.

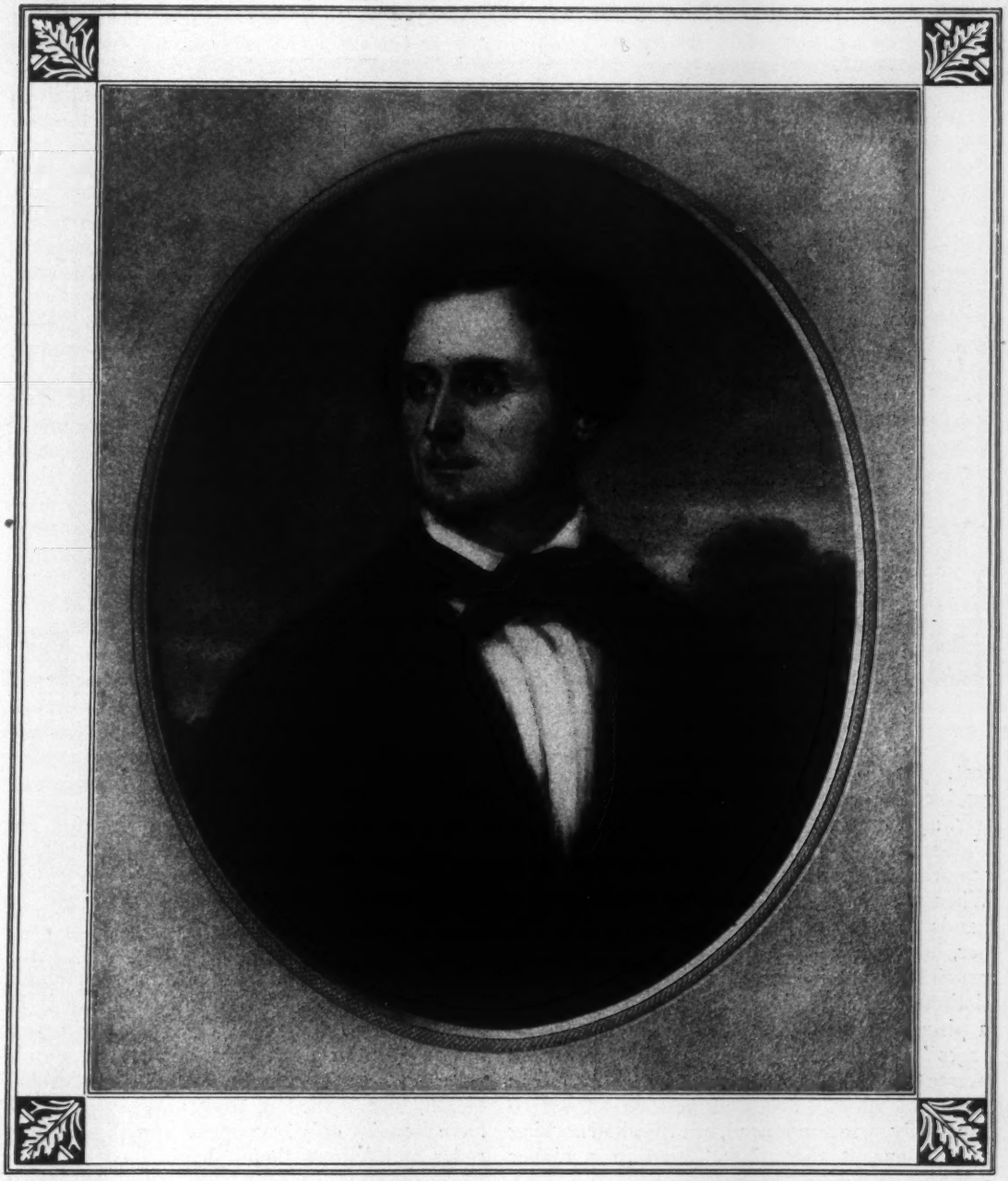
From the collection of F. H. Meserve

PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON

WHO DECLARED THAT "THE PRINCIPAL TRAITORS SHOULD BE HANGED AND THE REST IMPRISONED"—AND THEN REVERSED HIMSELF BY DECLARING A GENERAL AMNESTY

A Psychological Adventure

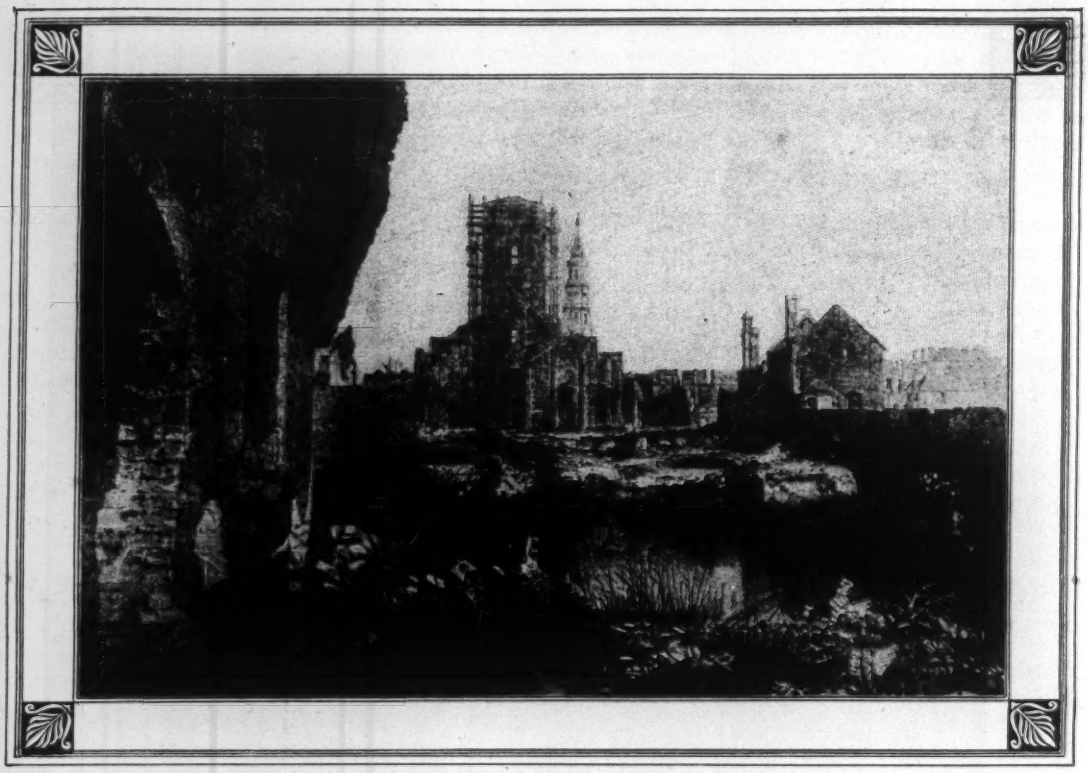
On the way to Washington, something strange happened to me which may be of interest to the speculative psychologist. In Philadelphia I had supper at the house of my intimate friend Dr. Tiedemann, son of the eminent professor of medicine at the University of Heidelberg, and brother of the Colonel Tiedemann, one of whose aides-de-camp I had been during the siege of the Fortress of Rastatt in 1849. Mrs. Tiedemann was a sister of Friedrich Hecker, the famous revolutionary leader in Germany, who in this country



JEFFERSON DAVIS

FROM A MINIATURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DAVIS FAMILY

did distinguished service as a Union officer. The Tiedemanns had lost two sons in our army, one in Kansas, and the other, a darling boy, in the Shenandoah Valley. The mother, a lady of bright mind and a lively imagination, happened to become acquainted with a circle of spiritualists, and received "messages" from her two sons, which were of the ordinary sort, but which moved her so much that she became a believer. The Doctor, too, although belonging to a school of philosophy which looked down upon such things with a certain disdain, could not restrain a sentimental interest in the pretended communications from his lost boys, and permitted spiritualistic experiments to be made in his family. This was done with much



CHARLESTON AFTER THE WAR

zest. On the evening of which I speak it was resolved to have a séance. One of the daughters, an uncommonly beautiful, intelligent, and high-spirited girl of about fifteen, had shown remarkable qualities as a "writing medium." When the circle was formed around the table, hands touching, a shiver seemed to pass over her, her fingers began to twitch, she grasped a pencil held out to her, and, as if obeying an irresistible impulse, she wrote in a jerking way upon a piece of paper placed before her the "messages" given her by the "spirits" who were present. So it happened that evening. The names of various deceased persons known to the family were announced, but they had nothing to say except that they "lived in a higher sphere," and were "happy," were "often with us," and "wished us all to be happy," etc.

Finally I was asked by one of the family if I would not take part in the proceeding by calling for some spirit in whom I took an interest. I consented, and called for the spirit of Schiller. For a minute or two the hand of the girl remained quiet; then she wrote that the spirit of Schiller had come and asked what I wished of him. I answered that I wished him, by way of identification, to quote a verse or two from one of his works. Then the girl wrote in German the following:

Ich höre rauschende Musik, das Schloss ist
Von Lichtern hell. Wer sind die Fröhlichen?*

We were all struck with astonishment; the sound of the language was much like Schiller's, but none of us remembered for a moment in which of Schiller's works the lines might be found. At last it occurred to me that they might be in the last act of "Wallensteins Tod." The volume was brought out, and, true enough, there they were. I asked myself, "Can it be that this girl, who, although very intelligent, has never been given to much reading, should have read so serious a work as 'Wallenstein's Death,' and, if she has, that those verses, which have meaning only in connection with what precedes and follows them, should have stuck in her memory?" I asked her, when the séance was over, what she knew about the Wallenstein tragedy, and she, an entirely truthful child, answered that she had never read a line of it.

But something still stranger was in store for me. Schiller's spirit would say no more, and I called for the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. After several minutes had elapsed, the girl wrote that Abraham Lincoln's spirit was present. I asked whether he knew for what purpose President Johnson had summoned me to Washington.

* Gay music strikes my ear, the castle is
Aglow with lights. Who are the revelers?

The answer came: "He wants you to make an important journey for him." I asked where that journey would take me. Answer: "He will tell you to-morrow." I asked, further, whether I should undertake that journey. Answer: "Yes, do not fail." (I may add, by the way, that at that time I had not the slightest anticipation as to what President Johnson's intention with regard to me was; the most plausible supposition I entertained was that he wished to discuss with me the points urged in my letters.)

Having disposed of this matter, I asked whether the spirit of Lincoln had anything more to say to me. The answer came: "Yes; you will be a senator of the United States." This struck me as so fanciful that I could hardly suppress a laugh; but I asked further: "From what State?" Answer: "From Missouri." This was more provokingly mysterious still; but there the conversation ceased. Hardly anything could have been more improbable at that time than that I should be a senator of the United States from the State of Missouri. My domicile was in Wisconsin, and I was then thinking of returning there. I had never thought of removing from Wisconsin to Missouri, and there was not the slightest prospect of my ever doing so. But — to forestall my narrative — two years later I was surprised by an entirely unsought and unexpected business proposition which took me to St. Louis, and in January, 1869, the Legislature of Missouri elected me a senator of the United States. I then remembered the prophecy made to me at the spirit-séance in the house of my friend Tiedemann in Philadelphia, which during the intervening years I had never thought of. I should hardly have trusted my memory with regard to it, had it not been verified by friends who witnessed the occurrence.

A New Mission

President Johnson received me with the assurance that he had read my letters with great interest and appreciation, and that he was earnestly considering the views I had presented in them. But in one respect, he said, I had entirely mistaken his intentions. His North Carolina proclamation was not to be understood as laying down a general rule for the reconstruction of all the States lately in rebellion; it was to be regarded as merely experimental; and he thought that the condition of things in North Carolina was especially favorable for the making of such an experiment. As to the Gulf States he was very doubtful and even anxious. He wished to see those States restored to their constitutional relations with the general government as quickly as possible; but he did not know whether it could be done with safety to the Union men and to the emancipated slaves. He, therefore, requested me to visit those States for the purpose of reporting to him whatever information I could gather as to the existing condition of things, and of suggesting to him such measures as my observations might lead me to believe advisable.

The President's request came as a great surprise to me. I went to Mr. Stanton, who was still Secretary of War, to learn whether the proposition made to me by the President had been suggested by him. He assured me that it had not. In fact, he was as much surprised as I was, but he advised me most urgently to accept at once. He told me that President Johnson was set upon by all sorts of influences, and that what he needed most was to learn the truth. I also consulted Chief Justice Chase, who told me that, in his opinion, I had an opportunity for rendering valuable service to the country, and that I must not think of declining.

The next day I informed President Johnson that I was willing to undertake the journey. In order that everything might be clear between us, I repeated to him what I had stated in former conversations and correspondence: that, so far as I was then informed, I considered the reconstruction policy ill-advised and fraught with great danger, but that if my observations should show this view to be erroneous, no pride of opinion would prevent me from saying so; I should consider it my only duty to tell him the truth. President Johnson cordially declared himself satisfied, and expressed his entire confidence in me. The Secretary of War ordered an officer of one of the New York volunteer regiments still in the service, Captain Orlemann, a gentleman of ability and pleasing manner, to accompany me as my secretary, and all military officers in the Gulf States to give me such aid and assistance as I might require. Thus equipped, I set out, and arrived at Hiltonhead, South Carolina, on the 15th of July.

How the Southerners Viewed the Problem

On board the steamer which carried me there, I had a conversation with a Southern gentleman which might have served as an epitome of the most important of my subsequent observations concerning the Southern attitude on certain subjects. The Southerner was a handsome young man, something over thirty; had served as an officer in the Confederate army since 1861; had been captured in battle, fallen ill, and spent some time in a Northern hospital; and was now on his way home, not having heard from his family for several months. He did not seem to

be a highly educated man, but there was an air of natural refinement about him which invited sympathy. He had not seen much of the North, but enough to feel its immense superiority over the South in all the elements of power. He, therefore, frankly "accepted" the defeat of the South. He was, or, as he said, had been at the beginning of the war, a prosperous planter owning about four thousand acres of land and ninety slaves, not far from Savannah. But what was he now? He supposed that his plantation, having been in Sherman's track, was devastated, his buildings ruined, and his slaves gone. Some of them, he hoped, would come back to him after his return, because he had always treated his slaves well, never having lost but one, and him by congestive fever. But what could he do after all this ruination? There was a tone of helpless resignation in his speech.

I suggested that if many of his former slaves were found still within reach, he might, as other planters had, make fair contracts with them and set them to work as free laborers.

This remark stirred him; he became animated; there was even a slight flurry of excitement in his voice. What? Contracts with those niggers? It would never work! Yes, he had heard of that emancipation business — he knew that was the intention; but,— and here he approached me with an air of confidentiality, as if to coax my secret, true opinion out of me,— really, did I think that this was a settled thing? Now, he could tell me that niggers would not work unless compelled to. A free nigger was never good for anything. He knew the thing would not work; no Southern man would expect it to work; no use trying.

I remarked in vain that I had seen reports of the successful working of the contract system in some instances. He replied that it might work to some extent so long as the patrol soldiers were at hand. But would not the troops soon be withdrawn, and would not the people of the Southern States soon be left to manage their own affairs?

I greatly startled him with the suggestion that, deeming the successful employment of negroes as free laborers impossible, he might sell the larger part of his plantation and himself cultivate a small part of it as a farmer. The idea that he should work with his hands as a farmer seemed to strike him as ludicrously absurd. He told me, with a smile, that he had never in his life done a day's work of that kind. He had learned to manage a plantation with slaves on it; but to do a farmer's work — that evidently could not be thought of. Neither did it seem to him possible to sell the plantation and to use the money in some other business pursuit. He could not make a guess as to what his land might sell for. There had not been an acre of land sold in his neighborhood as far back as he could remember. And who would think of buying land there under present circumstances? He mused for a while in sad silence, and at last said: "No, I can't sell my plantation; we must make the nigger work, somehow."

I give this initial conversation so elaborately because I heard it substantially repeated in an endless variety of expressions scores, ay, hundreds of times during my three months' journey through the Gulf States. I sought conversation with everybody that I could reach — planters large and small, merchants, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, guests I met at city hotels or country taverns, fellow-travelers on railroads or steamboats, men who had served as officers or private soldiers in the war, men who had stayed at home; and, whatever different opinions or feelings as to other subjects they might cherish, on one point they were substantially unanimous, with very, very few individual exceptions: "The negro will not work without physical compulsion. He is lazy; he is improvident; he is inconstant. He may sometimes work a little spell to earn some money, and then stop working to spend his money in frolic. We want steady, continuous work — work that can be depended upon. To get that out of him a negro needs physical compulsion of some sort."

A Yankee Experiment

The first of my own personal observations led me to surmise that the success of negro labor would depend, not only on the aptitudes of the laborer, but also on those of the employer. Shortly after my arrival at Hiltonhead, General Gillmore, the commander of that district, took me over the bay to Beaufort, a town on one of the sea-islands celebrated for the quality of the cotton raised there. The plantations had been deserted by their owners at the approach of the Union forces, had been taken possession of by our government, and had been leased to various parties. I was to visit a plantation near by which was managed by such a lessee, a Massachusetts man. We first passed through fields cultivated on their own account by freedmen, mostly refugees from other parts of the State, who had arrived there but a short time before. These first attempts of recently emancipated slaves to set up for themselves would have looked rather discouraging, had we not known the unfavorable circumstances of haste and disorder under which they had been made. But when we reached the plantation we were to visit, the spectacle suddenly changed:

fields free from weeds, the cotton-plants healthy, the corn-fields promising a rich yield, everything breathing thrift, order, and prosperity. We found the lessee in his dwelling, a modest frame house in a grove of magnificent live-oaks. He was a middle-aged man of plain manners but keen intelligence. He did not seem at all to regard his enterprise as one of extraordinary difficulty. His system, as he explained it, was very simple. Most of the negroes he employed he had found on the place. In addition, he had selected some outside applicants, with reasonable care. His laborers were paid by the task. Certain kinds of work requiring skill, such as plowing, were better remunerated than others. Every family had a patch of ground assigned to it, upon which vegetables and some cotton might be raised. The only incentive to faithful labor was self-interest, which he considered sufficient. No physical coercion, he thought, was necessary. He had met with only one instance of refractory conduct. He threatened the evil-doer with arrest by the provost-marshal of the nearest military post, whereupon the delinquent ran away, never to show his face again. The negroes were living well, seemed to be saving something, had their school, their meeting-house, and their frolics, and the employer looked for a prosperous business. Such was the report of the lessee.

It struck me that — unless this man lied, which I had no reason for supposing — here was proof, not that the solution of the negro labor problem would be easy, but that it *could* be accomplished; or, at least, that a shrewd Yankee blessed with a good stock of common sense and energy and experience in the ways of free labor, and unhampered by any prejudice as to what the negro could or could not do, might be just the person to point out the way in which that problem could best be solved.

The Ruin of Charleston

I shall never forget my first impression of Charleston. We ran into Charleston Harbor early in the morning. As we passed Fort Sumter — then a shapeless mass of brick and rubbish into which the bombardment had battered the old masonry — the city of Charleston lay open to our view. There was no shipping in the harbor, except a few quartermasters' vessels and two or three small steamers. We made fast to a decaying pier constructed of palmetto-logs. There was not a human being visible on the wharf; the warehouses seemed to be completely deserted; there was no wall and no roof that did not bear eloquent marks of having been under the fire of the siege guns. I was informed that, when our troops first entered the city, the wharf region was overgrown with a luxuriant weed, which gave it the appearance of a large swamp. Since then it had been cleared up, but in many places the weed insisted upon growing up again with irresistible vigor. Nothing could be more desolate and melancholy than the appearance of the lower part of the city immediately adjoining the harbor. Although the military authorities had caused the streets to be policed as well as possible, abundant grass had nevertheless grown up between the paving-stones. The first living object that struck my view was a dilapidated United States cavalry horse bearing the mark "I. C." (inspected and condemned), now peaceably browsing on the grass in a Charleston street. The crests of the roofs and the chimneys were covered with turkey-buzzards, who evidently felt at home, and who from time to time lazily flapped their wings and stretched forth their hideous necks.

I learned that business in the city was slowly reviving. In the main business streets many buildings had been or were being made fit for use, and some stores had been opened by Northern men of recent immigration. A larger influx of Northern enterprise and Northern capital was looked for, but the prospect did not by any means please all South Carolinians. The idea that Charleston might possibly become a "Yankee" city was revolting to old South Carolina pride. I was introduced to a gentleman of venerable age and high standing in the State, who, in the course of a long conversation, assured me that he was one of those who fully recognized the exigencies of their present situation and were willing to accommodate themselves to them. He admitted that outside aid was needed to restore the fallen fortunes of the Southern people, but, he added, South Carolina could not appeal to the North for financial aid without humiliating herself. He did not even know whether financial aid, if offered by the North, could consistently be accepted by South Carolina; he rather thought not. Nor did he believe that a true South Carolinian would want to sell his property to Northern men; State pride forbade it. But South Carolina would go to Europe, raise money there upon the security afforded by her real estate, and thus work out her own destinies.

Nothing could have been more pathetic. At the time when the grizzled patrician thus gave voice to his pride in the name of his State, he himself was reported to be in pinching want, while some of his fellow-citizens in various parts of the State were actually obliged to accept daily rations at the hands of the Federal garrison to sustain life.

THE UNKNOWN FACTOR

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "VROUW GROBELAAR AND HER LEADING CASES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

EVEN Kerniceff himself was aware that the scrutiny under which he lived had grown closer. The police who hedged him about knew it well, but none could say where the intrusion of watchfulness began, nor put a finger on the man whose removal should end it. Everywhere there were eyes; even in the walled villa on the Vasili Ostroff, where Count Kerniceff worked behind steel shutters in the heart of a garrison of picked servants, some one was watching, and the Count knew he was watched. In the streets, when he drove abroad in his guarded carriage, the folk up and down the pavements seemed to look at him with a new interest, and the pregnant quiet of bated breath dogged him up and down. Everything had the note of a prelude, as though fate were poised for action.

Yet he held on, and those who made ready, with infinite patience and vast care, to put a period to his grim activity in the state, nursed no hope of frightening him from his course. All Europe knew his attributes: the pertinacity, which was called stupidity till it gained its end; the directness that took no heed of life and death in its straight passage to the intended goal; and the serene faith which no terror, no scruples, no remorse, could shake from its place in his life. And, from time to time, humanity covered its eyes from the sight of his work — his provinces aghast and stricken under his hand, his cowed and fearful cities, his prisons and his scaffold. Looking at him, it was hard to believe that the initiative of all this dwelt in his single person. His large gray face was flat and dull, a mere front wall to his head — loose, big-featured, and inexpressive; and the same dullness, the same lack of fire, was in his vacant, stonelike eyes. He spoke always with a manner of hesitation and abstractedly, and in all his body, from the thin yellow hair on his head to his uneasy feet, there was no clue to the power within, the supreme motive force that drove him in his great and terrible work.

Half a dozen times people had tried to kill him; anarchists, revolutionaries, fanatics of all kinds, had done their individual best, and failed; but now there was no more of this. The stark winter of Russia, that binds all the land in chains, had seen the warm coals of revolt kindle to a flame, and with it there had come to the fore minds, pungent and vivacious intelligences, to weld all the diffuse forces of revolution in a coherent whole; and from these the word had gone out that Count Kerniceff should be killed. There should be nothing

spectacular and inaccurate, it was decreed, no bomb-throwing, depending for its success on some anemic fanatic's aim, but a sure, deliberate blow at the Count's life, a killing as certain as the daily killings on the gallows in every city in Russia. And, to bring this about, the Count was to be watched, to be studied, to be learned like a formula, till it should be possible to account for him at any moment and in any circumstances, and to kill him at the fitting time.

"People seem to stare a lot," remarked the Count, as he drove back to his house.

The officer of police who sat beside him wrinkled his brows perplexedly.

"It seems so to me, Excellency," he replied. "I've been trying to catch somebody at it, but I can't."

The Count grunted. "There's one," he said, and pointed to a tall man on the curb.

The officer sighed. "One of our men, Excellency," he explained; "our route is policed by them. I'm beginning to wonder whether we are stared at more than usual, or whether it's just nerves."

"No," said the Count; "not my nerves, at any rate."

He grunted again, and leaned back to continue his examination of the despatches he had brought with him.

An hour later a tall youth made his report in an upper room in that long street which is called the Gorochovia. He entered without knocking, threw his hat on the bed which stood in one corner, and nodded to the bearded man who sat writing by the window.

"Ah," said the bearded man, laying down his pen and switching his chair around, "I thought you'd be here about this time. Smirnoff's just gone."

His pleasant brown eyes were deep-set under the ridges of his brows, and his voice had the tones of culture.

"Smirnoff's dreadfully thorough," he went on. "Look at his time-table: 'Left house at 10.01 A.M. Reached Troitsky Bridge at 10.13. Admiralty Church, 10.15. Carriage slowed; Hôtel d'Angleterre at 10.17'—and so on throughout the day. Leaves all the deductions to us, you know."

The tall youth found a chair to suit him. "Better so," he replied. "Each man to his work, you know."

The bearded man smiled. "Oh, Smirnoff's impressions might be as useful as his records," he said. "Smirnoff has a mind of a very common type, and you know there can't be too many minds in a matter like this. You, Constantin, see through your education; it's a good glass, but it's tinted. Smirnoff sees with his eyes, and sees clearly. And what we have to learn is not only what Kerniceff does, but how it looks when he is doing it — how it looks to you, to me, to Smirnoff, to everybody."

Constantin nodded. "I saw something to-day," he said.

"Yes?" The other man gave him quick attention.

"Well," said Constantin, taking the brown cigarette from between his lips and leaning forward in his seat, "I have seen that man-mountain in several aspects — torpid, avid, ominous, and so on; but I never before saw him irritable. To-day, as he crossed the Troitsky Bridge, he looked out of the window of his carriage, and his face was not six feet from mine; I believe we looked into each other's eyes for a moment. And there was no mistaking it: that great bulk, that hugeness of slow flesh, was chafing — fretful like a green girl. Is that of any use?"

The other nodded slowly. "I think so," he said; "I think so."

"Really? Why, Michael?"

"Well, it confirms a theory of mine," explained the bearded man, resting his cheek in one slim hand. "When this business of reducing Kerniceff to a known quantity was put into my hands, I endeavored to foresee as much as possible; and I counted on our watchfulness being noticed; from that I went on to calculate the effect on the man."

Constantin nodded. "You guessed it would worry him?" he suggested.

Michael shook his head. "You can't worry a man like that by setting up bogies," he said, "but you can add to his troubles. Why do you think Kerniceff is what he is? Why is Kerniceff a butcher and a tyrant? For money? He was a millionaire before he took office. For honor? His title is older than the Romanoffs. Because he likes it? He has never even seen an execution."

"Why, then?" asked Constantin.

"From principle," answered Michael. "From principle, my friend. He believes in the policy he is forcing on the empire; it is his religion. He is as honest as the day and as faithful as a dog; and he has imagination, too. He looks forward to a great Christian Russia, consolidated under an absolute ruler; he sees how it would dominate Europe. He has been working all his life for it, driving out the Jews and dissenters, crushing the democratic party and exalting the Czar. And now, none the less, Russia is in revolution."

Michael pushed back his chair and stood up. "He has not escaped," he said. "There is a contagion of clear sight in Russia now, and people have their eyes fixed on the dawn of liberty.

He has seen it, too. He is honest, and it has shaken him. In the cellars of his mind, working darkly, there are doubts; and the watch we keep upon him will not let him forget them. I tell you, I know him as I know the palms of my hands."

"Then — it will be time to strike soon?" asked the other.

"It depends on events," said Michael carelessly. "That part is not actually my affair. It is in the hands of people who are good for nothing else. I believe the idea is to put an end to him here in St. Petersburg at the moment somebody else is killed in Moscow, and another man in Odessa, and so on. It will be noticeable, you know, and that's what is wanted."

"Yes," said Constantin thoughtfully; "it will be noticeable, certainly."

Michael's theory recurred to him often during the following days, while he lounged realistically on the streets to gain a look at Count Kerniceff; and, with that as a clue, he found strange matter in the statesman's dull face, seen an instant, as his carriage went past, framed in the window. Russia was fevered with revolution just then; daily there came news of wild doings — of barricades in the streets of Moscow, of mutinous regiments at Odessa. And, as the trouble grew and spread, the shadow on the Count's face deepened.

"He feels it slipping from him," thought Constantin, and there was something like pity in his mind at the moment.

Then, one afternoon, he went again to make his report to Michael, and found him seated on his table, smoking, and talking to three strangers. He paused on the threshold at the sight of them.

"Come in," said Michael; "we are waiting for you."

He turned to the others. "This is he," he said.

"Good day," said one of the strangers to Constantin. He was a big, grave man, with the mouth of a Jew — the keenest, firmest mouth in the world.

"Good day to you," replied Constantin, flushing under the steady stare of the three.

"We have come to set you to work," said the big man. "It is Kerniceff's turn to-morrow night. Are you willing?"

"Willing for what?" asked Constantin. "To kill him, do you mean?"

"Yes," said the stranger.

"No," said Constantin bluntly; "I'm not. But — does that matter?"

All three looked at him with that same grave stare, and there was silence for a minute.

"I don't know whether it matters or not," said the big man. He turned to Michael. "Does it, Michael?" he asked.

"Not a bit," answered Michael. "I know him. He's not willing, but he'll do it."

The big man nodded to his companions.

"Sit down," he said to Constantin, "and we will arrange it."

They were masters in the art of giving instructions, those three quiet men. They seemed to say little, but what they did say was clear and stayed in the head. In the simplest words — and each one adequate and exact — they taught him what he was to do and how he was to do it. The killing was to be at eleven o'clock at night, in the Count's own bomb-proof study. One of them handed Constantin a watch that did not tick, to guide him to the right hour. It was to be a case of shooting, and another of them had a special pistol for him. As for the business of getting into the house, they had that all arranged.

"Smirnoff — you know Smirnoff? — will take you to the house. There will be one door unguarded for three minutes at eight o'clock," said the big man. "He will take you to the cellars and show you how you can get into one cellar which was bricked up when Kerniceff first took the house, eleven years ago. There was once a furnace in it, and the chimney is there still. It has staples inside, and you must climb up the chimney by means of the staples. Halfway up there is a ventilation-grating of five bars, with an inch between each two bars. Through it you can see into Kerniceff's study. His desk is at the opposite side of the room. Shoot him at eleven by that watch."

"Its dial is luminous in the dark," explained the man who had given it to him.

Constantin pondered. "And will it be possible for me to get away then?" he asked.

"How do I know?" said the big man. "That's nobody's business but your own."

"Thank you," said Constantin. "I quite understand."

"You generally shoot straight?" asked another.

"Oh, yes," answered Constantin; "I win cups and things at it; my rooms are lumbered with them."

The questioner nodded gravely. Soon after that the last orders were given, and Constantin was free to go.

It is easy to guard a house if one has men enough, and the police had more than enough; but there is a weakness in every system. In this instance the weak link was a bribed doorkeeper. When Constantin and Smirnoff came to the spot, they saw him first fidget about his door a little, and then go in, leaving it ajar. It

"THE CLIMBING WAS EASY ENOUGH. LOOKING UP, HE SAW WHERE A DOT OF LIGHT GLOWED IN THE WALL"

was a noiseless night of winter, and the snow underfoot was smooth as velvet; they were waiting their moment in a garden, shadowed under trees whose branches were laden with snow. Constantin was quiet and had himself well in hand, but within him there was some quick spring of apprehension that made him quiver and strain to hold himself. Smirnoff, a bulky man of thirty, son of famine-ridden peasants, had no such trouble. His only concern was to carry out his minutely detailed instructions, so framed as to leave him no room for initiative and error, and he was as much at ease as though he were at home in his rooms.

"Now," he said suddenly, "come close behind me."

He climbed the low fence before them and walked straight to the door. Constantin followed, his hand dropping unbidden to the pocket in which he carried the pistol. But within was only a little yard, lumbered with the rubbish of the kitchen quarters and roofed with a grating. Smirnoff never hesitated, but slipped quickly to a coal-chute and raised the cover.

"Down you go," he whispered; and Constantin dropped through it nearly on to a heap of coal that slid and tumbled under him. Before he had even made sure of his balance, Smirnoff was beside him, fumbling to draw the cover back to its place.

"Keep still," he said to Constantin in a whisper, and the darkness settled on them thick as a fluid and sour with the earthy smell of coal. A little click announced that the cover had slipped back into position, and presently a ray of light picked out the shadows of the cellar, thrown by Smirnoff's electric lamp. It was just a brick vault, one of a series extending under the whole house, dating from the days when men wasted masonry in the soft ground to hold up their houses.

"Come along," said Smirnoff, "and put your feet down carefully."

Through one low arch after another they went breathlessly, Constantin groping after the black bulk of his guide, silhouetted enormously against the light he carried in front of them. The matter in hand, the need to move with care, eased him of his stress of mind for a time; and at last, in a warm, grimy chamber, Smirnoff pulled up at a blank wall of sweating brick.

"Well," he said, "we're all right now. They inspect these cellars every night now, but there's one thing they don't know. Come over here."

He pointed his lamp to the roof of the cellar, to one of the damp arches overhead; and Constantin, following his finger, saw that the end wall did not reach quite to the crown of the arch: there was a gap leading to some place beyond.

"Your cellar is beyond the wall," said Smirnoff.

"How — how did this get known?" asked Constantin in a whisper.

Smirnoff chuckled briefly. "When they built that wall," he said, "I was a bricklayer's laborer. We ran out of bricks and left that gap; and I happened to remember it — that's all."

"But how do we get over?" asked Constantin.

"Take your overcoat off and I'll help you up," answered Smirnoff. "Then I'll pass both overcoats over to you and come after; I can manage by myself."

"But how are you going to get out of the house?"

"Ah," said Smirnoff, "I don't know; perhaps we sha'n't get out. But we mustn't stay here; they make their inspection at all sorts of times."

It was a close scrape, especially for the stout Smirnoff, but they managed it without accident. The disused cellar into which they dropped was filthier than any of the others, but the air was sweet. The remains of the old furnace were still there, and, standing on them, with his hands groping over his head, Constantin could reach the first of the iron rungs in the wide shaft of the chimney. The chill metal stung his fingers as he touched it.

"Go up and take a look," suggested Smirnoff.

Constantin put on his gloves and hauled himself into the chimney. From the unseen top of the shaft the draft blew icily on him, but the climbing was easy enough. Looking up, he saw where a dot of light glowed in the wall of the chimney — the ventilator of Count Kerniceff's guarded study; and the young man smiled in the darkness as he thought how he moved between the Count and his ramparts of careful men. But the smile vanished as he looked forward to the thing intrusted to him — the deliberate shot across the room at the busy, unsuspecting man where he sat at his work.

He found a rung so placed that, standing on it, he could see conveniently through the ventilator. He rested a minute to let his breath come evenly and noiselessly, and then put his face to the bars. There was no one in the room yet. It was a big apartment, blank-walled, with never a window. An open fireplace — a rarity in Russia — showed cheerfully, with a

"'NITCHEVO!' HE SAID. 'IT DOESN'T MATTER.' HE TOOK THE PISTOL IN A STEADY HAND AND LIFTED IT"

brisk blaze and a polished steel guard. A bunch of electrics hung over the great writing-table, with its litter of papers and its handsome gear; and about it the polished wood floor was strewn with heap upon heap of torn papers.

Carefully Constantin drew the pistol and made sure its muzzle would pass between the bars. He figured in his mind the Count sitting in the chair at the desk, and aimed over the sights at the place where his head would be. It was an easy shot. Even should he miss, which was not to be thought of, he could drop him with a second shot before he reached the door. Pocketing the pistol again, he took out the watch that did not tick. Its dial was lambent in the darkness, and it pointed to a quarter past nine.

"Well, is it all right?" demanded Smirnoff, when he came down again.

"Quite right," answered Constantin; "but he's not there yet."

"No," said Smirnoff; "he goes to his study at ten o'clock, and works alone there till one or two."

They were speaking in the black darkness of the place, but now Smirnoff drew out his lamp again and looked at Constantin curiously.

"My work's done now, you know," he said. "I was wondering whether you had any plan for getting away safely when it is over."

"Well," said Constantin, "I've only one idea, and that is to get back over the wall as soon as possible and try to pass as a policeman in plain clothes. They'll search these cellars with a rush, and probably there will be a good many of them in the search-party. If we could join them, you know, we *might* manage it."

Smirnoff nodded thoughtfully. "It's a chance," he said. "I was thinking we might stop here all night, or else go up the chimney to the roof, and grab the man on guard there before he could shout. But it would be awfully risky."

"Everything's risky," said Constantin; "but we'd better try my plan."

That was a dreary watch in the dark, while they sat, speaking only at intervals, waiting for the time to pass. For a few minutes they had to breathe with the utmost caution, for they heard the patrol stamping on their rounds through the cellars beyond the wall, and for a moment the gap by the roof showed yellow in the light of the police lanterns. Constantin felt an unknown muscle in his cheek twitch and flutter under the tension, but all passed off. When the sound of their steps had died away, he went up to the ventilator to reconnoiter again.

It was just ten o'clock; he noted that a time-piece on the mantel within the room agreed with his watch. Even as he looked, the door opened, swinging soberly on its hinges like the armored door of a safe, and Kerniceff came in. Constantin leaned back swiftly, lest he should look up, and heard the door thud to behind him. His deliberate feet sounded on the parquet, and the chair creaked as he sat down. Then papers rustled, and Constantin looked again.

He saw the Count in profile, bent over his desk, and peered at him curiously. Hitherto he had seen him only in swift glances, in doubtful lights and through shifting shadows. He had a good eye for a picture, and the scene appealed to him. The Count was a big man, and, as he sat, his back curved ungracefully; his head was large on his shoulders, and the whole of him stood in loud relief against the slate-gray of the walls. He had a document in his hands and was reading it, with brows knit and the whole of the heavy face set in the intentness of habitual concentration. Constantin saw the bulge of his strong jaw and the bony massiveness of it, and above all the general solidity, the force and laboriousness, of the whole figure.

The Count read the document to the end, then took it and tore it into small pieces; he dropped these on the floor, and reached for another paper.

Constantin watched him, fascinated, for even in the attitude of the man there was quality. He read the paper through, and tore it also. The next went the same way, and the next and the next. Then he pushed his chair back, and sat, frowning in thought, for a couple of minutes. Constantin put a hand over his mouth to quiet his breath, and saw the Count rise, with the grunt of a fat man, and stoop clumsily. With his large hands he scooped the torn papers together on the floor, breathing harshly with the effort, and put them, handful by handful, into the fire. He took the poker and stirred the blaze, assuring himself that every fragment was consumed; and when there remained of them only a black heap on the coals, he put the poker down and stood up.

"So it's finished," he said aloud, and stretched himself, yawning unrestrainedly. He had the look of a man who has seen the end of a long and wearisome task. The fixity had gone from his face, the worker had vanished. He went back to his chair slowly, and reached down to a drawer of the desk.

"Ah," he said, and yawned again, and brought forth from the drawer something that gleamed under the lights—a revolver. He laid it on the blotting-pad, and leaned

for a moment, looking at it, with a queer, ironic smile curving his lips, the smile of a man whose joke is well received. Constantin, perched in his chimney, stared with wide eyes, bound to his place by the thing before him.

The Count spoke again.

"*Nitchevo!*" he said. "It doesn't matter."

He took the big pistol in a steady hand — Constantin never forgot how it closed about the butt, wrapping it, as it were, in its spaciousness — and lifted it. His head dropped forward to meet it; he faltered not at all; and Constantin cried out aloud as he pulled the trigger.

Through a film that rose before him the youth saw the clock. It marked the hour of eleven.

He steadied himself in his place with outstretched hands, for a deadly faintness was on him; and, when he had mastered it, he saw in the study the throng which the noise of the shot had brought — the cursing officer of police, the curious doctor, the soldiers and servants; and in the midst of them, horrible to see, the body of Count Kerniceff, his hand still holding the revolver.

ORATE

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Who is good enough to be
Near the never-stainèd sea?
Ah, not I,
Who thereby
Only sigh:
"Pray for me."

Standing underneath some free,
Innocent, magnanimous tree,
To be true,
There anew
Must I sue:
"Pray for me."

As I pass on hilly lea
Fellow-lives of glad degree
Without shame,
Name by name,
These I claim:
"Pray for me."

Fail not, then, thou kingly sea!
Aid the needy, sister tree!
March herds,
Ye have words!
April birds,
Pray for me!

GOVERNOR HUGHES

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES AND THEIR MAKING," ETC.

IN the minds of the Albany politicians, Mr. Hughes, when he became Governor, was merely a bookish lawyer with practically no political experience or knowledge of life. In reality, his career had been an excellent preparation for his work. Few of his predecessors had touched life at so many different points. As a child, in his father's parishes, he had come closely into contact with the everyday existence of many social classes; as a university undergraduate, as a professor at Cornell, as a member of the board of trustees of Brown, he had widely associated with people of intelligence and culture. As a successful lawyer in New York City he had gained a large first-hand acquaintance with men and business affairs. A world-wide traveler,— he had crossed the ocean more than twenty times,— he had studied intelligently the life and institutions of the older civilizations. He had supplemented this practical experience with much reading in general literature; and, from his college days, he had always manifested the keenest interest in all important public questions. That he possessed much native shrewdness and tact, and an intimate knowledge of human nature, had been made apparent in the campaign which he had waged for the governorship. Knowing that the party leaders felt little enthusiasm for his election, and that consequently he could not rely implicitly upon their advice, he had taken the management of affairs into his own hands. He had developed into a quick and witty car-platform orator, had assailed his opponent, Mr. Hearst, with an ever-ready battery of facts, and, even from the standpoint of the party leaders, had never once been betrayed into a tactical mistake.

In these campaign speeches Mr. Hughes had clearly indicated his attitude toward political organizations and several important questions of the day. He had never been a party worker and had little acquaintance with political leaders; but he thoroughly believed in political parties and in political organization. In his mind, however, the party served its legitimate purpose best when it most completely represented public sentiment and most intelligently endeavored to make it sound. A political party did not consist of a few individuals struggling for public office, but of a large, compact organization of citizens joined together for the purpose of accomplishing ends which, in their judgment, the public interest required. With his ingrained respect for the law, he accepted as his official guide, not the dictum of a political organization or a political boss, but the Constitution of the State. The Constitution says nothing about appointing Republicans to all the offices and strengthening and building up political machines; it does say much about securing the honest enforcement of law and exercising certain prerogatives in obtaining legislation.

In political as in commercial life, Mr. Hughes had traced most abuses to the absence or neglect of the fiduciary spirit. In the frequent failure to recognize this sense of trusteeship, the belief that representative government existed for other things than the satisfaction of personal ends, he saw our greatest national peril. The abuse of special privilege, the piracy of public franchises, the conversion of public property and public rights to private use, the failure to subject corporations to elementary law — these were the things, in Mr. Hughes' opinion, which demanded reform. Many so-called political leaders, in his phrase, had become simply "clearing-houses for special interests"; and he had constantly denounced those self-seekers who aimed to use the agencies of government merely as instruments for building up their personal fortunes. He recognized the fact that political corruption, in the last analysis, was almost invariably financial exploitation. When he telegraphed to the Saratoga Convention which nominated him for the governorship that, if elected, he would seek to give the State "a sane, efficient, and honorable administration, free from taint of bossism or of servitude

to any private interest," he tersely summed up what he regarded as the greatest change demanded in American government.

Mr. Hughes brought to the governorship definite ideas not only as to needed reforms, but also as to method. He started his public career as an investigator, and he has emphasized from his first day at Albany the need of the investigating spirit in all branches of legislation and administration. Unquestionably, one of the practical evils of American public life is the most enormous mass of ill-digested legislation which is ground out by forty-six legislatures every year. It is frequently decided upon hastily, without the slightest knowledge of the evils to be remedied and the methods of remedying them; it clogs administration everywhere, and takes up the larger part of the time of our courts of justice. Mr. Hughes, in his dealings with the legislature, insisted that a thorough ascertainment of the facts should precede every important move. In his conception, the business of government was to "bring about good order by orderly processes." He believed thoroughly in full publicity, but by publicity he meant a detailed and exact setting forth of facts, and not "scrappy sensationalism and distorted emphasis."

New York State, when Mr. Hughes became Governor, furnished an excellent field upon which to experiment with these ideas. It was the largest and the richest State; in it the nation's largest banks, insurance companies, and corporations had their headquarters. It contained not only the largest, but the most representative population; it had greater extremes of wealth and poverty, probably more forces both for good and evil, than any American commonwealth, — it was emphatically the section in which the great American experiment, in its political, economic, and social aspects, was being submitted to the severest tests. The government of this Empire State, in its administrative branch, had been divided into several bureaus, nearly all of which, in the course of years, had been paralyzed by those twin evils upon which Mr. Hughes had laid such emphasis — the absence of the fiduciary sense in State officials, and the exploiting spirit in corporations and individuals. A State department, for example, had been established for the purpose of supervising insurance companies; but this had become virtually the property of the corporations themselves. How completely they controlled this administrative department is evident from the fact that, a few months before the utter dishonesty of the Mutual and the Equitable had become public, the New York Insurance Department had officially "examined" both and given them clean bills of health. If necessary, it could also be shown in detail how the men who controlled the insurance companies had been for years the legislative power, in so far as insurance was concerned. Again, a Banking Department had been originally established for the supervision of banking institutions, in order that the money of the depositors might be safeguarded. The control of this banking department, as well as the dictation of legislation affecting banks, had virtually become one of the most valuable assets of the institutions nominally supervised. Occasional scandals in New York banks and trust companies had revealed the paralysis of the Banking Department; recent events in New York City have emphasized the situation. Again, in order that the people might obtain from the railroads they had chartered reasonable, adequate, safe, and non-discriminatory railroad service, a State Railroad Commission had been established. The very interests against which it was leveled, however, had soon captured it; they named the commissioners — usually veteran political hacks — and dictated their acts. Occasionally, it is true, an energetic and honest executive, stimulated and supported by public opinion, would break the bonds of legislative and administrative inertia and secure some genuine enforcement of law. In the main, however, certain large corporations had parceled among themselves, as so many satrapies, the particular legislative and administrative powers that most concerned their own activities.

A Governor in the Open

Mr. Hughes' conception of party government and the limitations of the governorship naturally antagonized the politicians at Albany. His personal attitude intensified this feeling. Many New York governors had been accustomed to transact important business, not in the large executive chamber which the State had provided for that purpose, but in a small ante-room adjoining. Here he could quietly discuss party programs and appointments; here the politicians could come and go unobserved by newspaper men and other inquisitive persons. Immediately after his inauguration Mr. Hughes established headquarters in the large official chamber. He announced his willingness to meet all citizens here and his intention of transacting openly the business of the State. Politicians, corporation lawyers, bank presidents, labor leaders — the Governor received them all indiscriminately in the large public room. His policy in making appointments antagonized the Republican leaders even more. He absolutely refused to accept

political activity as a complete qualification for public office. "Is there any man in your county," he asked a Republican leader who was urging the claims of a favorite candidate, "who could fill the office better than the man you suggest?" "Why, yes, I suppose there is." "Then that's the man you ought to name," at once replied the Governor. On this point, however, Mr. Hughes was not unduly narrow. He would not reject a man simply because he had figured in politics; he believed, indeed, that political activity, in that it frequently gave a man a wide knowledge of public affairs, might increase one's official usefulness. His point of view was always efficiency in the public service and never the advantage of a political organization. The thing that was farthest from his thoughts was the creation of a political machine of his own. "I think I could advise you better on this point if I knew just what your political ambition was," a well-known politician once informed him. "Assume for the sake of argument," the Governor immediately replied, "that I am practising law."

Governor Hughes' first important appointments immediately disclosed his attitude. A few weeks after taking office he was called upon to name a Superintendent of Elections for the metropolitan district. For years the Republican leaders in New York County and Brooklyn had practically dictated this appointment. In accordance with this time-honored custom, Mr. Herbert Parsons, the Republican leader of New York, and Mr. Timothy L. Woodruff, the Republican leader of Brooklyn, called upon Governor Hughes and handed him the name of Lewis M. Swasey. Mr. Parsons and Mr. Woodruff were not especially modest in emphasizing Mr. Swasey's claims; in fact, when the Governor began to question them concerning their candidate's qualifications, they became more insistent than diplomatic. They informed the Governor that "the organization" had selected this place for Swasey, and that, as a "good Republican," he must appoint him. Governor Hughes informed them that he could not conscientiously appoint Swasey, gave his reasons, and thus afforded them an opportunity to withdraw his name. Parsons and Woodruff, however, still insisted upon the selection of their man. After a conference lasting about two hours, the Governor arose and said: "Gentlemen, to-morrow I shall send in the name of Mr. William Leary for this place. Good night." This was a sufficient intimation that Mr. Hughes was the Governor of New York State; Mr. Woodruff at once took a steamer for Europe, and Mr. Parsons did not make many more attempts to dictate appointments.

At about the same time, the Governor was called upon to name a Superintendent of Public Works for New York State. As this department has charge of the construction of the new Erie Canal, which will cost more than $100,000,000, the position was of the utmost importance, and might, in improper hands, wield a great political influence. When Governor Hughes sent in the name of Frederick C. Stevens, who had been chairman of the Gas Committee for which he had served as counsel, the politicians gasped. One of the most influential men at Albany was James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Speaker of the Assembly; for several years the Wadsworth family had been waging a political war upon Mr. Stevens in the western part of New York State. It is hardly necessary to emphasize how useful to Mr. Stevens the patronage of his office might be in battling with Mr. Wadsworth. The politicians immediately assumed that Governor Hughes, by putting this enormous power in Mr. Stevens' hands, had determined upon the political annihilation of the Wadsworth family.

"Do you know, Governor," Speaker Wadsworth protested, "if you had used your great mind to discover the way in which you could have done me the most injury, you could have found no better way than by appointing Mr. Stevens to this place?"

"Then the statements which I read in the newspapers are true?" asked the Governor.

"They are."

"I never gave that subject a moment's consideration," replied Mr. Hughes.

And he had not. In selecting Mr. Stevens, he believed he had found the man best adapted to do the work which the position required, and he had never thought of the political aspect which might be attributed to the appointment.

A Governor According to the Constitution

In matters of legislation Governor Hughes also displayed his independence of Albany traditions. In the preceding ten years New York had had several different types in the executive chair. There had been the "dummy Governor," the man who owed his election entirely to the party boss and who practically abdicated his power to the organization. He appointed to office such men as the recognized leaders suggested and advocated such legislation as they placed before him. The great authority of the governorship, that is, became the instrument by which a corrupt machine leader, like Thomas C. Platt, built up his own power and secured legislation for corporations in exchange for campaign contributions. There had

also been the independent executive, a Governor who insisted upon carrying out his own ideas and using his own judgment in filling offices, but who recognized the obligations of party and did not hesitate to consult, on all important matters, with the heads of the organization. There had been the Odell type, an executive who united in one person the governorship and the party leadership, and who frequently used the powers of his office in firmly intrenching himself in political power. These several types had secured legislation in practically the same way. In advance of the session they adopted a legislative program and embodied it in their messages, and at the same time they caused bills to be introduced which carried out their ideas. They never hesitated to use the great powers of their office in securing the passage of these measures. They were the "party bills," and all good party men were expected to vote for them. A refusal to do so was regarded as virtual treason to the organization, and a sufficient excuse for retiring the independent legislator to private life. If every other expedient failed, the Governor always had one way of bringing him to terms. Some day a fellow-member would tap the insurgent on the shoulder and say quietly: "The old man wants to see you." In a few moments the recalcitrant member would find himself before the Governor, and be lectured in fatherly fashion, and kindly but forcibly advised to vote for the bill. He always understood what that meant. He usually had pending some pet measure of his own, or there were certain appointments which he wished the Governor to make. According to the prevailing political system, the failure to accomplish either of these results would injure his political standing, and might, indeed, end his political career. The penitent legislator well understood that, if he continued his opposition to the Governor's bills, his own would be vetoed and his followers would never be appointed to office. Under this pressure the average assemblyman or senator, irrespective of his personal attitude toward pending legislation, could usually be whipped into line.

This system of give and take had existed so long that it had come to be regarded as a perfectly proper proceeding — had become a well-established institution. In reality, it was a crime against both the office of legislator and that of executive; reduced to the last analysis, it was little better than executive blackmail. Theoretically, men were sent to Albany to deliberate and to vote upon legislation according to their own judgment, and not merely to register the opinions of the Governor or the party leader who controlled his administration. On the other hand, the Governor had clearly defined duties beyond which he could not go without making representative government a farce and nullifying the spirit of the Constitution. With his unfailing logic and natural respect for law, Mr. Hughes immediately perceived this fact. He had at once made it known that he would be content with being Governor and nothing more. It was his duty to recommend such legislation as he thought needful, and to use such influence as legitimately belonged to his office in getting it passed. He also believed that the law-maker had his duties, and that these required him to take such action on pending measures as his judgment dictated. Mr. Hughes said that he would act upon legislation and appointments purely upon their merits, without reference to any program of his own. No legislator who voted against the Hughes bills need fear punishment; likewise no one who voted for them need look for favors. In this way he restored once more that separation between the executive and legislative powers which the Constitution required, and placed the responsibility for their acts squarely upon the senators and assemblymen themselves.

An Attempt to Make Public Service Corporations Subject to Law

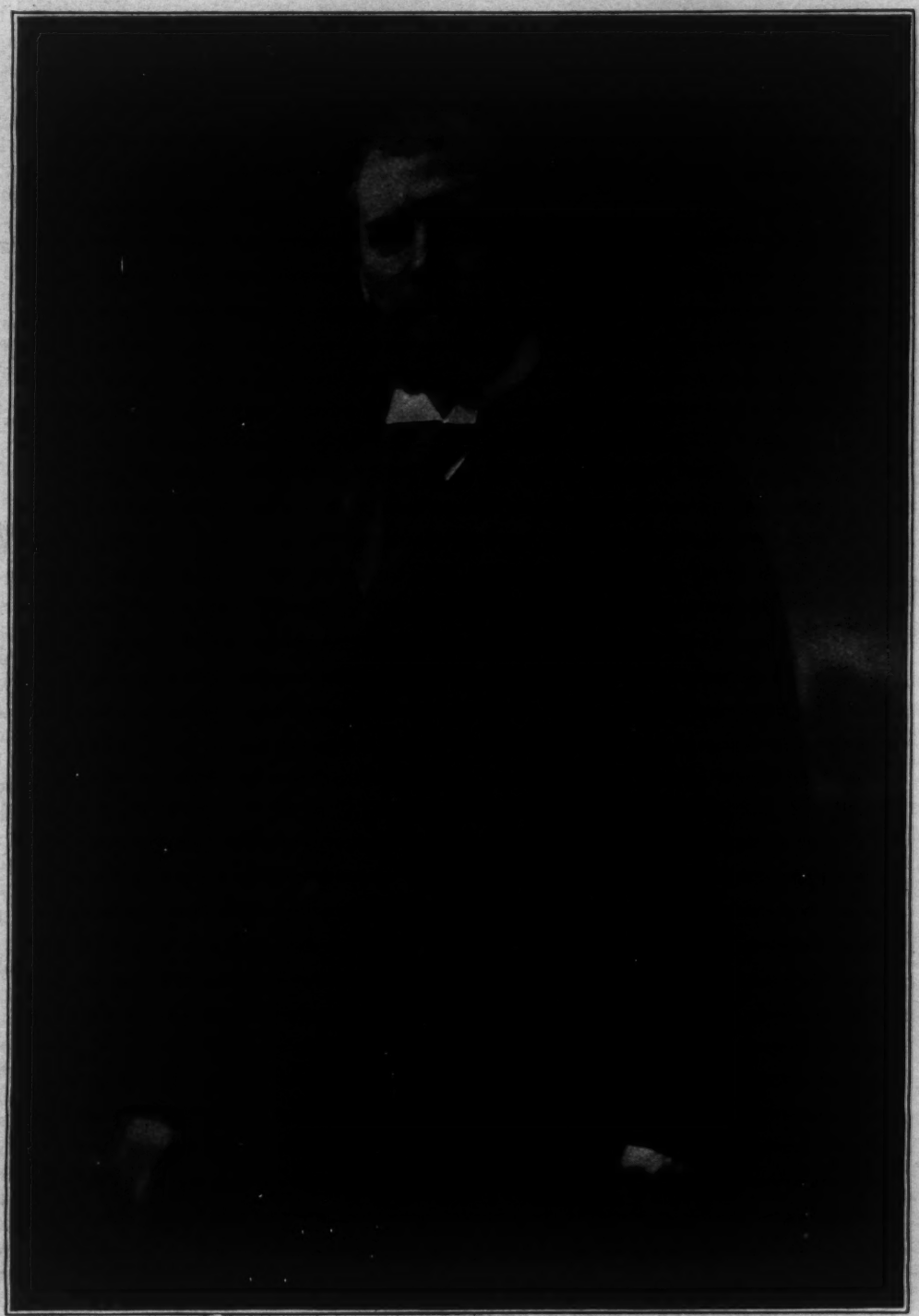
Mr. Hughes' conception of the powers of his office, his methods of obtaining legislation, and his attitude toward politicians and certain great public questions are all concretely illustrated in the history of the most important reform of his term — his Public Service Bill. In his campaign speeches Mr. Hughes had recognized the supervision of public service corporations as one of the most important questions of the day. In the management of these corporations he found a striking illustration of that abuse of "special privilege" which he had many times emphasized as our greatest evil. He had gained much first-hand experience in this matter in the gas investigation; and fundamentally the evils had been essentially the same as those which he had disclosed in the life-insurance companies. The steam-railroads, the street-railways, the gas and lighting companies of New York State, enjoyed enormous privileges and absolutely monopolized certain important necessaries of nearly ten millions of people. They all operated upon special privileges granted by the State. Theoretically, the State had given these franchises because of the great public benefits which would result, and had awarded them subject to certain important reserved powers. Inasmuch as these corporations had been created by the State legislature, the legislature, according to the common law, had the

right to supervise and to regulate them. In exchange for the right to use public property, the corporations had agreed to furnish a service that should be adequate to the public requirements, that should not unreasonably endanger life and limb, that should charge a reasonable rate, and that should not discriminate among citizens in the matter of service or cost.

In fact, the great public service corporations of New York State had led what was virtually a lawless existence for years. The practical explanation for this, as said above, was that these corporations had always taken an active hand in politics, and had reversed the relative positions of legislative authority and corporate subordination. The history of the Metropolitan Street Railway, recently described in this magazine, is an interesting illustration of what a great public utility corporation had become, merely because the law-making power of the State, so far as that corporation was concerned, had not been used. The Metropolitan had received certain valuable rights in the streets of Manhattan Island, practically without consideration, because the public interest required safe, adequate, and reasonably cheap local transportation. The Metropolitan had entirely ignored its part of the contract. The last ambition of the speculators who had obtained control of it was to perform these public services. They simply used the company as a convenient medium for creating enormous issues of what was practically fraudulent stock and unloading this upon the unsuspecting investor. In the gas companies Mr. Hughes had shown how the rights of the people had likewise been largely disregarded. In the management of the steam-railroads, the telephone and telegraph companies,—though conditions in these corporations had never been so flagrant as in the New York street-railways,—the rights of the franchise-granting public had never been adequately protected.

In his first message Governor Hughes outlined a plan for restoring to the State government its long-abandoned rights, and the Public Service Bill, which was soon introduced, embodied his ideas. This plan was simplicity itself. It merely proposed that the Legislature should exercise its inherent powers for supervision and regulation. It had the right to insist that the public service corporations should give the people safe, adequate, reasonably cheap, and non-discriminatory service; it only remained to create the machinery by which this authority should be exercised. Manifestly, the Legislature could not supervise the details directly. A body which sat only three months in the year, and which changed its membership constantly, could hardly deal intelligently with the hundreds of practical questions that arise every day in the management of public utilities. The proposed law, therefore, provided for the delegation of these powers by the Legislature to two commissions. A Public Service Commission of the first district was to have supervision and regulation over all the utility corporations operating in the city of New York; a second commission was to have similar powers over corporations operating in the rest of the State. In order that these commissions might be kept constantly in touch with their duties, the law stipulated that they should keep their offices open every day in the year, Sunday and holidays not excepted, from eight in the morning until eleven at night. They were thus to serve as a perpetual means of communication between the public and the corporations. Any one who had grievances against his gas company or trolley road was to have the right of constant appeal to his Public Service Commission. At any time, according to the proposed law, the commission or its representative was to have immediate access to all the books and accounts of the corporations; its powers of investigation were to be unlimited; it could subpoena any officer at any time and demand explanations on any question of service or finance. Its most important power was to be that of fixing rates and regulating service. It was to determine—if it proved necessary to go to extremes to obtain just treatment—the proper rates for trolley fares, passenger and freight charges on steam-roads, and the price of gas. The commission was also to have the regulation of appliances and equipment. If it found any railroad operating without machinery adequate for insuring the safety of passengers, it could force the railroad to instal such machinery. If it found that a trolley line was not running a sufficient number of cars to accommodate its traffic, it could file an order requiring it to do so, specifying the precise number of cars and where they were to go. If it obtained reliable information that a steam-railroad was neglecting its suburban traffic, it could compel it to put on more trains. A gas company which made a practice of supplying bad gas at a high price could be compelled to supply good gas at a reasonable price.

Radical as this measure may seem, Governor Hughes safeguarded it by certain provisions which protected the corporations from unjust treatment. Above all, he stands for the spirit that does not act without investigation and detailed information. The Public Service Law required that the new commissions could take no action for the enforcement of public rights



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GOVERNOR CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

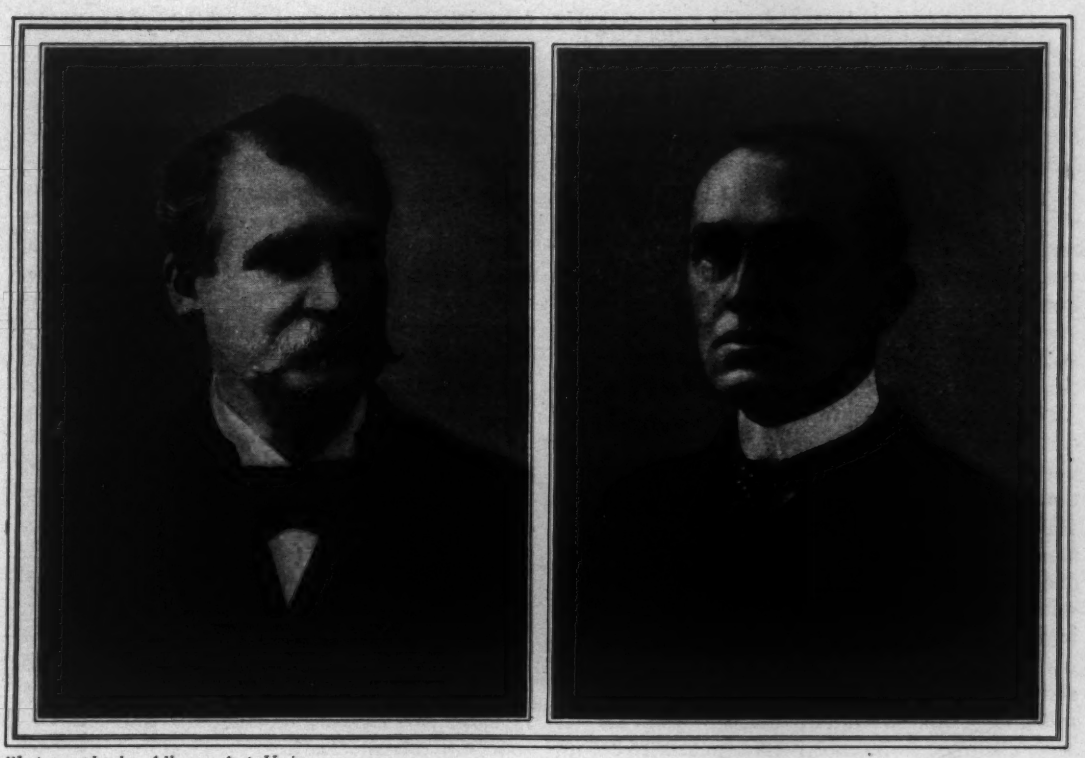
without thorough investigation. Before filing any order the commission must give the corporation a hearing, in order that the whole subject might be thoroughly canvassed; and there were other checks which protected the corporation from hasty action, without at the same time preventing the public from obtaining the service to which it was entitled. The new law carefully withheld from the corporations the right of a "court review"; in other words, under it, the corporations could not run to the courts for protection against all the orders of the commission. On the other hand, the laws specifically limited all such orders to those which were "just and reasonable"; that is, the only ground of appeal retained by the corporations was the constitutional provision against the confiscation of property without due process of law.

The new law also contained certain general provisions that struck at the heart of the accumulated abuses of a generation. It prohibited the transfer of franchises, and thus sought to end the flourishing trade of franchise-broking. It prohibited the capitalization of any franchise for a larger amount than its owner had paid for it, and thus sought to end the stock-watering operations which had demoralized the railway and gas systems of nearly every city in the State. It prohibited "holding companies" and required that no stocks and bonds should be issued without the commissions' consent, another attempt to get at the root of over-capitalization and many corporation subterfuges. This proposed legislation did not originate in the brain of a Kansas Populist, but in that of a conservative ex-professor of law at Cornell University. In its fundamental principles it involved nothing new; the powers which it assumed had always existed; the Governor's only claim to originality was his determination to make them effective.

Senate Organizes Against Hughes

The proposed measure also had great political significance. If passed and enforced, it would destroy the influence in legislation and administration of the great corporations which had been dominant for many years. It also struck at many of the State's leading Republican politicians. It abolished the State Railroad Commission, of which the chief incumbents were such old Republican war-horses as George W. Dunn and George W. Aldridge; it also abolished the Gas Commission, which had become an important part of the Woodruff machine in Brooklyn. Immediately all forces opposed to decent government and the regulation of corporations organized against it. This opposition, as has been usually the case in recent years, was not strictly limited by party lines. From the beginning Governor Hughes had the larger number of his own party associates on his side; certain influential Republican leaders, however, early formed a coalition with equally influential Democrats to oppose the new legislative program. The chief battle-ground was the Senate, in which the corporation influence was most manifest and which had many times disgraced itself by carrying out the wishes of the gas and traction companies. Especially dominant personalities in the Senate were a trio known as the "elder statesmen," consisting of John Raines, Patrick H. McCarren, and Thomas F. Grady. Raines had served nearly twenty-five years at Albany, and had thus acquired a wide experience in legislative tactics. As the leader of the Republican majority in the Senate he wielded an enormous influence, which he at once organized against the public service measure as well as the Governor's other reforms. That in this he was inspired by any corrupt motive need not necessarily be assumed; as an old line organization Republican his soul revolted at the political ideals and methods of the new Governor; his chief desire, in all probability, was to discipline Mr. Hughes and transform him into a "good Republican." He found willing and capable lieutenants in McCarren, the Democratic leader of Brooklyn, who had distinguished himself for many years by his opposition to measures in the public interest; and in Thomas F. Grady, who for more than a quarter of a century has represented the highest ideals of Tammany Hall. Against this coterie Mr. Hughes found many conscientious supporters in his own party — Page and Armstrong in the Senate, Merritt in the Assembly; for many months, however, his Republican following was regularly outvoted by the Republican-Democratic coalition, led by Raines, McCarren, and Grady.

One can easily imagine how Governor Odell would have handled this situation. He would have summoned the rebellious senators of his own party, and compelled them to vote for the Public Service Law by threatening to veto all their bills and withholding all official favors in the way of patronage. That, as already described, was not Governor Hughes' way. Against the methods of his legislative enemies and the public service corporations he opposed his theory of pure idealism. He would not use the powers of his office against them; if, however, they persisted in their tactics, the only method he would use would be to go directly over their heads and "appeal to the people." Just what the Governor meant by an "appeal



Photographs by Albany Art Union

JOHN RAINES

REPUBLICAN LEADER WHO LED THE OPPOSITION TO GOVERNOR HUGHES' REFORMS, BUT SUCCUMBED TO PUBLIC SENTIMENT

PATRICK H. McCARREN

A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK SENATE WHO HAS BEEN CRITICIZED YEAR AFTER YEAR FOR HIS SUPPORT OF MEASURES IN THE INTEREST OF CORPORATIONS

to the people" the Senate did not understand; if his statement created any interest at all, it was simply one of amusement.

The opposition arrayed their energies against the Governor's entire legislative program. They did not select the railroad law as their open object of attack, apparently not wishing to test their strength upon an issue in which public sentiment was so clearly upon the Governor's side. They evidently believed that if they could defeat him upon one point they could defeat him upon all, especially the proposed public service reform, and for this purpose they selected the Governor's attempt to improve conditions in the Insurance Department. Inevitably this was a subject of especial interest to Mr. Hughes. Here was another State department which needed to be rescued from the corporations and restored to the people. Mr. Hughes' insurance investigation had shown that the demoralization in the life-insurance business was caused largely by the failure of the New York Insurance Department to exercise proper supervision. His work had resulted in the retirement of Superintendent Francis Hendricks and the appointment as Insurance Superintendent of Mr. Otto Kelsey. When Mr. Hughes examined Kelsey's administration, he found that, although Kelsey had had full charge for nearly a year, he had accomplished practically nothing in the way of actual reform. The subordinates who, a year before the Hughes investigation, had examined the Equitable and the Mutual Life, and found them in a satisfactory condition, still held their places and still virtually managed the department. On every hand the Governor found evidences of Kelsey's timidity, his incapacity, his vacillating temperament, and his entire failure to realize the importance of the work he had been selected to do. Of Kelsey's personal integrity there had never been the slightest question; "as honest as Otto Kelsey" was a phrase which had long since passed into a proverb at Albany. Governor Hughes, not wishing publicly to disgrace a high official who, whatever his failings as an administrator, was personally honest, quietly asked Kelsey to resign. Kelsey promptly refused, rushed into the newspapers with his troubles, and assembled all his political friends for a fight against the Governor.

A New Standard in Public Service: Efficiency

Mr. Hughes' suggestion that Kelsey be removed, not on the ground of dishonesty, but of incapacity, created a sensation. "The man is honest! Hughes is discrediting an upright State official," shouted the politicians. "Yes, he is honest," replied the Governor, "but he is incapable, and we must have a man in that place who is both honest and efficient." According to the Constitution, the Governor had no power to remove Kelsey; he could merely recommend such action to the Senate, submitting his reasons. The Republican majority, under the leadership of Raines, rushed to Kelsey's support. The Governor proceeded in his usual constitutional manner. Before asking the Senate to displace Kelsey he must have unquestioned evidence of his unfitness, and he procured this in a way duly provided by law. According to the Constitution, "the Governor, before recommending a removal of any officer, may, in his discretion, take proofs for determining whether such recommendation shall be made." One morning Superintendent Kelsey was served with a subpoena requiring his appearance before the Governor at two o'clock in the afternoon. When he appeared, the Governor swore him as a witness, and proceeded to learn what he knew about the Insurance Department. This proceeding was entirely orderly and appropriate, but no executive at Albany had ever thought of getting evidence in such direct fashion. The subsequent examination had all the dramatic qualities which marked the meetings of the Armstrong Committee. Mr. Hughes displayed the same directness, the same fairness, the same courtesy and consideration, the same deadly insistence upon the points at issue. Kelsey made a pathetic showing. He had taken office to reform conditions disclosed by the Armstrong Committee; it appeared, from Mr. Hughes' examination, that he had never even read the Armstrong report, had no knowledge of what that investigation had disclosed, and was entirely ignorant of the most ordinary happenings in his own office. Mr. Hughes immediately sent to the Senate a formal request for Kelsey's removal, inclosing a copy of Kelsey's testimony as evidence of his unfitness.

Corporations Seek to "Strengthen" the Bill

Though this proceeding greatly impressed the public mind, it did not much affect the old guard in the Senate. Had Hughes resorted to the old-fashioned methods, that is, had he "sent for" the rebellious senators and threatened them with a loss of executive favor, he could easily have arranged for Kelsey's removal. He publicly declared, however, that he would punish no senator who stood by Kelsey and reward none who took the Governor's side; he had performed his duty in requesting the dismissal of an incompetent public servant, and he expected the Senate to do its part. As time went on, this policy provoked only ridicule and insult. For three months absolutely nothing happened at Albany. The newspaper correspondents reported that Hughes had played a losing game and that his proposed reforms could not possibly pass. In the latter part of March, the Hughes prestige having been entirely destroyed, the corporations began to show themselves. From the beginning they had declared that they supported the Governor's public service measure, and that they expected to benefit from it equally with the people. They liked it so much that they suggested a few "improvements." To the hearing in committee the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad sent up Mr. Joseph H. Choate, ex-ambassador to England, the Pennsylvania Mr. Edward M. Shepard, and the Metropolitan Street Railway Mr. Paul D. Cravath and Mr. De Lancey Nicoll. Mr. Choate's speech fairly summed up the "improvements" with which the corporation wished to "strengthen" the bill. Mr. Choate asked that the arbitrary power given the commission to fix rates and regulate equipment and schedule be subject to "a general court review." Practically all States with railroad laws, Mr. Choate pointed out, had limited this great power in this way; even the Interstate Commerce Law, as amended in 1906, had inserted a court review provision. He also argued against the clause which gave the Governor absolute power to remove commissioners, and suggested that such removals be made subject to the approval of the Senate. He wished to modify the section forbidding "holding companies" so that, under certain conditions, they could still be formed; and he also objected to the provision which prohibited the capitalization of franchises. These proposed amendments, had they been adopted, would have utterly destroyed the bill. To have made all orders subject to the review of the court would have paralyzed the commission; the corporations could have appealed from every order, tied the questions up in the courts for months and years, and thus have prevented any action. If the Governor had not been given the absolute power to remove commissioners he would have lost control of the commission. Had Mr. Choate's amendments authorizing holding companies and the capitalization of

franchises been adopted, the way would have been made easy for all the scandalous financiering which it was one of the prime objects of the bill to prevent. That the Republican majority in the Senate, however, supported these modifications, was clearly apparent.

Hughes Appeals to the People

Mr. Hughes now resorted to the only legitimate weapon left him — a direct appeal to the people over the Senate's head. He had accepted an invitation to speak at the dinner of the Utica Chamber of Commerce on April 1; several days before this meeting it became generally known that the Governor would utilize this occasion to speak directly to the electorate. The greatest interest and anticipation prevailed; for the first time in the history of the Republican party in New York State, a Republican Governor announced, by this act, that he had lost confidence in his party associates and proposed to appeal from them directly to the rank and file. The Governor's speech was entirely characteristic. There was a general expectation that Mr. Hughes would take the occasion to call by name his enemies in the Legislature and denounce them as corrupt agents of corporations. The Governor did nothing of the kind. He did not belch fire; he made a logical, closely argued explanation of his Public Service Act and the reasons why he believed that it should pass. He never mentioned his opponents in the Legislature, or in the slightest degree criticized them for fighting the bill; when the Governor finished, however, there was not a more discredited group of men in New York State. He had clearly demonstrated that the public interest required the passage of this law, and he had made the point so plain that, without once hinting the fact, the whole State saw that any man who was opposing it was not actuated by public-spirited motives. The politicians could easily have survived a tongue-lashing; they could not survive the terrible logic and inevitable conclusion of the Governor's words. Manifestly, had Mr. Hughes made an abusive stump speech he would have proved false to his own ideals, for it would have been as improper and undignified to attempt to whip his enemies into line by publicly vilifying them as by using against them the powers of his office.

The rebellious senators, however, merely laughed at the Governor's speech. "Hughes' appeals to the people" became the most popular Albany joke. About this time a sudden development in federal politics seriously complicated the situation. President Roosevelt had been closely watching Governor Hughes' career and had a sincere desire to see him succeed. On the eve of the convention which had nominated Mr. Hughes for the governorship the President had sent a message recommending his selection; and Secretary of State Root, at a critical moment in the campaign, had come to New York and delivered a powerful address in favor of Mr. Hughes. Unquestionably the President believed that these acts created certain bonds of union between himself and the Governor. His interest in the New York situation was stimulated by one of Mr. Hughes' closest friends, Mr. Frederick C. Stevens, whom, as already noted, the Governor had made Superintendent of Public Works. When affairs at Albany appeared most hopeless, Mr. Stevens visited the President and explained in detail the political situation in New York. The precise nature of this interview is not known. For several years, as already said, Mr. Stevens had been waging a battle with the Wadsworths, father and son, for political supremacy in the western part of New York State. An important issue in this struggle was the collectorship of the Western District of New York State, filled by "Archie" A. Sanders, an influential Wadsworth follower. It was generally reported in the newspapers that Mr. Stevens informed the President that the Sanders element was working against the Hughes administration and its legislative reforms. Soon after this visit the President requested Sanders' resignation. The Washington correspondents of the New York newspapers reported that Mr. Roosevelt took this action for the purpose of "helping Hughes." Whether this was an accurate interpretation is not definitely known; the Albany politicians, however, at once jumped to the same conclusion. They believed, likewise, that President Roosevelt had taken issue on Mr. Hughes' side, and that all politicians opposing the Governor's reforms might be subject to presidential discipline. This was an argument which Raines and his associates immediately understood. The tension at Albany perceptibly relaxed; the senatorial coterie assumed, for a few days, a less active hostility toward the pending bills. The Albany correspondents reported that, in all probability, the Public Service act would pass, and that Kelsey would be removed,—that President Roosevelt had saved the day. And then Governor Hughes, who had done the unexpected so many times already, amazed his friends and enemies once more. He made no public statement, but it became known in unmistakable fashion that he had not sought President Roosevelt's assistance and did not welcome it. Embarrassing as the situation manifestly was, that was the only posi-

tion which the Governor could consistently take. Had he shown a willingness to use the federal patronage, he would have resorted to that very weapon which he had thus far persistently declined to utilize, and thereby have made his whole policy absurd. Had he cared to use official patronage against the Senate, he had plenty of offices at his own disposal. Many observers concluded that Mr. Hughes resented any interference because success obtained on these terms would have been a victory for President Roosevelt instead of for himself; the more logical explanation, however, is that the use of official patronage to secure the legislation he desired was an absolute violation of the principle which he had so firmly laid down.

Public Opinion Asserts Itself

The Republican leaders in the Senate now put aside all restraint. Here was a man, they declared, whom they could bully and insult at pleasure; their attitude, which had suddenly become favorable to the Hughes program as a result of the hint from Washington, became suddenly hostile when the Governor showed that he would not take advantage of this opportunity. Raines and his followers now did what they had not had the courage to do before: the Democratic-Republican coalition rejected the Governor's recommendation for the removal of Kelsey. The session at which this action was taken passed all bounds of decency. From the floor of the Senate leading Republicans wildly denounced their Republican Governor; and John Raines left a sick-bed to deliver an impassioned speech against him. The public accepted the refusal to remove Kelsey as a final humiliation to Hughes and as the end of his reform administration. "This high idealism is all right in theory," said his critics, "but plainly it does not work in practice. If Hughes wants results, he must adopt political methods in fighting politicians." In fact, the Kelsey vote gave just that additional stimulus to public sentiment which the Governor needed. Had he cleverly planned the whole campaign, he could have arranged no event which would have more completely served his purpose. Until the vote on Kelsey the Senate had fought him in the dark; now it came into the open. The issue was so clear that the people could not fail to see it. A Republican Governor appeared before the public as a conscientious executive attempting to obtain an efficient administration in a great State department; the Republican Senate appeared as a gang of small politicians determined to keep in office a weak and inept official whose presence rendered impossible certain sadly needed reforms.

And now was heard that voice which, after all, is the governing power in the United States and to which Mr. Hughes had so eloquently appealed — public opinion. From all sections of the State "the people" made themselves heard. Thousands of newspapers, Republican, Democratic, and independent, leveled their batteries against the Albany politicians. Public meetings denounced them and civic bodies took their stand upon the Governor's side. The fight which Hughes was making against the worst influences at Albany became the one subject of popular discussion, and the Albany crowd began to hear from their "constituents." Telegrams and letters poured in upon the anti-Hughes senators threatening them with political extinction if they continued in their course. Two years before, certain senators had outraged public opinion by voting against a bill reducing the price of gas to eighty cents, and as a result had been retired to private life at the succeeding election; forcible reminders of the fate of the "gas senators" were made to those who were opposing Governor Hughes. Popular indignation rose so high that the State Republican leaders, in a panic, rushed to Albany, in the hope of straightening out the situation. Raines and his associates at last perceived that if they continued their opposition, not only would they fail of reëlection to the Senate, but that the whole Republican party would lose public confidence. They did precisely what all shifty politicians do in similar circumstances. They immediately reversed their position, meekly put themselves upon the Governor's side, and announced their willingness to vote for his reforms. When the public service measure — the Governor's bill, not the emasculated affair which the corporations had favored — came up for consideration, the old guard voted for it with ostentatious eagerness. Thus had Governor Hughes not only secured perhaps the most far-reaching reform ever adopted by an American legislature, but he had given an inspiring object-lesson in the workings of popular government.*

According to Mr. James Bryce, the salvation of the American system consists in the fact that, in the final resort, it is a government by public opinion. "Towering over presidents and state governors," says Mr. Bryce, in "The American Commonwealth," "over Congress and state legislatures, over conventions and

* Having secured the passage of the Public Service Law, the Governor made no further attempts at the session of 1907 to have Superintendent Kelsey removed. Immediately after the Legislature adjourned he instituted a detailed investigation of the Insurance Department. This has disclosed scandalous conditions; and, as this article goes to press (February 15), the Governor is sending a special message to the Senate, renewing his recommendation for Kelsey's removal.

the vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out, in the United States, as the great source of power, the master of servants who tremble before it. . . . It grows up, not in Congress, not in state legislatures, not in those great conventions which frame platforms and choose candidates, but at large among the people. It is expressed in voices everywhere. It rules as a pervading and impalpable power, like the ether which passes through all things. It binds all the parts of the complicated system together, and gives them whatever unity of aim and action they possess." Perhaps never has this language found so complete a justification as in Mr. Hughes' experience at Albany.

The two commissions appointed to carry out this law have gone about their work in business-like and effective fashion. Manifestly the Commission of the First District, which has under its control the great public-utility corporations of New York City, has aroused the widest public interest. This commission began its work in accordance with the approved Hughes method; before taking action upon the street-railway system in New York, it proceeded to collect the information which it required concerning capitalization, financial resources, equipment, and service. The first inspection of the affairs of the Metropolitan Street Railway revealed enormous financial scandals, and the company, which had been on the brink of insolvency for ten years, at once confessed a deficit of $20,000,000 and was placed in the hands of receivers. The Public Service Commission has been criticized and held responsible for the bankruptcy of this road, and for the demoralization in its service. In fact, a complete financial reorganization was absolutely essential to any improvement in transit conditions. If the Commission is responsible for the receivership,—which, of course, it is not,—that fact in itself would constitute a genuine public service. By spending nearly eight months collecting the necessary data, the Public Service Commission has laid the foundation of eventual reform. An interesting feature of the situation is that, though the corporations denounced the bill in the Legislature, there has been not the slightest effort to test its constitutionality in the courts.

Mr. Hughes has shown his attitude toward corporations not only by constructive legislation, but by his vetoes. Closely following on the heels of the Public Service Bill, the Legislature passed a measure enforcing a maximum two-cent-a-mile fare upon the railroads. The Governor immediately vetoed this bill. "It represents a policy," he declared, "seriously mistaken and pregnant with disaster. It is of the utmost importance that the management of our railroad corporations should be subject to strict supervision by the State, and that regulations compelling observance of the law and proper and adequate service should be rigidly enforced. But injustice on the part of railroad corporations toward the public does not justify injustice on the part of the State toward the railroad corporations. The action of government should be fair and impartial, and upon this every citizen, whatever his interests, is entitled to insist." He also scored the Legislature for acting upon such an important matter hastily, without information or investigation. Such action, he said, "not only threatens the stability of business enterprise which makes our prosperity possible, but it substitutes unreason for sound judgment, the ill-considered demands of resentment for the spirit of fair play, and makes impossible patient and honorable effort to correct abuses."

These two acts, the passage of the public service measure and the veto of the two-cent fare bill, succinctly embodied Governor Hughes' attitude toward the State regulation of corporations. Firm insistence upon the rights of the people, on the one hand; absolute justice to the corporations and the investors in their securities, on the other; a firm belief that the "rights of property" do not include a license to commit all kinds of rapacity and a failure to observe the elementary principles of law — this is his platform. He has accomplished many things in the details of his administration and in the management of the State departments which, in the press of larger matters, have escaped general attention. Perhaps his greatest public service has been the new spirit created at Albany. The last two sessions of the Legislature have been virtually free from scandal. The lobbies have been deserted; there has been a noticeable absence of strike bills; the Legislature has been unbossed; the Albany law-makers have developed an unwonted independence and a serious interest in their occupation. In the State departments there is also a new spirit and a most unwonted enthusiasm for work. The business-like attitude of the executive head has influenced the daily routine of the humblest employee of the State. It is manifestly too early to judge of the permanent effects of the changes which Governor Hughes has introduced in administration. It is entirely clear, however, that he has permanently increased the influence of his office, established new ideals for his successors, impressed upon legislators new conceptions of their responsibilities, and greatly improved the tone and efficiency of official life.

TEETH

BY

MARY HEATON VORSE

AUTHOR OF "MRS. McCLANAHAN, THE CHINESE LAUNDRY, AND BELLER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE incidents of this story occurred during the visit of my sister-in-law and my little niece Agnes. What happened goes to show that, however carefully one may plant a child's mind, the result of the planting, so far as I am able to judge, is uncertain. It is here that figs grow of thistles, and also, alas, thistles of figs.

Estelle, the child's mother, had planted in Agnes all the virtues of childhood and some others, by the means of the newest methods of child culture. In the ground prepared by Estelle, my sister Maria had sown seeds of Christian teaching, reading aloud to Agnes the godly doings of missionaries in the dark places of the earth — a form of reading of which Maria is peculiarly fond, and for which she finds listeners with difficulty. Maria is never tired of expatiating on Agnes' love of good reading, as well as on her other perfections; for Agnes is a very well drilled child. What harvest was reaped from this so carefully planted "garden of a child's mind" (the phrase is Estelle's) I will leave you to judge. It was touching to see that Estelle maintained intact her belief in the efficacy of her training, and saw in what happened only the unfortunate influence of my poor Jimmy. In our house, when anything unchancy occurs, we do not say, "Cherchez la femme," but, "Where is Jimmy?"

The drama began one morning with Maria's arrival at the breakfast-table. She was visibly agitated.

"When I got out of bed this morning," she announced, with a gravity that was portentous, "I started to walk about the floor. I stepped on a small sharp object. It hurt me a great deal — you know, I put my heels down quite hard. I looked to see what had hurt me, and here they are!" She displayed two small white objects.

"Why," said Estelle, "those are teeth!"

"Of all things!" said Maria, "teeth! *Small children's teeth!* Will you tell me how children's teeth got in my room?"

"Perhaps Agnes dropped hers there," Osborn suggested.

"No, Osborn, I didn't," said Agnes seriously;

and, while she spoke with perfect self-command, a flush spread over her face.

"*Some* one must have dropped them in my room," Maria asserted accusingly. "Why, Edith, it gave me a start when I found a tooth fairly embedded in my heel!"

Maria looked from Jimmy to Agnes, and then back again to Jimmy.

"Do you know anything about these teeth, Jimmy?" she asked.

Here Edith came to the rescue. "It takes away my appetite to talk about such horrid things at the table!" she cried. "Oh, I should think you would have thrown them out of the window, instead of holding an inquest over them at the breakfast-table!"

"That will do, Edith," I said.

Edith is fifteen and is developing a large number of sensibilities. But when Maria has started on a subject, she runs it to earth.

"It must be about time for Agnes to lose hers," she pursued.

"Oh, mama!" cried Agnes, "will I lose a tooth? Will I?" She lifted her upper lip and displayed to view her little white teeth. "I've got one I think is a little eeny teeny weeny bit loose."

"You're interrupting your Aunt Maria," Estelle reminded her daughter.

"How will you pull my tooth out?" asked Agnes, unconcerned. "Will you tie a string around it and to the door, and slam the door?"

"We'll talk about it when the time comes," Estelle replied evenly.

Here Jimmy threw a warning glance at Agnes, but Agnes paid no attention.

"Maud Ellis tied hers to a flat-iron, and then let it drop," she announced with relish; at which Edith turned up her nose, and Osborn, noticing his sister's disgust, inquired in a pleasant, conversational tone:

"How many teeth has Maud lost?"

"Two," replied Agnes promptly; "and," she continued in a tone of rising exultation, "she's going to lose some more soon."

JIMMY

"'WELL MAY YE LOOK!' SAID MY FAITHFUL SERVANT"

"It seems to make you pretty happy," said Osborn.

Again Jimmy scowled with meaning, but Agnes looked demurely at her plate.

"Dear me!" Maria mused, "I had forgotten all about children shedding teeth — it's so long since any of our children shed any."

Here Edith ostentatiously left the table.

Jimmy is as transparent as a piece of glass, and I saw easily enough that there was something up between him and Agnes; but I've learned to turn a blind eye to a great many things, so I did not speculate about Jimmy's meaning glances.

Estelle, however, has not been a mother long enough to have learned the valuable lesson of ignoring things.

"What do you suppose Jimmy meant?" she asked me. "I heard him say to Agnes, 'You better cheese it; if they get on to you, they won't let you any more.' 'Why won't they let me?' Agnes asked, and Jimmy said, ''Cause grown people won't never let no one do nothing.' 'Anyway,' said Agnes, 'mama's never told me not to!' Now, what do you suppose they were talking about?"

"Why don't you ask Agnes?" I suggested.

I fancied Estelle blushed a little. "I have always told Agnes," she replied, "never to ask questions about things she has overheard, and I must be consistent, Sister Editha."

Estelle and I viewed this incident from opposite sides of the hedge. What surprised me was that Jimmy noticed his cousin at all. Lit-

tle girls of six and a half do not, as a rule, appeal to twelve-year-old boys of Jimmy's kind, and I saw then and there that there was more to my model niece than appeared on the surface. However, I spent no time over this, for I knew I had yet to have the tooth episode out with Maria. Sure enough, she came to me soon after breakfast, saying:

"Editha, I seldom interfere with your household, and Heaven knows I don't ask my comfort to be considered; but I simply must protest when it comes to having teeth embedded in my bare flesh, *in my own room.*"

Maria spoke as though, had this occurred in any other part of the house, she would not have been surprised enough to protest.

"I don't think you need worry about it, Maria," said I soothingly; "I don't think it will happen again."

"What has happened once," said Maria firmly, "can *always* happen again. I wish to be able to walk across my room in my bare feet without the fear of finding a human tooth in my heel; and I think that you, Editha, owe it to me to make a thorough investigation as to how those teeth got there, with a view to putting a stop to such performances."

"How should you suggest that I go about it, Maria?" I asked, though I knew well enough what Maria wanted. It was to fasten those teeth on Jimmy.

"Put a stop to it; you can do it, if you choose," she said, and walked out of the room with dignity. Hardly had she left, when appeared to me Saraphy, my cook. In her gaunt hand she brandished a feather-duster which had the air of an old hen with ragged tail-feathers. I eyed this object askance.

"Well may ye look!" said my faithful servant. "'Tis the new one ye bought last week! Yes, *ma'am*, it is! Miss Maria can talk all she likes about Jimmy, and from now till even about Agnes bein' an angel, but 'tis Agnes is behind doors pickin' feathers out o' new dusters! I don't say nothin' about stealin' pickles with naked hands out o' jars; children is children, and pickles is pickles. If there was a key to the butt'ry, like I've always said there'd oughter be — but there, it ain't about pickles I come to talk, nor about what Agnes' pockets's full of; for if her ma ain't found out, Lord knows, it ain't no business of mine; all I have to say is that Jimmy's blamed for a lot of things, though 'tis others does 'em! I'm sayin' no names, mind you — but when it comes to sittin' back with my two hands folded, while feathers, bunches and bunches of feathers, ma'am, is picked out o' that duster before my naked eyes, I say Agnes is a sly one, and them feathers is bein' picked out for no good! There's things on foot in this house more than no one knows," Saraphy went on darkly, "but I ain't openin' my mouth, nor will I, not unless it comes to roonin' furniture and pickin' feather-dusters bare. No'm, I ain't openin' *my* mouth, not if all my corks *is* stole."

Having thus unbosomed herself, Saraphy

"'YOU NEVER ONCE IN YOUR LIFE TOLD ME NOT TO CHEW GUM!'"

strode from the room, the denuded feather-duster held stiffly in her grim fist.

It was next day that Estelle came to my room, looking very troubled.

"Look," said she, "at these strange lumps I've found stuck all around on the under side of Agnes' little bed!"

Maria took one of the little grayish lumps gingerly in her hand. "That's gum!" she pronounced.

"Gum?" Estelle quavered.

"Gum," Maria asserted firmly; "chewing-gum, Estelle."

They looked at each other a moment; then Estelle said with some dignity, "My child does not chew gum, Sister Maria."

"I don't say she does," said Maria; "I should not have supposed Agnes would. But children are very imitative — look at her now," she added.

Agnes just then came into view, Jimmy with her, although he was apparently unconscious of her presence. Agnes appeared to be munching something. As she came nearer, she stopped.

"My little girl doesn't eat things between meals, does she?" asked Estelle sweetly.

"No, mama," replied Agnes; but Maria stuck to her theory of the inexplicable working of Agnes' jaws.

"Open your mouth, dear," she said, with treacherous sweetness; and, before any one could prevent it, she popped a searching forefinger into her niece's mouth. Unmindful of Agnes' scream, she extracted an able-bodied piece of chewing-gum, which she held aloft between a disgusted thumb and finger.

"Why, Agnes!" cried Estelle. "Why, *Agnes!*"

"You never told me not to, mama; you never told me not to! You never once in your life told me not to chew gum!" cried Agnes, dancing up and down in an agony of self-defense.

"You have been deceiving your mother," said Estelle in grieved tones. She led Agnes out of the room. I have no doubt there was a painful scene. Presently Estelle returned alone.

"I'm afraid, Sister Editha," said she, "it can't go on any longer. I should like to oblige you, and let things work out as you advise; but when it comes to my child deceiving me, chewing *gum* behind my back, then the time has come for me to investigate thoroughly all her actions."

"How on earth, Estelle, did Agnes come to do such a thing?" Maria wished to know.

"She says," Estelle replied, with a sorrowful glance at me, "that Jimmy gave her the gum as a reward for not kissing him; I'm afraid, Sister Editha, that I don't understand Jimmy!"

"I can't imagine, Estelle, how Agnes comes to be so secretive," interrupted Maria.

"It's all new to me," wailed poor Estelle.

You see, I was attacked from all sides — Maria, Saraphy, and Estelle all clamoring to me to find out what it was Jimmy and Agnes were up to; for it was plain as the nose on your face that they were up to something. And here I will say that it was not that innocent angel, Agnes, who gave things away, but my poor, hardened Jimmy. Even at six and a half, Agnes would have known better than to steal furtively from bush to bush if she wanted to hide herself from view. The difference between them was that Agnes was playing a real game of intrigue against the grown-up world, and especially against child culture as embodied in her mother, while Jimmy was hiding principally from imaginary foes, playing over again one of the immortal dramas of childhood.

AGNES

I tried to hint to Estelle that children, it seemed to me, had some right to privacy in the carrying out of their make-believe games, and that too much prying into their minds begets secrecy; but she only wailed:

"How shall I guide her mind aright if I don't know what's in it? It used to be like a little clear spring of water, but now it's all clouded!"

What was clouding it Estelle was shortly to learn, and from Edith, who had been carrying on investigations of her own. She gave us the benefit of them, with the hostile, chip-on-her-shoulder sort of air which she so affects of late.

"I know," she said, "that Aunt Maria thinks that Agnes is perfect, and so she probably won't see anything in what I've got to tell. But what I want to know is, does Aunt Estelle know Agnes is making a collection of teeth?"

"What do you mean, Edith?" I asked.

"I mean," replied my daughter, "that she's making a collection of teeth. She's broken her

"'AW, WHAT'S THE GOOD O CRAWLIN' UP TO A GIRL?'"

string of coral beads, and she is paying a bead a tooth. Every sort of teeth she buys — dogs' teeth or any kind; but what she likes best is children's teeth. May Ellis' little sister has lost four teeth already, and Agnes has bought 'em all. May says, when she has lost the next two that are loose, her sister is going to have the beads set in a brooch, and I want to know, does Aunt Estelle know about this?"

There was a dramatic pause. Maria said two or three times, "Well, of all things!" and Edith demanded again, "Did you know, Aunt Estelle?"

"No," poor Estelle answered at last, "I didn't!"

"Well," said Edith, with the brutality of her years, "everybody else in town does, then; all the girls are laughing about it. I haven't been able to go anywhere for two days without the girls asking how Agnes' collection of ivories is getting along! Don't frown at me, mother," pursued my unruly child; "I am going to tell Aunt Maria and Aunt Estelle what I think about it. I call it ghastly — that's what I call it!"

"But I never see Agnes playing with any little girls," wailed Estelle.

"She don't play with girls; all she plays with is boys — big boys. She's a very queer child, if she is my cousin. She just sits by the hole in the fence, and swaps beads for teeth through it. And then she goes behind the lilacs, and Jimmy and his gang wait for her there."

"Well," said Maria resignedly, "it only shows how mistaken we can be in people. I should never have dreamed Agnes had tastes like that! She has always seemed like the best, sweetest child, and so interested in things beyond her years! Why, she is always wanting me to read her about the conversion of the heathen. Just this morning I was reading her aloud, for the tenth time, Dr. Leupp's 'A Missionary in the Caribbeans,' and the child is all ears for any good reading of that kind. *Do* you suppose," asked Maria, as a hot, unpleasant thought smote through her consciousness, "do you *suppose* that she is interested only in the savage rites of those cannibals, instead of their conversion?"

I will say, to Estelle's credit, that even at this tragic moment she smiled.

"Well," she announced briskly, "I purpose to find out why my Agnes is making a collection of teeth, and what she does with them after she gets them. Where did you say, Edith, that she and Jimmy play?"

"Behind the lilacs," said Edith. "Saraphy found them out; she says Agnes is sitting on a soap-box, with a croquet-ball in her hand, saying she's going to eat a missionary before the moon is old. All the boys in the neighborhood are there, too — 'blacked up like naggurs,' Saraphy says, 'with tails like roosters on 'em.' She says that was a bad day for the feather-dusters of this town when Agnes first clapped her foot in it."

"This is no time for joking, Edith," Maria interposed severely.

"I'm not joking, Aunt Maria. *I* think it's disgusting," replied Edith. "Come and see for yourself."

We bore down on the lilac clump, which leaves a small open space between the hedge and itself. It is the most secluded spot in our grounds. We ducked through the bushes quietly after Edith. As we came near, we heard the cautious, rhythmic beating which I had vaguely noticed of late coming from that part of the garden.

In the light of Maria's pious readings and Saraphy's cryptic utterances, even my dull ears easily recognized this sound as the beating of the tom-tom. Edith lifted a branch of the lilacs, and we peered into the little inclosure beyond. There, sure enough, seated on the soap-box, was Agnes. In one hand she held the croquet-ball; around her throat was a necklace of small white objects. I was near enough to see that the necklace was made of teeth. Beside the soap-box stood a horrid object which I recognized as Jimmy. He was black in the face, and arrayed in savage wise: a billet of wood swung across his shoulder; round his waist was a fringe of feathers. A knot of boys disputed in fierce undertones, while the fat boy whom I knew as Ab solemnly beat the tom-tom with two chicken-bones. They were all blackened and all wore feathers about their waists. Dispute was rife.

"I'm goin' to be et to-day," I heard one say; "Jimmy said I'd be et to-day."

"Aw, go on, you've be'n et already; it's my turn to be et."

"Cheese it, fellers," Jimmy broke in at this point. "Shut up; you make such a row, you c'n be heard a mile." Then, dropping into a tone of lofty grandiloquence, "Only to-day I saw the pale-faced missionary skulking on our trail."

This had a magical effect; the dispute was quelled, and each boy dropped into his part.

"Who brings tribute?" cried Jimmy. "Who has slain an enemy to-day? Who brings pearls for the princess' necklace?"

"I," cried the little boy who had spoken; "I bring tribute." Then, in a casual conversational tone, "I got two teeth offem m' sister; that's why I thought I might be the one to be et."

"'I CAN'T EVER HAVE ANY FUN!'"

"Well, you can't, so shut up," said Jimmy tersely. "Bring forward the tribute, Oodoo! Get down and crawl. You gotter crawl up to the princess, you know."

"Aw, what's the good o' crawlin' up to a girl?" asked the boy.

"See here," said Jimmy, his hand extended in gesture, "that ain't a girl — I don't have girls around. That's the princess o' this tribe. There ain't one o' you kids can sneak feathers like her. She thought o' the human sacrifice, too."

"Aunt Maria read it out of a book to me," Agnes piped up.

"There you are," said Jimmy. "She thought o' the teeth necklace."

"Aw, I don't want ter crawl," said the sulky youth.

"He's gotter crawl, hasn't he, Jimmy?" cried the tribe.

"It's written in the book they crawl," piped Agnes. "If he don't crawl, I won't dance a cannibal dance."

"Well, you dance first, an' I'll crawl after," the boy agreed.

"The princess dances!" cried Jimmy, in the voice of a herald.

Agnes arose from her soap-box. "Here, Jimmy," she said in her distinct way, "you hold my necklace; the teeth keep dropping out of the chewing-gum!" Then she advanced to the middle of the inclosure, lifting her feet high in measure to the tom-tom, rolling her eyes around in savage wildness.

Fascinated, we watched the performance; for Agnes, the decorous, the well-behaved, the model child, was changed before our eyes into a wild, primitive aborigine, while, with savage gestures, she danced what seemed a cross between some mad, primeval cake-walk and the Indian war-dance seen in the shows of Buffalo Bill. In its way, it was quite a triumphant performance, but it did not so appear to Estelle. For a time she watched her daughter in a frozen fascination, then she cried out:

"Agnes!" And at her word the heart of Africa died. It was like the things one reads in fairy stories — the enchantment was over. What had been brave cannibal warriors turned into shamefaced little boys blackened up with burnt cork, who crawled into bushes. Everywhere one saw the hinder parts of breeches in full retreat. The tom-tom was deserted, the soap-box tipped over, the croquet-ball rolled lazily across the inclosure, while tufts of feathers, pulled off in the scramble, festooned the lilac-

bushes. Jimmy and Agnes alone remained face to face with the avenging Estelle.

It is in crises like these, I think, that the child-culturist falls down. I shall always feel that Estelle's "What was my little girl doing?" was a highly inadequate remark under the circumstances, and opened the gate to Agnes' indignant roar, starting with the long-drawn, ascendant "O-o-o!" of childhood, and ending with "I can't ever have any fun!"

"This is not a suitable sort of fun," Estelle told her daughter sternly, as she led away the screaming child; and as she walked off, Maria thought it an appropriate time to say to me:

"I am disappointed in the results of Estelle's training. In a crisis she lacks firmness as much as you do, Editha."

Later in the afternoon Estelle came to me. "I am sure you'll understand, Sister Editha, why I feel I must cut my visit short. Agnes' nerves are quite unstrung, and, while I think Jimmy is a dear little boy, he is too old to be a companion for Agnes." Which, of course, was just another way of saying that everything that had happened was, somehow or other, all Jimmy's fault again.

After Agnes had gone, Jimmy followed me to my room. He walked about, pulling a leaf from my plant and fingering things upon my dressing-table. I saw that he was getting ready to say something. At last he jerked it out:

"Have you gotter little box?"

"How big a box, Jimmy?" I asked. "What for?"

He hesitated, with momentary distrust; then he decided to risk it.

"Big enough to hold this," he answered, defiance lurking in his tone. He carefully took out of his pocket a piece of string. Along its length were lumps of chewing-gum, and in each lump of gum was set a tooth. It was the princess' necklace.

"Sealing-wax would er held 'em better," Jimmy mused, as he looked at the treasure. Then he burst out:

"Aunt Estelle makes me sick! She wouldn't let her have it; so I'm going to save it for next year."

Then, as he put the necklace into the box, there sounded the first note of sentiment that I had ever heard from Jimmy; for it was with something like tenderness that he said:

"She worked hard to collect those teeth!"

THE BUCKO MATE

BY

COLIN McKAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

THE *Brynhilda* was a stanch, taut craft, as able a wooden-built full-rigger as ever sailed out of Halifax; that is, she was before she went into the August gale — the great equinoctial gale which that year ravaged the North Atlantic and wrecked or sank a dozen tall ships, several full-powered steamers, and fifty able fishermen.

Hove to under snug canvas, she might have ridden out the gale without the loss of a rope-yarn, but the old man, who had enough liquor in him to make him foolhardy, wouldn't put her head under her wing. So, with three lower topsails on her, the *Brynhilda* hammered into the heavy seas till she jumped the sticks out of her and sprang a leak. And so, at midnight, after twelve hours' hard conflict with buffeting blasts and scourging seas, she fell off in the trough — a helpless hulk, dismantled, leaking.

And immediately the storm-fiend, as though glutted with destruction, tethered its fury, and the wind dropped to a moderate gale.

The ship's plight, however, was perilous. As she wallowed in the hollows of the seas, every wave crashed against her as against a rock, leaped frothing upward, and rolled like a roaring breaker sheer across her devoted decks. All her top-hamper except her lower fore- and mizzen-masts, every yard, even the fore and cro'jack, was overboard, thundering against the sturdy hull.

The captain, dismayed at the results of his recklessness, lost his head completely; but the big mate, though momentarily appalled, quickly recovered his self-possession and mustered the frightened crew on the poop; then, as no command came from the captain, he called out sharply:

"What's the word, Captain? Clear away the wreck?"

But the captain only cried out feebly, fearfully:

"I 'ave done it now, damn it! I 'ave done it now!"

"Oh, hell!" said the mate. "The old man is off his chump."

Thereupon he took hold of things in his masterly way. Above the tumult of crashing seas and grinding gear, his big bull voice boomed imperatively:

"Clear away the raffle from the mizzen, and get the spanker on her, starboard watch! Clear the fore and main, port watch! Hand out the axes, carpenter — then see the pumps clear for action. Bear a hand, everybody — lively, now!"

Bully McLean, ax in hand, led the way, and the men, some with axes, others with sheath-knives, went to work. As they struggled through the swirling flood on the main-deck, huge seas broke over them, knocking them off their feet, bruising them mercilessly, threatening every instant to wash them overboard; but, with the mate yelling at them, they worked with a will, and soon managed to cut away the mess.

In a few minutes more the ship felt the leverage of her spanker, forged clear of the wrack of tangled rigging and broken spars, and swung up head to the sea.

An hour or so passed. The ship wallowed drunkenly in the turbulent seas. Overhead the wind wailed in melancholy monotone, and all around about the tumbling surges bellowed by, hissing and snarling menacingly. And now, blending with the dismal orchestra of wind and wave, the ominous sound of the pumps shuddered on the night.

The captain came up the cabin companion, holding his hand above his head. A moment later, a rocket, with a hiss like a bursting steam-valve, rushed skyward and burst into five blazing stars.

For a moment the stricken ship, with her stumps of spars, her flooded decks, broken rails, breached bulwarks, and her crew hunched about

"ALL NIGHT THE LITTLE BOAT DRIFTED TO LEEWARD"

the pumps, was bathed in a ghastly green glow, while the foaming crests of the surges round her shone like emerald plumes, and the hollows between them yawned black and terrible; then the darkness, denser than ever, closed round again.

The captain, grasping the lashed wheel to steady himself, peered anxiously into the darkness around; but the signal of distress brought no answer.

"Captain!"

The captain started, turned his head, and saw dimly the form of a man beside him.

"That you, Mr. Reed?"

"Yes, sir," answered the second mate. "I've examined the boats. Both of them on the forehouse are injured — stove by falling spars, I guess. But the quarter-boat is all right."

The ship stumbled heavily. A big sea broke over her bows and rolled aft, the tortured hull shuddering under the shock. Suddenly a shrill voice, keyed at panic pitch, cried out startlingly:

"By God! she'll founder under our feet! Let's take to the boats."

"Shut your head, you fool!" bellowed the mate. "You'll stand by the pumps till you're told to leave them."

A dozen sullen voices broke into a growl, angry, threatening, and the clangor of the pumps ceased. Then the mate's voice rang out, furious, imperative:

"Man the pumps again, you giddy galoots. What? What? You'll refuse duty, will you? By Heaven, I'll show you how I handle a mutiny. Take that, you fool! Man the pumps, you black rascals! Back to your work, you lubbers, or I'll slaughter the lot of you."

"What's the trouble, Mr. McLean?" asked the captain, rushing forward excitedly.

The mate, looming large and formidable in the gloom, came toward them, bearing something in his arms.

"Oh, only a little mutiny," he answered quietly. "I squelched it mighty quick. Here, Mr. Reed,"— the mate lifted an unconscious man over the break of the quarter, and dropped him at the second's feet,— "here, Reed, take this fellow into the cabin and see what you can do for him. Had to lay him out, but don't think I killed him. Takes something to break a nigger's skull."

While the mate turned his angry attention to the cowed men at the pumps, the captain and the second mate picked up the negro and bore him off. When they laid the limp form on a locker, the light disclosed a frightful wound over his forehead.

"McLean has put his mark on him all right," muttered the captain, as he bent over the quiet form and sought for signs of life; "and — and I guess he's fixed him for good. His heart's stopped — not a flutter I can feel. Yes, he's sure enough dead; no use to bother with him."

The captain staggered to a stricken wallow of the ship; then, recovering his balance, turned to the second mate.

"She'll go straight to the bottom some of these plunges, Reed," he said. "Take the white crowd and see if you can get the quarter-boat over. And don't let it get stove, or we'll all hands have to drown like rats in a trap. And, say, keep your mouth shut about the other boats. Tell the mate not to let the niggers leave the pumps on any account."

"All right, sir."

The captain, left alone, turned to look at the still form on the locker. "Ugh," he said, "that thing gives me the creeps." Thereupon he got a water-bottle, bathed the bloody face, saturated his handkerchief and placed it over the wound. "Bully McLean has used you pretty rough, hasn't he?" he muttered grimly. "But I'm going to treat your brother blacks worse, I can tell you. If the mate had only killed the crowd of you, I wouldn't have any scruples about abandoning the ship — wouldn't have to leave a lot of them niggers to drown."

The captain started to cross the cabin, but the sight of a haggard, hairy face in a mirror on the bulkhead brought him to a full stop. He staggered toward it and peered at his reflection perplexedly.

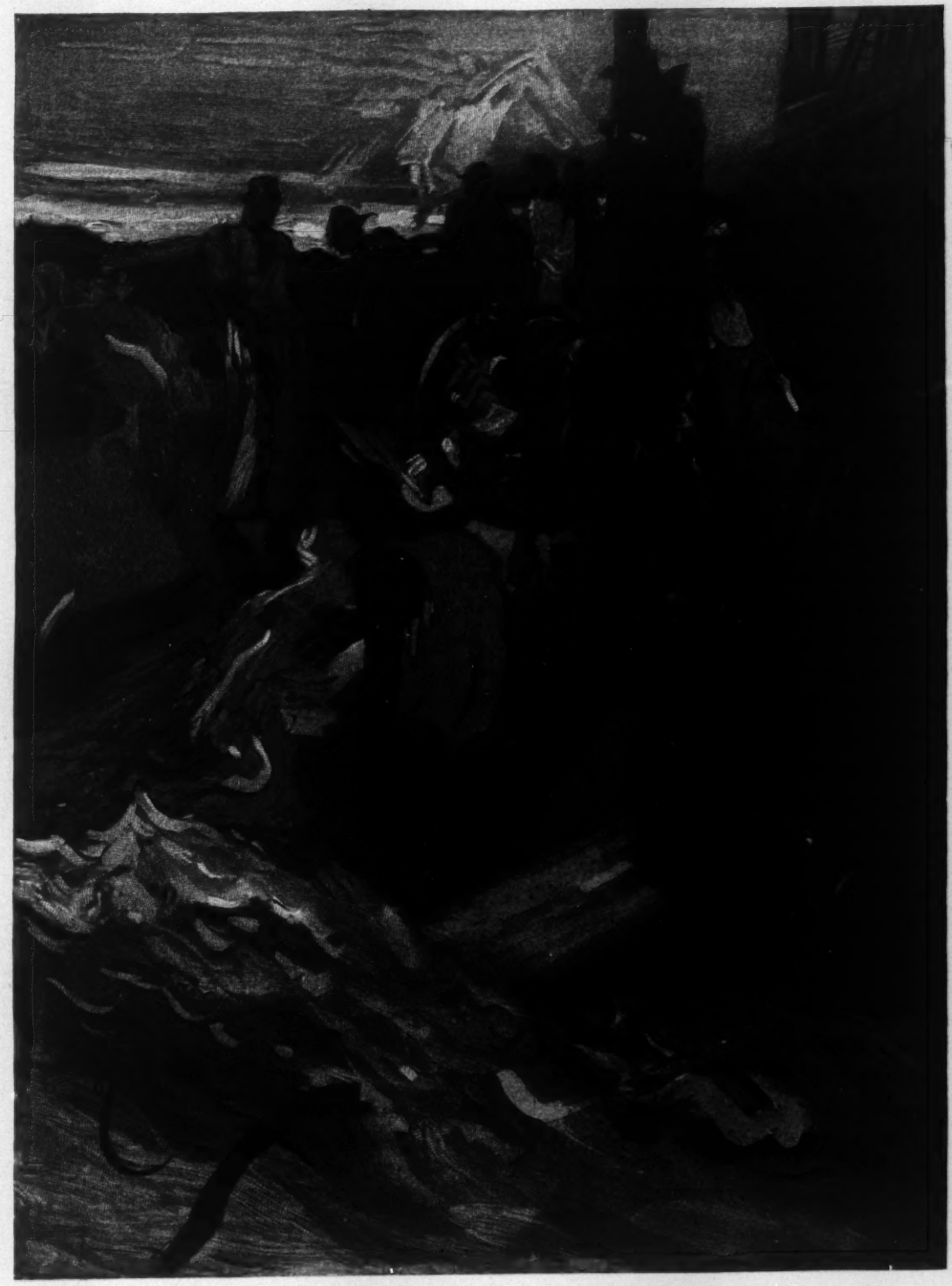
"Well, well, Captain Walker, that must be you," he said facetiously; "but, blast your eyes, you look as if you'd seen a ghost or murdered a man." Then, shrugging his shoulders, he turned away, seated himself on the table, and gazed vacantly into space for a long time.

"Ho, Captain!" the second called down the companion. "Ho, there, Captain! We've got the boat over all right, and have it lying snug enough under her lee astern. The bos'm and steward are in it; I put in some water and biscuits, too."

The captain roused himself as from a dream. "All right, Mr. Reed," he said. "Send the carpenter, cook, and sailmaker down into the boat, and get aboard yourself. Then stand by for further orders."

"All right, sir."

The captain entered his state-room, reappearing shortly with a pistol and a small tin box in his hands. A full minute he stood in the



"'YOU CAN'T GIVE UP NOW, YOU FOOLS!'"

center of the cabin, taking a last look at his sea-home; then, bracing up with an air of determination, he stowed pistol and box in his pockets, and went on deck.

The ship had settled considerably by this time, and was very sluggish on the seas. The gale had blown itself out; but the swells, though beginning to subside, were still tumbling over the bows of the hapless hulk.

"The ship'll founder shortly — that's sure," the old man groaned; "but a boat ought to live now, if handled properly. There isn't much wind, and the seas are running regular — not tumbling over themselves and breaking. Anyway, the boat is the only hope, and the sooner we get away the better. The mate has the niggers in hand now, but there's no telling when they'll make a break. I don't want to have to use this thing in my pocket — I want to get away with as little fuss as possible."

The captain raised his voice and called to the mate to come aft.

"All right, Captain, I'm coming," bawled the mate. "Shake her up, now, you lubbers; and don't you stop work, or I'll be the death of you. Walk her round, bullies! I'll be back in a brace of shakes."

As he waited, the captain wondered how the mate would take the proposal to abandon the ship and leave the blacks to drown. Bully McLean hated all negroes, he knew — hated them whole-heartedly and impartially, because a gang of them had once tried to murder him in Baltimore. Indeed, he had shipped in the *Brynhilda* only to get a chance, as he expressed it, "to bullyrag a crowd of bloody blacks and raise Cain and kill Injuns generally." But then, these bucko mates were not without a code of honor of their own, and one could not always forecast their conduct under given circumstances.

"What do you want, Captain? I can't leave those black rascals long."

The captain, suddenly confronted by the towering form of the first officer, asked nervously how much water there was in the hold.

"About six feet, but not gaining as fast as it was."

"She'll go down pretty soon now," said the old man; "and I guess — I think we'd better abandon her at once."

"Well, I'll get the other boats over, then; but I think we could keep her afloat till daylight."

"The other boats are smashed up," the captain said hurriedly, hoarsely. "No use to launch them."

"Well, that's bad," commented the mate quietly. "The quarter-boat won't carry all hands."

"No. It'll hold the white crowd, but not the niggers. We'll have to leave them."

"What? You mean the afterguard are to save themselves and leave the crew to drown?"

"There's nothing else to do, Mate. All hands can't go in the boat, and white men take precedence over black."

"Well, Captain," said the mate coolly, "you can do what you please, but I stand by the crew. What a captain's duty under the circumstances may be is not for me to say; but a mate's first duty is to his ship, and his second to his crew — white or black. If I saved my life by leaving my crew to drown, I'd never be able to — to hold up my head again among honest men."

The captain emitted an energetic grunt, then muttered bitterly: "Oh, yes; a captain should go down with his ship — that is all very fine, very heroic. But when a man has a wife and children dependent on him, he's got to think of the bread-and-butter aspect of things."

"Maybe so — maybe so; it's all in the point of view, I dare say."

"Anyway," cried the captain hurriedly, "I'm not going to throw away a chance for life, just to have the pleasure of drowning with a lot of dirty coons — not much!"

"Well, take your chance in the boat, Captain; I'm not trying to stop you. But, for my part, I'd sooner take my chances with the ship and the crew. Guess we can keep her afloat till daylight, and then we may make a raft and get away — that is, if the sea goes down enough."

"Oh, don't be a fool, Mr. McLean," cried the captain impatiently. "Come in the boat. If you stay by the ship and, by any chance, pull through, you'll only escape drowning to be hanged. You've killed Lanky Pete."

"I killed him, hey? Well, it was his own fault," said the mate. "Why didn't he stick to his work?"

"All the same, you're in a fix, whether it served the nigger right or not. If you ever get ashore with any of the niggers, they'll swear it was murder, and try to have you hanged. And even if they couldn't make it murder, they'd have no difficulty making out a manslaughter case; and as you have a hard enough reputation already, you'd probably get imprisonment for life. Now, if you come with us, we won't peach on you; and the niggers, left to themselves, will lose their heads and go down with the ship."

"No, Captain; I'll stand by the crew —

whether I drown now or hang afterwards," said the mate decisively. "I hate the black rascals as much as they hate me, but that doesn't alter my duty to them. Anyway, if I was born to be hanged, I'm not likely to drown. Hi, you rascal, get forward with you — get back to your work!"

The mate had caught sight of a dark figure crawling along the lee alleyway — a darky who, finding himself discovered, sprang to his feet and started forward on a run. The mate, following hard on his heels, caught up with him at the break of the quarter, and gave him a blow that sent him head over heels into the waist.

As the mate turned aft again, the ship plunged headlong into a huge sea, and, while she trembled under the shock, a mountain of white water roared aft, filling her main-deck from rail to rail. A moment or two she lay stock-still, like a great dumb animal stricken mortally, and the men about the pumps, thinking she was already swamped and sinking, cried out in terrified tones. Then, slowly, she shook the weight of water off her, and lifted with a weary, sickening motion to the following seas.

The mate jumped into the waist, and, finding all hands safe, though scared, set them to work again. Then, making his way forward, he climbed on top of the house and assured himself that the boats were useless.

A few minutes after, he stood by the wheel, peering around him; but the captain was nowhere about.

Stepping to the taffrail, he leaned over and gazed astern; but he could distinguish nothing in the darkness except the phosphorescent glow of the waves swirling around the counter. He called softly, but no answer came back. "Surely the boat wasn't swamped by that sea," he muttered uneasily. As he straightened up, his hand came in contact with a rope made fast around the rail, and, hauling in the trailing end, he felt it with his finger-tips. "So, and so!" he said. "The old man has slid down the painter, and cut it behind him."

Jock McLean was a hard man, but as hard to himself as to "shellbacks." A viking in spirit, a giant in stature, he had shouldered his way through life, doing his duty as he understood it, bending men to his will or breaking their heads, without pity and without remorse — believing, like most men who pass their lives in stern, unrelenting conflict with the impersonal, unimpressionable forces of nature, that might is always right. Upon his ship he lavished the only feeling of affection of which he was capable, and he counted it only proper to spend his life or the lives of his crew in her service. The mate flung the painter from him and, with a gesture of contempt, dismissed the captain from his thoughts. Stepping toward the wheel, he leaned against it and looked the situation squarely in the face. A strange depression, born of the apparent hopelessness of his plight, came upon him, subduing his fierce spirit, sapping his great strength.

But Bully McLean was not a man to give way to weakness. In a moment his grim spirit rose in angry revolt against the fate that threatened him, and his giant body shook off its lethargy and thrilled with electric energy. Starting up, he shook a threatening fist skyward and cried defiantly:

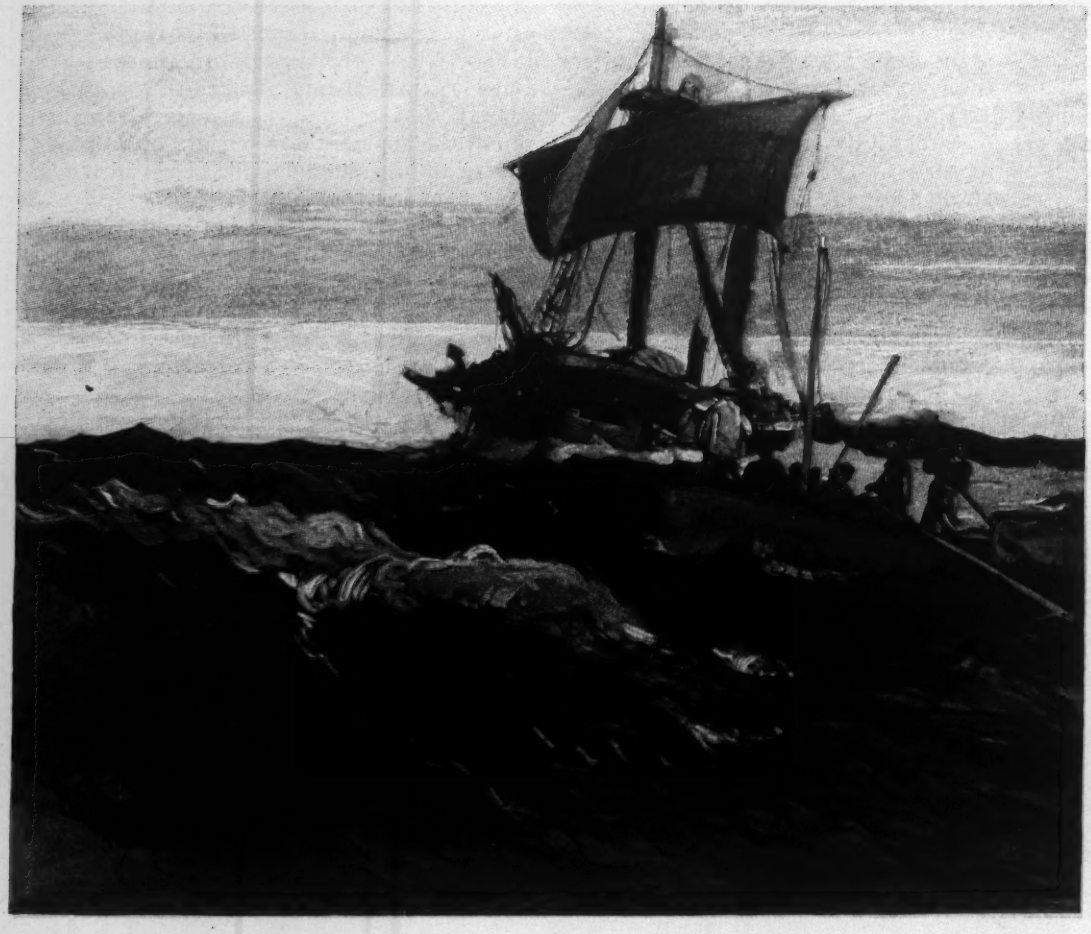
"No, by Heaven! I'll not give up yet a while — I'll not drown like a rat in a trap! I'll keep this craft afloat; I'll take her into Bermuda, and cheat the old man out of his insurance — if I have to kill every nigger aboard to do it."

The mate paused, amazed at his anger, wondering, almost expectant. A black billow snarled along the weather side, and a flurry of spray flying over the rail smote him on the mouth.

The mate had defied the sea, and received his answer. He ground his teeth as though he had been insulted; then, stung to action, went forward resolutely. Next moment he was among the negroes at the pumps, working like a demon and cursing cheerily.

"Shake her up, bullies!" he shouted. "Walk her round! Pump the bottom out of the old bucket — pump it out. The old man — dern his dirty soul! — has gone off in the quarter-boat, and the other boats are smashed up — have their backs broken. So the only thing to do is to keep this old sieve afloat till daylight; then we'll see what we'll see. If we can't find the leak and stop it, we'll make a raft and get away on it — the sea ought to be down enough by that time to give us a show. Maybe some craft'll come along and pick us off. Anyway, don't get it into your ugly heads that you're going to drown. You're not going to drown, I can tell you; I'll slaughter the whole crowd first. Ay, my hearties, we're going to keep this ship afloat, or some of us'll die violent deaths. And it won't be Bully McLean. Shake her up, bullies — walk her round! If I catch anybody sodgerin' this night, he won't get no chance to say his prayers. But never say die, you lubbers; we'll pull through yet."

The grim mate held the weary blacks to their work; and, while he toiled like a holy terror, the blacks, under the impulse of his indomitable determination and impetuous energy, labored



"THE BOAT GOT UNDER THE SHIP'S BOWS WITHOUT BEING HAILED"

beside him manfully. The fly-wheel of the pumps whirled around at a terrific rate.

The mate sounded the pump-well again, and, as he hauled up the rod, gave vent to a yell of delight.

"Hurrah, my hearties!" he cried. "We gained something that spurt — nearly three inches. The water in the hold will be above the leak now, and we'll be able to hold our own, if not to lower it any more. Get a strong, steady gait, bullies, and keep it. We'll take this ship to Bermuda, or somewhere, yet!"

When the mate took his place at the pumps again and started a chantey, the stalwart blacks, inspired with fresh hope and confidence, bent to their work with alacrity, and joined cheerily in the rollicking refrain:

"Sally Brown's a bright mulatto,
Ho, my Sally, hi!
She drinks rum and chews tobacco,
Hi, my Sally, ho!"

At length the gray dawn rolled the dense darkness from the heaving bosom of the deep. The ship had hardly six inches free-board amidships, but she lifted bravely to the long, easy heave of the sea. The negroes were nearly dead from exhaustion, but, biting their tongues to keep themselves awake, they toiled on doggedly, desperately.

The big mate, however, appeared as fresh as ever. Upon him the hard toil and peril of the night had acted like a tonic, apparently. He toiled as terribly as ever, and bellowed at his men as vigorously, as cheerily.

In the lightening dawn, he swung himself into the main-channels — or what was left of them — and, leaning far out, surveyed the ship's side. When she hove her broadside up, he could see the planking, chafed and torn where the spars had pounded against it, but nothing that indicated a leak. "She's tight enough there, I guess," he said. "If you ask me, she started the leak just before the sticks went. She might have jumped all the oakum out of her seams, the way the old man drove her, but ——"

The mate swung himself inboard, ran forward,

clambered on the topgallant-fo'castle, leaned over the bows, and looked down. As she lifted her forefoot nearly out of water, he noticed a break in the copper where the planks butted the stern. She had started a butt below the water-line. "If that's all, there's a chance for you yet, old girl," he said.

Next moment the mate confronted the weary crew. "I've found the leak, lads," he cried cheerfully, "and I guess we can fother it. But we'll have to get her off before the wind first. The port watch will get a jib bent on the forestay and cross a spare yard on the foremast, while the starbowlines keep the pumps going handsomely."

As he spoke, the negroes stopped work and stretched their blistered hands toward him appealingly. The mate suddenly realized that he had staked his hopes of saving the ship on instruments very liable to fail him. A moment he stood irresolute, dazed by a sense of impotence; then, with an oath, he took a step toward the men and shook his huge fists in their faces.

"You can't give up now, you fools," he shouted savagely. "You'll keep on your pins — you'll keep a-going — a while yet. If you fellows don't intend to do your duty, say the word, and I'll make the lee scupper run red mighty sudden."

The mate believed that the only way to make shellbacks stand around was to knock them down, and generally acted up to his belief; and, because he would knock them down before he would let them lie down, the negroes appreciated him.

"We'll do our best, Mate," answered Bub Hutts, the ablest of the blacks. "Ay, we'll work till we drop. Only let us get somethin' to eat an' somethin' hot to drink."

"No time to eat now," said the mate, "but I'll give you a glass of grog; start the pumps again, while I get it."

The mate raced aft, went below, broke into the old man's locker, and seized two big bottles of Scotch. As he started for the steps again, he heard a groan, and, looking hastily around, saw Lanky Pete on the locker, watching him.

"Gimme water, Mate — gimme a drink," whined the negro plaintively.

"Oh, so you've come round!" exclaimed the mate. "I'd forgotten all about you; the old man said you were dead." He got a small flask of brandy out of the locker, and shoved it into the negro's hands. "Here, help yourself; got no time to fool with useless coons."

The mate hastened on deck and served out the grog — strong, good liquor which speedily revived the flagging energies of the men. Then the mate took his watch and set to work to get the ship before the wind, while the star bowlines toiled at the pumps, singing heartily if huskily:

"Whisky is the life of man,
Whisky, oh, my Johnny!
We'll drink whisky when we can,
Whisky for my Johnny!"

. . . . . .

When Captain Walker heard and felt his ship go under forward, he decided that it was high time to abandon her; so, when the sea roared by, he slid down the painter and clambered into the bows of the boat.

The second mate was standing aft, steering-oar in hand, and the men were lying on the oars.

"Look out, Reed; keep her head to the wind. I'm going to cut her adrift," the old man shouted.

As the captain scrambled aft, the second asked where the mate was.

"Gone — gone overboard," answered the captain dully. "A big sea just went over her forward, and washed the whole crowd away."

Next moment the boat drifted out of the lee of the ship, and the second's attention was fully occupied keeping her head to the sea. The old man, apparently stupefied, lay across the stern-sheets, and when at length the second hazarded a remark, he vouchsafed no reply.

All night the little boat, soaring and sinking to the huge heave of the seas, drifted to leeward steadily. Awhile after daylight, the captain roused out of his stupor, served biscuits and water to all hands, and discussed the situation with the second mate.

"A good many craft pass this way, and we ought to be picked up soon," he said. "Any way, as you're all pretty tired, we'll have to lay here for a while. The bos'm and I will look after the boat for a few hours, and the rest of you can take a nap. The sea isn't dangerous now."

So, while the captain and the boatswain stood watch, the second and the others disposed themselves as best they could and went to sleep. About ten o'clock, the captain, standing up and looking about him for the hundredth time, spied a sail to windward, and roused the crew.

"That must be a mighty big ship, if that's her royal," observed the second, as he gazed at the strange sail.

"Get out the oars and pull towards it," ordered the old man. "It's a ship, anyway, and she'll likely see us soon. She's coming down the wind."

The ship came on slowly, but they soon saw her hull. "That craft has been dismasted,"

observed the second, standing up for another look; "she's got nothing above her courses. And, holy sailor, it's the *Brynhilda!* Strike me silly if it isn't! Thought you said the mate and the niggers were washed overboard, Captain!"

The captain's mouth twitched nervously, but he made no response. The men looked at one another uneasily.

As the ship drew nearer, the second spoke again: "It's the *Brynhilda*, all right. They've crossed one of the spare yards on the foremast. She's pretty deep, but not as deep as when we left her. What's that under her bow? A piece of canvas, I guess; that's what it is. They've found the leak, and hauled a tarpaulin — thrummed with oakum, I suppose — over it. If the mate and the niggers are aboard, they may refuse to let us set foot on her, after the way we deserted them."

"Oh, shut up!" cried the captain petulantly. "All hands must be dead tired — probably asleep. Look at the way she's yawing about. I don't believe there's even a man at the wheel. Anyway, there'll be nobody on the lookout, and we'll get alongside and aboard before we're noticed. If they try to make trouble then — well, I've got something in my pocket to talk to them."

The boat got under the ship's bows without being hailed, and, as the bowman hooked on to the fore-channels, the captain and the second clambered over the rail, followed by the rest of the boat's crew.

Along the main-deck a dozen negroes lay as they had dropped, their limbs sprawling all abroad, sleeping soundly. Aft, the mate nodded over the wheel.

He didn't notice the new-comers till the captain and second reached the poop; and, when he saw them, he exhibited no surprise. He was too exhausted, too sleepy, to be surprised at anything.

"So, Captain Walker, you're back aboard," he said huskily. "Think you'd be ashamed to come aboard this ship again after abandoning her the way you did! Heigho! but it's been a hard fight, old man — a hard fight. Here, carpenter,— you look pretty fresh,— take the wheel and keep her as she goes. Reed, rouse up the niggers and pump her out again — they've had nearly four hours' sleep. Cook, you get the men something to eat, and be quick about it!"

The mate relinquished the wheel, and made his way like a drunken man down into the cabin. As his eyes adjusted themselves to the gloom, he noticed Lanky Pete lying on the locker. Angry at himself for having forgotten the wounded man, he turned back and called up the companion:

"Tell Reed to send two hands down here."

Then he went over to Lanky Pete, and watched him breathing laboriously.

"Guess you weren't hurt very much," he muttered mechanically; "but, all the same, I should have attended to you before."

As the mate staggered toward his state-room, two big negroes, knuckling their eyes sleepily, came down the companionway.

"Take that lubber forward and get the captain to bind up his wound," he said hoarsely.

"Ay, yi, sir!"

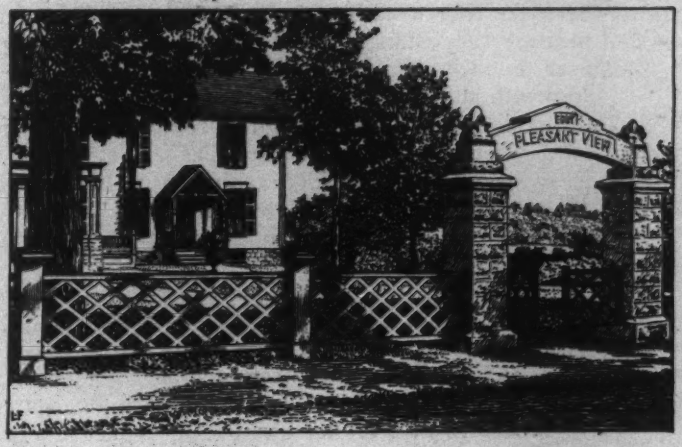
As the mate stumbled into his berth, the sailors seized the wounded man by the shoulders and raised him to a sitting posture. Lanky Pete, thus roughly aroused, opened his eyes and looked about him dazedly.

"Oh, I rec'lect now," he muttered petulantly; "the mate knocked me out. Why didn't some o' you come to me before? A fine lot of shipmates, you fellers! You're got no more feelin' fer a man than the mate has — dash his soul! But Bully McLean struck the wrong man when he ran afoul of me," he went on vindictively. "That blow will cost him dear. Ef I don't get him a year in jail fer it, I hope I'll ——"

"Shut up your ugly head, you black coon," interrupted Bub Hutts angrily. "Ef you ever open your mouth ag'in' the mate, every nigger aboard'll jump down your blooming throat. If Mr. McLean wasn't the kind of a man he is, Jemmy Smallback'd be haulin' you an' the whole crowd of us over the coals by this time."

"Shut up, there," growled the mate from his berth. "Come along and get the galoot forward."

And then big Jock McLean, his duty done, turned on his face, and three seconds afterward was sleeping the sleep of utter weariness.



MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY GEORGINE MILMINE

XII

LIFE AT PLEASANT VIEW AND "WAR IN HEAVEN"

WHEN Mrs. Eddy retired to Concord, New Hampshire, in the latter part of 1889, her coming there was little noticed by the townsfolk. Her name, which was well enough known in Boston, Chicago, and Denver, as yet meant almost nothing in the capital of her native State, though her birthplace was scarcely six miles from Concord. Mrs. Eddy lived quietly at 62 State Street for nearly three years. She kept no horses then; she occasionally went about the town on foot, but did not mingle with the townspeople. There was a general impression in the neighborhood that she was a broken-down Boston spiritualist who had "lost her power." Because, when the chill autumn weather came on, she had her front piazza inclosed in heavy sail-cloth and took her exercise there, it was supposed that she was an invalid. Not until after the dedication of the Mother Church, in Boston, 1895, did Concord people begin to feel an interest in Mrs. Eddy and to speak of her as a public personage.

It was while Mrs. Eddy was living on State Street that she bought the property now known as Pleasant View, and had the modest farmhouse which stood there remodeled into the cheerful, jaunty structure which it is to-day. She added bow-windows and verandas, built a porte-cochère at the front of the house and a tower at the southeast corner. Pleasant View is on Pleasant Street, about a mile and a half west of the center of the city.

The traditions of mystery and seclusion which of late years have grown up about the place are hard to reconcile with its cheerful aspect. The house stands upon a little knoll, very near the road; the drives and gateway are wide; there are no high fences or shaded walks; the trees are kept closely trimmed, the turf neatly shaven, and the flower-beds are tidy and gay. There is a fountain, and a boat-house, and a fish-pond with a fine clump of willows. The tower rooms, which were occupied by Mrs. Eddy, have large windows looking southward down a narrow valley, at the end of which rise gentle green hills, one above another, their sides covered with fields and woodland which admirably distribute light and shadow. These hills, besides being peaceful and pleasant to the eye, must have had many associations for Mrs. Eddy, for among them lies the farm upon which she was born and where she spent her childhood.

Every day for seventeen years Mrs. Eddy could look off toward Bow and measure the distance she had traveled. Whatever an architect or gardener might find to quarrel with at Pleasant View, it was certainly a cheerful place for an old lady to live in, and looked out over the gentlest and friendliest of landscapes.

After she moved into Pleasant View, Mrs. Eddy gradually added more land to the estate, enlarged the stables, and built a house for the gardener. She continued to live as simply and methodically as before. She rose early, and after breakfast usually walked about the fish-pond or paced the back veranda. She invariably took a nap before dinner, which she had in the middle of the day. Promptly at two o'clock she started upon her daily drive. Mr. Frye still acted as her secretary and companion, and Martha Morgan attended largely to the housekeeping. Later Mrs. Eddy sent for Miss Kate Shannon, a music-teacher in Montreal, for Mrs. Laura Sargent, who is still in attendance upon her, and for Mrs. Pamelia Leonard, who died at her home in Brooklyn, January 8, 1908, under the care of a physician.

The Household at Pleasant View

All the members of her household lived as if they were exactly as old and as much enfeebled as Mrs. Eddy. They rose early, retired early; never went out of the house except upon her commissions; never dined out, received visits, or went to Boston for a holiday. And why should they, when they believed that the most important things that had happened in the world for at least eighteen hundred years were daily going on at Pleasant View? They had built their hope upon the fundamental proposition that Mrs. Eddy was the inspired revelator of God; that, as the *Journal* expressed it, she had retired to Pleasant View to "commune always with God in the mount." To be in the house with Mrs. Eddy was the ultimate experience, and it left them nothing more to wish for. Mrs. Eddy filled their lives. Her breakfast, her nap, her correspondence, her visitors, her clothes, even, were matters of the greatest importance. Her faithful women especially delighted in dressing her hair, which since she left Boston she had ceased to color, and which was now soft and white. They used to talk among themselves about her "final demonstration" in those days, the idea being that she was husbanding her strength to perform some one final wonder which would convince the world. Sometimes, in their fireside speculations, they encouraged one another in the hope that, when the time came, Mrs. Eddy would even demonstrate over death. They seem to have expected that this last triumph would come, not as a mere prolongation of life, but as a sort of definite combat, a struggle from which she would rise transfigured.* While Mrs. Eddy's triumph over death was never an openly avowed belief of the church, it was the fearful hope of many a devoted creature. These credulous and fervent souls used to go upon pilgrimages to Concord, see the venerable Mother through their tears when she addressed them briefly from their balcony, and go away saying that she had the figure of a girl, that her face was as full and smooth as the face of a young woman.

As soon as Mrs. Eddy withdrew from secular life and became inaccessible to the majority of her followers, legends began to grow up about her. She realized this well enough, and she had her adopted son buy a note-book and set down in it some of her wonderful sayings and doings. One of the stories he wrote down was that which Mrs. Eddy often used to tell her household concerning the state of ecstasy in which her own mother lived before Mrs. Eddy's birth. Mrs. Baker, so the legend went, felt as if all the vital forces of the world had united in her, and she knew that she was to bring forth a prodigy. This story, of course, does not agree with the one which Mrs. Eddy used to tell her early students in Lynn, of how she had been born into the world an unwelcome child, and how every man's hand had been against her, etc.

Mrs. Eddy's Economies

Although Mrs. Eddy was now a wealthy woman, she was still admirably prudent in the use of her money. Her home at Pleasant View was comfortable but not luxurious. There was nothing ostentatious about her manner of living, and she never spent money lavishly, even upon herself. Her laces and jewels, even the diamond cross which is conspicuous in many of her photographs, were given to her by devoted students. The writer has an amusing letter in which Mrs. Eddy thanks one of her students for a piano, referring to the instrument as a "memento."

Mrs. Eddy's little economies are always interesting and characteristic. On one occasion she summoned Dr. Foster's old friend,

*We may here print a letter to the New York *Evening Journal*, July 1, 1904, signed by Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, who organized the first Christian Science church in New York:

"Any suggestion or question of a successor to Mrs. Eddy as the Leader of the Christian Science movement is one that could not be entertained nor considered by any loyal Christian Scientist. Mrs. Eddy is and ever will be the only Leader of the Christian Science movement. There is no question among loyal Christian Scientists as to her continuing to lead them on to the demonstration of eternal life, through faith in God and the understanding of the law of the spirit life in Christ Jesus, which sets us free from the law of sin and death."

Whatever Mrs. Stetson may have meant by "eternal life," such declarations were interpreted literally by simple-minded believers.

PLEASANT VIEW, MRS. EDDY'S HOME AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE. SHE RESIDED THERE FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS, AND LEFT JANUARY 26, 1908, REMOVING TO CHESTNUT HILL, NEWTON

William Clark, of Barre, Vermont, to come to Pleasant View and be her gardener. She wearied of Clark in a little while, decided that he ought to be a teacher of Christian Science instead of a gardener, and sent him away. While Clark had worked on her place Mrs. Eddy had paid him gardener's wages, but she felt that he ought to be reimbursed for the expense he had incurred in moving to Concord and in quitting his former occupation. Accordingly, she called Dr. Foster into her study and handed him three hundred dollars, telling him to offer the money to Clark, but adding grimly, "It will prove a curse to him if he takes it." Dr. Foster warned Clark to that effect, and Clark, rather reluctantly, refused the money. Mrs. Eddy had for some time been promising Dr. Foster a diamond ring for his little finger, and they had looked over jewelers' catalogues and discussed the sizes and prices of stones. In the end Mrs. Eddy had decided upon a smaller stone than the one Dr. Foster selected. He now took a hundred dollars of the money which had been offered to Clark in such a forbidding fashion, added it to the appropriation made for his ring, and got the diamond he wanted. The rest of the money Mrs. Eddy put into a stained-glass window for the "Mother Room" in the Boston church — the window which represents Mrs. Eddy sitting in the skylight room at Lynn and searching the Scriptures beneath the rays of the star of Bethlehem.

Literary Activities

Mrs. Eddy's retirement did, as she had anticipated, give her more time for literary pursuits. She was still busily writing and rewriting "Science and Health," as she had been doing for twenty years. New editions of the book came out in 1891, 1894, and 1896. Loyal Scientists were then, as now, expected to purchase each new edition (at $3.18 a volume), although Mrs. Eddy refused to buy back their old editions at any price. Since her followers lived by one book, it behooved them to have the best edition of it, and Mrs. Eddy always pronounced the new one the best. Often a new edition contained important changes (such as permission to use morphia in cases of violent pain), and after the 1891 edition was out, a Christian Scientist who still regulated

his life by the 1886 edition was living, spiritually, in the Dark Ages. As Foster Eddy wrote concerning the 1891 edition:

"Mother has never had time, until the last two years, to take the numerous gems she has found in the deep mines of truth and polish them on Heaven's emery wheel, arrange them in order, and give them a setting so that *all* could behold and see their perfect purity. Now here they all are in this new revised 'Science and Health.'"

By the time the 1891 edition was exhausted, about one hundred and fifty thousand copies of "Science and Health" had been sold since the book was first published in 1875. This did not mean that one hundred and fifty thousand persons owned copies of the book,—there are not half that many Christian Scientists in the world to-day,—but that every Christian Scientist owned several copies. The *Journal* told them that they could not own too many.

Stimulating the Market

Mrs. Eddy always displayed great ingenuity in stimulating the demand for her books. In 1897, when she first published her book "Miscellaneous Writings,"—a volume of her collected editorials from the *Journal*,—she issued the following pronunciamiento:

"Christian Scientists in the United States and Canada are hereby enjoined not to teach a student of Christian Science for one year, commencing March 14, 1897. 'Miscellaneous Writings' is calculated to prepare the minds of all true thinkers to understand the Christian Science text book more correctly than a student can. The Bible, Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, and my other published works are the only proper instructors for this hour. It shall be the duty of all Christian Scientists to circulate and to sell as many of these books as they can.

"If a member of the First Church of Christ Scientist shall fail to obey this injunction it shall render him liable to lose his membership in this church. MARY BAKER EDDY." *

Now, there were at this time about fifty Christian Science academies in operation, and hundreds of Mrs. Eddy's followers made their living by teaching Christian Science. They were, without warning, directed to give up their means of support for one year in order to increase the sale of Mrs. Eddy's new book, and to sell the book, without commission, under penalty of expulsion from the church. It is scarcely necessary to say that they obeyed without a murmur.

* *Christian Science Journal*, March, 1897.

Loyal Christian Scientists made an endeavor to buy not only a copy of every new edition of "Science and Health," but of every book that Mrs. Eddy wrote. As Mrs. Eddy discourages general reading, and particularly the perusal of fiction,* her followers spend very little money on the works of other authors. She has no tolerance for low-priced books. They "lower the intellectual standard to accommodate the purse" and "meet a frivolous demand for amusement instead of instruction."† For her own books Mrs. Eddy has always demanded very high prices. With her own audience she was, of course, without a rival. Many of her followers read no books at all but hers.

"Christ and Christmas"

In 1893 Mrs. Eddy published "Christ and Christmas," an illustrated poem which she afterward temporarily suppressed because the pictures were very displeasing to a great many people. One picture represents Jesus Christ standing beside a big black, upholstered coffin, raising to life a frightfully emaciated woman. Another represents a woman, strangely like Mrs. Eddy's authorized photographs in appearance, standing at a bedside and raising a prostrate form, while a great star burns above her head. In another, Christ is represented as hand in hand with a woman who bears a tablet inscribed "Christian Science." Mrs. Eddy wrote the text of this grim gift-book, and a fly-leaf accredits the pictures to "Mary Baker G. Eddy and James F. Gilman, artists."

In 1891 Mrs. Eddy published "Retrospection and Introspection," a volume of autobiographical sketches in which many of the events of the author's life are highly idealized. In her chapter entitled "Ancestral Shadows" Mrs. Eddy was determined to claim descent from Hannah More, until the Rev. Mr. Wiggin protested that Hannah More had lived and died a spinster. Accordingly, Mrs. Eddy had to content herself with remarking that her family "is said to have been in some way related to the pious and popular English authoress." By way of emphasizing her literary ancestry, she says that her great-grandmother wrote "Scriptural Sonnets, besides other verses and enigmas." Mrs. Eddy may well claim to have inherited a faculty for enigmatical verse-making. In this volume she published the following production of her youth:

* "It is the tangled barbarisms of learning which we deplore,—the mere dogma, the speculative theory, the nauseous fiction. Novels, remarkable only for their exaggerated pictures, impossible ideals, and specimens of depravity, fill our young readers with wrong tastes and sentiments," etc.
"Science and Health" (1898), page 91.

† Ibid.

ALPHABET AND BAYONET

If fancy plumes aerial flight,
Go fix thy restless mind
On Learning's lore and Wisdom's might,
And live to bless mankind.
The sword is sheathed, 'tis freedom's hour,
No despot bears misrule,
Where Knowledge plants the foot of power
In our God-blessed Free School.

Forth from this fount the streamlets flow,
That widen in their course.
Hero and sage arise to show
Science the mighty source,
And laud the land whose talents rock
The cradle of her power,
And wreathes are twined round Plymouth Rock,
From erudition's bower.

Further than feet of chamois fall,
Free as the generous air,
Strains nobler far than clarion call,
Wake Freedom's welcome where
Minerva's silver sandals still
Are loosed, and not effete,
Where echoes still my day-dreams thrill,
Woke by her fancied feet.

Many another girl, certainly, has written verses just as bad; but the fact that, at the age of seventy, Mrs. Eddy actually published this doggerel, indicates that her taste had not greatly changed.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER HER REMOVAL TO CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

At Pleasant View the members of Mrs. Eddy's household led a life vastly more peaceful than ever they had known on Columbus or Commonwealth Avenue. But discipline was by no means relaxed. Mr. Frye still had his bad quarter of an hour when it was good for him. Mrs. Eddy "turned against" the faithful Martha Morgan and packed her back to Maine. She tired of Mrs. Anne M. Otis, whom she had called to build up a Christian Science church in Concord, and sent her back to the West. Eventually even her adopted son went the way of all her other favorites. There is no doubt that Mrs. Eddy was fond of Foster, and that his personality was extremely agreeable to her. She may even have dropped a tear upon his death-warrant; but she signed it none the less. The story of Foster's rise and decline is as follows:

Mrs. Eddy's Royalties

At the close of 1892 Mr. William G. Nixon resigned his post as Mrs. Eddy's publisher, and was succeeded by E. J. Foster Eddy. Dr. Foster had had no experience whatever in publishing, but the position was a lucrative one and Mrs. Eddy desired her son to have it. She saw, too, a way to increase her own profits. "Science and Health" sold for $3.18 a copy.* The manufacture of each book cost just forty-seven and a half cents. Mrs. Eddy had been getting one dollar royalty upon every copy sold and the publisher got the rest. When her adopted son began to publish "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy worked her royalty up to a dollar and a half a copy, since Dr. Foster was readily persuaded that it was all in the family.

The sale of Mrs. Eddy's works was exceedingly profitable, since the market for them was ready-made and there was never a dollar spent in general advertising. Dr. Foster's accounts show that in the year 1893 he paid Mrs. Eddy $11,692.79 in royalties; in 1894 her royalties amounted to $14,834.12; and in 1895 she received from Dr. Foster $18,481.97, making a total profit of $45,008.88 for the three years. Needless to say, her annual royalties have greatly increased since 1895, and have now reached a figure which puts all other American authors to financial shame.

But from the day that Mrs. Eddy installed Dr. Foster as her publisher, his years were numbered. The position was the most remunerative she had to offer, and this new and substantial mark of her favor only increased the existing prejudice against her son. Ever since Foster's adoption, jealousy had rankled in the household. Mr. Frye had always watched him with a stony and distrustful eye. Each had accused the other of "mesmerizing" Mrs. Eddy against him, and of using her affection for his own advantage. Mrs. Eddy herself did not

* The eighteen cents paid the postage. The book was, of course, usually ordered by mail.

make matters any better. On several occasions when she was vexed with Mr. Frye, she took, or threatened to take, his accounts away from him and give them to Dr. Foster. Mr. Frye's accounts meant almost as much to him as "Science and Health" did to Mrs. Eddy, and he did not like to have them interfered with.

Downfall of the Adopted Son

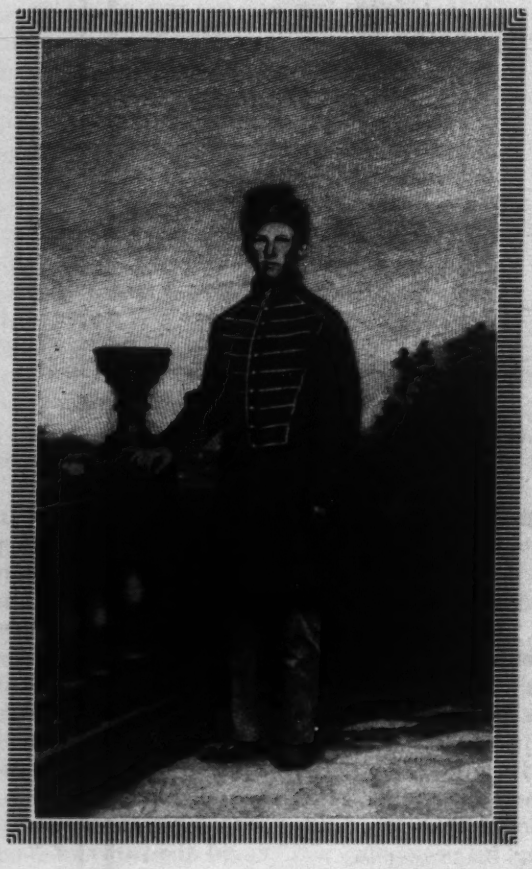
There was jealousy in Boston, as well as at Pleasant View. Some of the workers there complained that Dr. Foster had been made too prominent, and that he had more personal influence than any one except Mrs. Eddy herself should have; others asserted that he overrepresented and misrepresented Mrs. Eddy.

After he became his mother's publisher, Dr. Foster had to be in Boston much of the time, and stayed, when he was there, at the Commonwealth Avenue house. In his absence from Concord, one charge after another was made against him to Mrs. Eddy. Pressure was brought to bear upon her from this quarter and from that, and she seems to have realized that her favorite was marked for sacrifice. Dr. Foster relates that, upon one occasion when they were alone together, his mother drew him to the sofa and took his hand, saying despairingly, "Bennie, if I ever ask you to go away from me, do not leave me." She told him that she wanted him always near her, but that "mesmerism" had come between them. Undoubtedly Mrs. Eddy herself had become somewhat alarmed when she realized what authority she had placed in Dr. Foster's hands; it was quite possible for her to trust him and to doubt him, to want him and to plan his downfall at the same time. The letters which she wrote him after she sent him away have not a very candid tone.

Stories kept coming to Mrs. Eddy to the effect that Dr. Foster was short in his accounts, that he had conducted himself improperly with a married woman who had done some work in the publication-office, etc., etc. Finally, in the spring of 1896, Mrs. Eddy took the publishing business away from her son and transferred it to Joseph Armstrong, a Christian Scientist who had formerly been a banker in Kansas. Foster Eddy was now instructed to go to Philadelphia and build up a church. There was already a Christian Science church in Philadelphia, and when Dr. Foster arrived there he found that he had been discredited with the Philadelphia following by letters from Boston. It was his mother's way not to tell him frankly that she was through with him, though, after he reached his destination, she dropped the old appellations, "My Dearest," "Dearest One," "Dearest Mama's Darling,"* and no longer signed herself "Mother," but wrote to him in the following tone:

"DEAR DOCTOR, I have silenced every word of the slander started in Boston about that woman by saying that I had not the least idea of any wrong conduct between you and her, for I know you are chaste. . . . This silly stuff is dead. Always kindly yours,
"MARY BAKER EDDY."

Dr. Foster left Boston by water, and on the day he sailed away



E. J. FOSTER EDDY

THIS PICTURE OF MRS. EDDY'S ADOPTED SON WAS TAKEN WHEN HE WAS A DRUMMER-BOY IN THE CIVIL WAR

*In this connection the following letter, written by Mrs. Eddy to her adopted son relative to the purchase of her house in Roslindale, is interesting. It will be remembered that the owner of the house asked a very high price for it, and Mrs. Eddy thought he had been mesmerized into so doing:

"DEAREST MAMA'S DARLING

"I do want the place you asked God to give me Especially since learning the distance to P. O. and Express Office. Wont you work and Mr. Knapp and wife work to bring him down in his price make him see that he gets enough profit at $15000 at least and enough at 14-000. If you would like to have me take it at his price I will. Please answer yes or no without anything that others can understand.

"I want it decided quickly so the evil work will stop and the effect. But let me know in three days if you buy it at his price. Whatever is done do quickly as you can for the above reasons.

"MOTHER."

Mrs. Eddy sent flowers to the boat, and a crowd of Christian Scientists were at the wharf to see him off. But as the adopted son stood by the deck-rail with his bouquet, and watched the water widen between him and Boston, he realized the import of this cordiality, and knew that, through the crowd on the shore, his mother had waved him a blithe and long adieu.

After Dr. Foster reached Philadelphia and found that Christian Scientists there had been warned to have nothing to do with him, he went back to Concord to lay his wrongs before Mrs. Eddy. She granted him an audience in the house in which, a few months before, he had been master, but cut short the interview and went up-stairs while he was speaking.* When she was through with a man, she was through. Dr. Foster knew his mother well enough to realize that. He made no attempt to push his case or further to practise Christian Science. He was given no opportunity to refute the charges made against him.

As Mrs. Eddy's son and personal representative, Dr. Foster had been regarded as a sort of crown prince by Christian Scientists. He had been the first president of the Mother Church, had held all of Mrs. Eddy's highest offices, and had been listened to as her very mouthpiece. Ever since she had become inaccessible at Pleasant View, Dr. Foster had been the natural recipient of the adulation that had formerly been hers. His arrival at a Christian Science convention caused almost as much excitement as if Mrs. Eddy herself had come. The men were always glad to have some point to discuss with him; the women crowded about him and praised his speech and told him how much they had been uplifted by his articles in the *Journal*. Wherever the Doctor went in Boston, he was pretty sure to meet people who greeted him with the greatest deference and an eager, anxious smile. Even those who did not like him tried to please him, because they believed that he could influence Mrs. Eddy for or against any one.

Mrs. Eddy's word had made Foster, and her word unmade him. From the moment the Christian Scientists understood that he was no longer in favor with his mother, Dr. Foster was ostracized. The people who had once crowded about him whenever he appeared in public no longer recognized him when they passed him in the street. When he approached a group of Christian Scientists, they melted away. Legally, of course, he was still Mrs. Eddy's adopted son, but she did not trouble herself about that, apparently. She made no charge against him, demanded no explanation; she simply erased him from her consciousness as if he were a coachman whom she had hired and discharged. Dr. Foster traveled in the West and in Alaska for a time, and then settled down at his old home at Waterbury Center, Vermont, where he now lives. Like the rest of Mrs. Eddy's outworn favorites, he has been content to live very quietly since his fall, and he has not even resumed the practice of medicine, for fear of further angering his adopted mother.

Advantages of Mrs. Eddy's Retirement

Mrs. Eddy's retirement in Concord meant no relaxation of her vigilance over her church. Scarcely a day passed that one of her executives did not board the train at Boston, take the two hours' ride up the Merrimac, and present himself, confident and smiling, at Pleasant View. The affairs of the Mother Church certainly ran much more smoothly with Mrs. Eddy out of the city. The hundred little annoyances which had so often led her into indiscretions were now kept from her. She planted and pulled up, built and tore down,— or, as she says, armed with pen and pruning-hook, she commanded and countermanded,— as tirelessly as ever; but now that she worked through other people, her plans were not executed so rapidly, and she had time to change her mind before her first decision was made public. It was now possible for her executives to present questions to her with some

* After this interview Mrs. Eddy wrote Dr. Foster the following perplexing letter, in which she accuses him of "keeping his mind on her" and weakening her, as she used to charge Spofford and Arens with doing:

"PLEASANT VIEW,
"Concord, N. H., March 17, 1897.

"DR. FOSTER EDDY — My dear Benny: I was not 'falsely' referring to your mind on me. I am not or cannot be mistaken now in whose mind is on me. My letter was dated the 8th of March. I shall not soon forget that time. When you went to Phila. at my request I made everything ready for your success, even in the Church rules, Art. 8, Sec. 14, that nothing should impede you. One of your first acts was to consult ——— in your movements and not to consult me before doing it.

"This laid the foundation of what followed. Had my letter that I sent by you to that church been read in the Church of Philadelphia on March 14, as I told you to have it, it would have saved you being kicked out of the readership. You never named to me you intended to stop till Monday in Boston. You conceal from me all you should tell — and which I would save you from doing — and then when you get into difficulty come to me for help. You had everything in your power whereby to control the situation. See Church Manual, pp. 13, Secs. 3 and 16. Sec. 10, edition 5.

"But you were governed by hypnotism to work against me and yourself and take me as your authority for so doing. Then turn all your papers of the fight and the burden of its settlement on to me and yourself go on a pleasure trip to Washington, and after all this tell me that you cared not for yourself in the case but for me!

"The church has written me a loving letter with regrests [?] that they had to do by you as they did.

"You say those with whom you now are love you. I hope this will continue to be so. As ever, lovingly, MOTHER.

"N. B.—I open this letter to speak briefly of the apochryphal gospel. I read till disgusted and stopped. 'Hermas' is an imaginary character, and the 'old woman' has no more relation to me than Pilate's wife; both are depicted as good representative characters for that time and under those circumstances. They may or may not have been human beings.

"Such reading tends to foster the disease of moral insanity or idiocy that the magic of Mohammedism and the hypnotism of our time are engendering.

"The ethics of the dialogues in that spurious book are excellent and that makes the book dangerous lest they cause the stuff that accompanies them to take form in thought as veritable characters and history, and even prophetic — which it is not. M. B. E."

care, and even to work up a case before they presented it. They kept Mrs. Eddy informed upon the affairs of the Boston church and upon what went on in the field, but petty annoyances they kept from her. Her inability to interfere hourly gave her assistants an opportunity to execute her wishes temperately and successfully. Mrs. Eddy, the "Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science," was still in the field, through her executives, as active and powerful as ever; while Mrs. Eddy, the woman, with all her disturbing personal idiosyncrasies, was safely housed at Pleasant View, surrounded by devoted and sympathetic persons whose hourly care it was to calm and soothe her.

The Rule of Service

After she first took up her residence at Pleasant View, Mrs. Eddy visited Boston but four times, and on each occasion remained in the city only a few hours.* In her retirement she has not been cut off from such of her followers as she has wished to see. Whenever she has become interested in one of the workers in the field, she has sent for him or her to join her at Pleasant View. By a by-law of the church, Mrs. Eddy is empowered to send for any Christian Scientist, wherever he may be, and to bring him to Pleasant View, to serve her for as long as twelve months, if need be, in whatever capacity she may designate; his recompense being twelve hundred dollars a year and his expenses.† Under this rule, a bank president whose time is worth $50,000 a year might be summoned to Pleasant View to serve for a hundred dollars a month. But Mrs. Eddy is the last woman in the world to make unreasonable demands of her influential followers, and no greater honor can befall a Christian Scientist than to be thus summoned by his Leader. Such a call is looked upon as a recognition of the recipient's progress in "Science," and as a rare opportunity for spiritual growth. Concerning this service at Pleasant View, Mrs. Eddy wrote in the *Christian Science Sentinel* of April 25, 1903:

"SIGNIFICANT QUESTIONS

"MARY BAKER G. EDDY

"Who shall be greatest?

"The great Master said: 'He that is least in the kingdom of heaven'— that is, he who hath in his heart in the least the kingdom of heaven, the reign of holiness, shall be greatest.

"Who shall inherit the earth?

"The meek who sit at the feet of Truth, bathing the human understanding with tears of repentance, and washing it clean from the taints of self-righteousness, hypocrisy, envy — shall inherit the earth — for wisdom is justified of her children.

"Who shall dwell in Thy Holy Hill?

"He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

"Who shall be called to Pleasant View?

"He who strives and attains — who has the divine presumption to say: 'For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day' (St. Paul). It goes without saying that such a one was never called to Pleasant View for penance or reformation; and I call none others, unless I mistake their calling. No mesmerist, nor disloyal Christian Scientist is fit to come hither, I have no use for such, and there cannot be found at Pleasant View one of *this sort*. 'For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord, and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee.' (Deuteronomy, 18).

"It is true that loyal Christian Scientists called to the home of the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, can acquire in one year the Science that otherwise might cost them a half century. But this should not be the incentive for going thither. Better far that Christian Scientists go to help their helper, and thus lose all selfishness as she has lost it, and thereby help themselves and the whole world, as she has done according to this saying of Christ Jesus: 'And whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple.'"

Josephine Curtis Woodbury

Mrs. Eddy's absence from Boston made it possible for some of her ambitious leaders there to exercise a stronger personal influence than

* The first of these was on April 1, 1895, when she came unannounced, bringing the members of her Concord household with her, and inspected, for the first time, the newly completed Mother Church. She spent the night in the building, occupying the folding-bed in the Mother Room, while her attendants slept all night in the pews. The next month, on Sunday, May 26, Mrs. Eddy went again to the Mother Church, and spoke from the pulpit for twenty minutes. Again, in February, 1896, she preached in the Mother Church, returning to Concord in a private car the same afternoon. She made her fourth visit to Boston on Monday, June 5, 1899. She spent the night in her Commonwealth Avenue house, then occupied by Septimus J. Hanna, the reader of the Mother Church, and on Tuesday afternoon she appeared at the annual meeting of the church, held in Tremont Temple. Mrs. Eddy addressed the meeting briefly, and returned to Concord the same afternoon.

† The church by-law in regard to this rule of service reads as follows:

"At the written request of our Pastor Emeritus, Mrs. Eddy, for assistance, the Board of Directors shall immediately notify the member of this church whom she selects, to go within ten days to her and to remain if needed twelve months consecutively, and it shall be the duty of this member to comply therewith. Members who leave her in less time and when she needs them, are liable to have their names dropped from the church." Church Manual, Art. 22, Sec. 10.

they could ever have done had she been at her old headquarters on Commonwealth Avenue. This opportunity was seized, and abused, so Mrs. Eddy thought, by one of her most prominent aids, Josephine Curtis Woodbury.

Mrs. Woodbury had been associated with Mrs. Eddy since 1879, and had been one of her foremost healers and teachers. She had written a great deal for the *Journal*, had preached and lectured as far west as Denver, had organized classes and church societies, and had conducted a Christian Science "academy" at the Hotel Berkshire, in Boston.

Mrs. Woodbury was clever, self-confident, rather given to theatrical display, ready with her tongue and pen, and she possessed an amazing personal influence over her adherents. In short, she was the only Christian Scientist in Boston who ever bade fair to rival Mrs. Eddy in personal prominence. Like Mrs. Eddy, she was ambitious, and delighted in any sort of leadership, and, like Mrs. Eddy, she had the faculty of money-getting. She, too, could send her students hither and yon, and keep them dancing attendance upon her telegrams. Some of them lived in her house and went to Maine with her in the summer; they sat spellbound at her lectures, and put their time and goods at her disposal.

The Romantic School

Mrs. Woodbury's group of students and followers were, on the whole, very different from the simple, rule-abiding Christian Scientists who had been taught directly under Mrs. Eddy's personal supervision. Mrs. Eddy's own people never got very far away from her hard-and-fast business principles, while Mrs. Woodbury's students were distinctly fanciful and sentimental, and strove to add all manner of frivolous ornamentation to Mrs. Eddy's stout homespun. There was a musician or two among them, and a young illustrator and his handsome wife, and most of them wrote verses. Some of Mrs. Woodbury's students went abroad with her, and acquired the habit of interlarding the regular Christian Science phraseology with a little French. Mrs. Woodbury and her students lived in a kind of miracle-play of their own; had inspirations and revelations and premonitions; kept mental trysts; saw portents and mystic meanings in everything; and spoke of God as coming and going, agreeing and disagreeing with them. Some of them affected cell-like sleeping-chambers, with white walls, bare except for a picture of Christ. They longed for martyrdom, and made desperate adventures out of the most commonplace occurrences. Mrs. Woodbury herself had this miracle-loving temperament. Her room was lined with pictures of the Madonna. When she went to Denver to lecture on Christian Science in 1887, her train was caught in a blizzard; in relating this experience, she describes herself as "face to face with death." Her two children fell into the water on the Nantasket coast; Mrs. Woodbury "treated" them, and they recovered. She writes upon this incident a dramatic article entitled "Drowning Overcome."

Mrs. Woodbury and her students thus succeeded in giving to Mrs. Eddy's homely "Science"—pieced together in dull New England shoe towns and first taught to people who worked with their hands—an emotional coloring which was very distasteful to Mrs. Eddy herself. Neurotic and hysterical though Mrs. Eddy was, her common sense and singular lack of imagination had kept her from sentimental vaporings. Never was any woman less the *religieuse*. "Discovering and founding" Christian Science had been her business, performed, in spite of all her flightiness, in a businesslike manner, and her success was eminently a businesslike success. With yearnings and questings and raptures Mrs. Eddy had little patience, and Mrs. Woodbury's romantic school, with its spiritual alliances, annoyed her beyond expression.

"Mental Generation"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Woodbury's students inevitably found their miracle. In June, 1890, Mrs. Woodbury gave birth to a son whom her followers believed was the result of an immaculate conception, and an exemplification of Mrs. Eddy's theory of "mental generation." Mrs. Woodbury named her child "The Prince of Peace," and baptized him at Ocean Point, Maine, in a pool which she called "Bethsada." "While there," writes Mrs. Woodbury, "occurred the thought of baptizing little Prince in a singularly beautiful salt pool, whose rocky bottom was dry at low tide and overflowing at high tide, but especially attractive at mid-tide, with its two feet of crystal water. A crowd of people had assembled on the neighboring bluffs, when I brought him from our cottage not far away, and laid him three times prayerfully in the pool; and when he was lifted therefrom, they joined in a spontaneously appropriate hymn of praise."

Mrs. Woodbury would not permit the child, who was called Prince for short, to address her husband as "father," but insisted that he address Mr. Woodbury as "Frank" and herself as "Birdie." The fact that he was a fine, healthy baby, and was never ill, seemed to Mrs. Woodbury's disciples conclusive evidence that he was the Divine principle of Christian Science

JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY

FROM A PICTURE TAKEN AFTER SHE HAD BEEN EXCOMMUNICATED FROM THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH AND HAD STARTED A CHURCH OF HER OWN. MRS. WOODBURY'S DISCIPLES BELIEVED THAT HER CHILD, "THE PRINCE OF PEACE," HAD BEEN IMMACULATELY CONCEIVED

made manifest in the flesh. It was their pleasure to bring gifts to Prince; to discover in his behavior indications of his spiritual nature; and they professed to believe that when he grew to manhood he would enter upon his Divine ministry.

Six months before the birth of Prince, Mrs. Woodbury paid a visit to Mrs. Eddy, and she seems to imply that the venerable leader oracularly foretold the coming of her child. "In January," writes Mrs. Woodbury, "I enjoyed a visit with my ever-beloved Teacher, who gave comfort in these words, though at the moment they were not received in their deeper import: 'Go home and be happy. Commit thy ways unto the Lord. Trust him, and he will bring it to pass.'" This may have suggested to the faithful the visit of Mary to Elizabeth; but if there was any miracle-play of this sort in progress, Mrs. Eddy had certainly no intention of playing Elizabeth to Mrs. Woodbury's Mary. When word was brought her of the birth of Mrs. Woodbury's "little Immanuel," as he was often called, she was far from being convinced. "Child of light!" she exclaimed indignantly. "She knows it is an imp of Satan." In the libel suit which Mrs. Woodbury later brought against her Teacher, a letter to her from Mrs.

Eddy was read in court, in which Mrs. Eddy said: "Those awful reports about you, namely that your last child was illegitimate etc. I again and again tried to suppress that report; also for what you tried to make people believe; namely, that that child was an immaculate conception, . . . and you replied that it was incarnated with the Devil."

Mrs. Eddy was the more vexed with Mrs. Woodbury because she herself had undoubtedly taught that in the future, when the world had attained a larger growth in Christian Science, children would be conceived by communion with the Divine mind; but she probably had no idea that any one of her students, ambitious to "demonstrate over material claims," would actually attempt to put this theory into practice. She was wise enough, moreover, to see that such extravagant claims would bring Christian Science into disrepute, and she vigorously denounced Mrs. Woodbury's zeal.

The withdrawal of Mrs. Eddy's support left Mrs. Woodbury in an embarrassing and somewhat absurd predicament. The most astonishing feature of this astonishing situation was that Mrs. Woodbury's husband, whose position was certainly unique in history, never openly contradicted the legend concerning his son or interfered with the votive offerings which were made him.

Mrs. Woodbury's Law-suits

Besides her school in Boston, Mrs. Woodbury had a large following in Maine, where she usually spent the summer. The charge had often been made against her that she carried her personal influence over her students to an unwarrantable extent, and in 1896 Fred D. Chamberlain began a suit against her for the alienation of his wife's affections — his wife being a pupil of Mrs. Woodbury's. At this time, the Boston *Traveler*, in discussing Mr. Chamberlain's charge, took up the question of the claims that were made for Mrs. Woodbury's son, Prince. The *Traveler* asserted that some of Mrs. Woodbury's students had been induced against their will to buy stock in an "air-engine" which Mr. Woodbury was exploiting, and published interviews with George Macomber and H. E. Jones, both of Augusta, Maine, who stated that their wives had believed that Mrs. Woodbury's child was immaculately conceived, had desired to make presents to it, and had urged their husbands to buy stock in the air-engine. The *Traveler* also made the statement that Evelyn I. Rowe, of Augusta, had applied for a divorce from her husband upon the ground of non-support, saying that he gave all his earnings toward the education and support of Mrs. Woodbury's son, Prince, whom Mr. Rowe believed to have been immaculately conceived. After the publication of this and other damaging evidence, Mrs. Woodbury promptly sued the *Traveler* for criminal libel, and lost her case.

All this notoriety brought matters to a crisis between Mrs. Woodbury and Mrs. Eddy. Although Mrs. Eddy had found Mrs. Woodbury very useful, she had long distrusted her discretion, and had endeavored in various ways to put a check upon her. Mrs. Woodbury had first become a member of Mrs. Eddy's church in 1886. When the Mother Church was reorganized, it was necessary, in order that Mrs. Eddy might cull out such persons as were distasteful to her, that all the old members apply for admission and be voted upon, just as were the new candidates. Mrs. Woodbury was admitted only upon the condition that she would undergo a two years' probation, and she seems to have had some difficulty in getting back even upon those terms. Several months before her admission on probation, she wrote to Mrs. Eddy, begging her to use her personal influence in her behalf. To this petition Mrs. Eddy replied:

"February 27, 1895

"MRS WOODBURY

"Dear Student:

"I have your letter asking my assistance in getting admission to the church. I have made a rule, which has been published in our Journal that I shall not be consulted on the applications for membership to this church or dismissals from it. This responsibility must rest on the First Members according to the rules of the church. Hence I return your letter to you and the church.

"May the love that must govern you and the church influence your motives, is my fervent wish; But remember, dear student, that malicious hypnotism is no excuse for sin. But God's grace is sufficient to govern our lives and lead us to moral ends.

"With love

"MARY BAKER G. EDDY."

On April 8 Mrs. Eddy wrote to Mrs. Woodbury:

"Now, dear student try one year not to tell a single falsehood, or to practise one cheat, or to break the decalogue, and if you do this to the best of your ability at the end of that year God will give you a place in our church as sure as you are fit for it. This I know. Don't return evil for evil, and you will have your reward."

April 17 Mrs. Eddy again wrote Mrs. Woodbury a warning letter:

"MY DEAR STUDENT: I am willing you should let them read my letter. I forgot to mention this, hence my second line to you. Now mark what I say. This is your last chance, and you will succeed in getting back, and should. But this I warn you, to stop falsifying and living unpurely in thought, in vile schemes, in fraudulent money-getting, etc. I speak plainly even as the need is.

"I am not ignorant of your sins, and I am trying to have you in the church for protection from those temptations, and to effect your full reformation. Remember, the M. A. M., which you say in your letter causes you to sin, is not idle, and will cause you to repeat them, and so turn you again from the church, unless you pray God to keep you from falling into the foul snare. In the consciousness that you and your students are mentally speaking to me, I warn you this is forbidden by a strict rule of the by-laws as well as by conscience

"MARY B. EDDY."

After her admission to the Mother Church, Mrs. Woodbury did not go through her two years' probation. Her name was dropped from the church roll in the fall of the first year, and in the following spring (March 24, 1896) she was reinstated. Ten days later she was, in the language of the directors, "forever excommunicated."

"The Path Perilous"

What Mrs. Eddy wished was that Mrs. Woodbury should blot herself out completely and cease to identify herself in any way with Christian Science. "How dare you," she wrote to Mrs. Woodbury in the spring of 1896, "how dare you in the sight of God, and with your character behind the curtain, and your students ready to lift it on you, pursue the path perilous?" But Mrs. Woodbury was not made of such yielding stuff as the men who had aforetime obliterated themselves at Mrs. Eddy's bidding. She insisted upon going to Mrs. Eddy's church even after the directors refused to let her a pew, and after the little Prince of Peace had been taken up by his jacket and put bodily out of the Sunday-school.

Disgruntled Christian Scientists usually went off and started a church of their own, and there were by this time almost as many "reformed" varieties of Christian Science as there were dissenters. Mrs. Gestefeld taught one kind in Chicago, Mrs. Crosse another kind in Boston, Frank Mason another in Brooklyn, Captain Sabin was soon to teach another in Washington, while nearly all the students who had quarreled with Mrs. Eddy or broken away from her were teaching or practising some variety of mind-cure. Mrs. Woodbury, accordingly, hired a hall — this seemed to be the only necessary preliminary in those days — and started a church of her own, to which her little flock followed her. In the Legion of Honor rooms she conducted services every Sunday morning. Sometimes she preached, sometimes she lectured, and sometimes she read a poem. When it was impossible for her to be there, her daughter, Gwendolyn, supplied her pulpit. Mr. Woodbury was a faithful attendant of the church which the ladies of his family conducted.

In 1897 Mrs. Woodbury published a veiled account of her differences with Mrs. Eddy in a pamphlet modestly entitled "War in Heaven." In this book her criticism of Mrs. Eddy is courteous and respectful enough to suggest that she may still have hoped for reinstatement. But Mrs. Eddy had by this time become convinced that never, since the days of Kennedy, had there been such a mesmerist as Mrs. Woodbury. Indeed, Mrs. Eddy was not alone in accrediting Mrs. Woodbury with a strange hypnotic power. Some of Mrs. Woodbury's own students were confident that if they displeased her she had power to bring upon them sickness, insanity, and disaster. They whispered tales about Robert W. Rowe, of Augusta, Maine, who had disobeyed and died. Whether Mrs. Eddy really believed that the woman was possessed of some diabolical power, or whether she saw that Mrs. Woodbury's adventurous temperament would certainly bring ridicule upon Christian Science, Mrs. Eddy was determined to be rid of her, and lost no opportunity to discredit her. The two women had it back and forth for several years, charging each other with every sort of iniquity. In April, 1899, Mrs. Woodbury published in the *American Register*, Paris, a poem which attacked Christian Science and which ended with these significant lines:

Is the Dame that seemed august
A Doll stuffed with sawdust,
And must we believe that the Doll stuffed herself?

Mrs. Woodbury finally crossed the Rubicon by publishing in the *Arena*, May, 1899, an exposure of Mrs. Eddy and her methods.

Mrs. Woodbury's Exposé of Mrs. Eddy

In this attack Mrs. Woodbury satirically touched upon Mrs. Eddy's conviction that she is the star-crowned woman of the Apocalypse, and then took up the Quimby controversy, producing Mrs. Eddy's early letters and newspaper con-

tributions as evidence that she got her theory of mind-cure from Mr. Quimby. She criticized the English of "Science and Health"; ridiculed the Mother Room; insinuated that Mrs. Eddy had illegally conferred degrees, and had been compelled to close her college for that reason; accused her of an inordinate greed for money and of "trafficking in the temple." She declared that Mrs. Eddy had been a medium, and that she was the victim of demonophobia — the fear of witchcraft. Mrs. Woodbury stated that Mrs. Eddy claimed that she had cured the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., of his serious illness in 1871, and that to do so she had treated him through his royal mother, as the Prince's life had been so immoral that she could not approach him directly. According to Mrs. Woodbury, Mrs. Eddy said that she treated President Garfield after he was shot, and would have succeeded in saving his life had not Kennedy and Arens maliciously interfered to prevent her from making this convincing demonstration.

It seems that in this article Mrs. Woodbury wished to explain how she had been led to make such extraordinary claims regarding the birth of her son, Prince. She asserts that Mrs. Eddy taught her women students that they might become mothers by a supreme effort of their own minds, and that girls were terrified by the doctrine that they might be made pregnant through the influence of demons. Mrs. Woodbury had probably repented her own effort to give a concrete example of Mrs. Eddy's theory of "mental generation," and she attacks her on this point with peculiar bitterness. She quotes the following passage from "Science and Health":

"The propagation of their species without the male element, by butterfly, bee, and moth, is a discovery corroborative of the Science of Mind, because it shows that the origin and continuance of these insects rest on Principle, apart from material conditions."* "An egg never was the origin of a man, and no seed ever produced a plant. . . . The belief that life can be in matter, or soul in body, and that man springs from dust or from an egg, is the brief record of mortal error. . . . The plant grows not because of seed or soil."

Commenting upon this passage, Mrs. Woodbury says:

"To what diabolical conclusions do such deductions lead? One may well hesitate to touch this delicate topic in print, yet only thus can the immoral possibilities and the utter lack of Divine inspiration in 'Christian Science' be shown.

"The substance of certain instruction given by Mrs. Eddy in private is as follows:

"If Jesus was divinely conceived by the Holy Ghost, or Spirit, without a human father, Mary not having known her husband,— then women may become mothers by a supreme effort of their own minds, or through the influence upon them of an Unholy Ghost, a malign spirit. Women of unquestioned integrity, who have been Mrs. Eddy's students, testify that she has so taught, and that by this teaching families have been broken up; that thus maidens have been terrified out of their wits, and stimulated into a frenzy resembling that of deluded French nuns, who believed themselves brought into marital relations with the glorified Jesus, as veritably the bridegroom of his church. Whatever her denials may be, such was Mrs. Eddy's teaching while in her college; to which she added the oracular declaration that it lay within her power to dissolve such motherhood by a wave of her celestial rod.

"The selfish celibacy of nuns and clergy, Christian or heathen, with consequent ecclesiastical interference in family life, have been, and are, mischief-breeding blunders, fatal alike to morals and health. One result of this interference on the part of Mrs. Eddy is that Christian Science families are notably childless."

Mrs. Woodbury closed her article with the following denunciation:

"Very tenacious is she of the paradoxical title carved on her Boston church, 'The Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science.' Surely a 'Discoverer' cannot be the 'Founder' of that which he has been under the necessity of discovering; while a 'Founder' would have no need of discovering her own foundation. What she has really 'discovered' are ways and means of perverting and prostituting the science of healing to her own ecclesiastical aggrandizement, and to the moral and physical depravity of her dupes. As she received this science from Dr. Quimby, it meant simply the healing of bodily ills through a lively reliance on the wholeness and order of the Infinite Mind, as clearly perceived and practically demonstrated by a simple and modest love of one's kind. What she has 'founded' is a commercial system, monumental in its proportions, but already tottering to its fall."

"The Babylonish Woman"

This, certainly, was strong language from one who had taught Christian Science for ten years, who had often been compared to John, the beloved disciple, and who had leaned upon the

* "Science and Health" (1886), page 472.

bosom of her Teacher. Mrs. Woodbury's article appeared the 1st of May, and during that same month her husband, Frank Woodbury, died. This, to many of Mrs. Eddy's faithful retainers, seemed like a direct judgment upon the apostate.

Mrs. Woodbury might have known that Mrs. Eddy would have the last word, and that it would be no gentle one. In her annual message to the Mother Church, read before the congregation at the June communion service, a few weeks after Mr. Woodbury's death, Mrs. Eddy said:

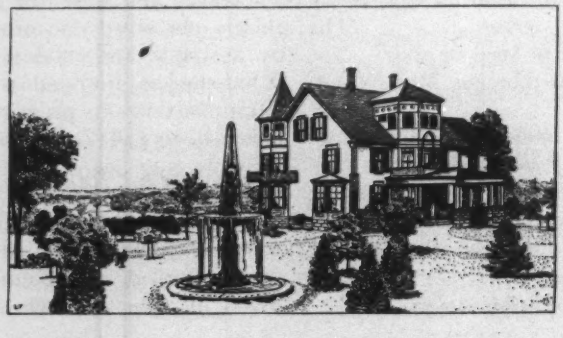
"The doom of the Babylonish woman referred to in Revelation is being fulfilled. This woman, drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, drunk of the wine of her fornication, would enter even the church, and retaining the heart of the harlot and the purpose of the destroying angel, pour wormwood into the waters — the disturbed human mind — to drown the strong swimmer struggling for the shore, aiming for Truth, and if possible poison such as drink of the living water; but the recording angel, standing with right foot on the sea, and his left foot on the earth, has in his hand a book open, that uncovers and kills this mystery of iniquity, and interprets the mystery of godliness; how the first is finished, and the second is no longer a mystery or miracle, but a marvel, casting out evil and healing the sick. And a voice was heard, saying, 'Come out of her, my people, hearken not to her lies, that ye receive not her plagues, for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.'

"Double unto her double, according to her works: In the cup which she hath filled, fill to her double, for she saith in her heart, I am no widow. Therefore shall her plague come in one day, death and mourning and famine, for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her. That which the Revelator saw in spiritual vision will be accomplished, the Babylonish woman is fallen. And who should mourn over the widowhood of lust, of her that hath become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean bird?"

This vivid rhetoric Mrs. Woodbury and her friends believed referred directly to Mrs. Woodbury; to her efforts to get back into the church; to her alleged practice of malicious animal magnetism; and to her widowhood. The address was not only read aloud in the church, but was published in the *Christian Science Sentinel* and in the Boston *Herald*. Mrs. Woodbury, accordingly, brought a suit for criminal libel against Mrs. Eddy, claiming that, although no name was mentioned in the address, every Christian Scientist at the June communion understood who was meant by the "Babylonish woman."

The case came to trial in the following June, when Boston was full of Christian Scientists who had come to attend the June communion. Mrs. Woodbury lost her suit because such Christian Scientists as were summoned as witnesses testified that they had not understood Mrs. Eddy's denunciation of the Babylonish woman to refer to Mrs. Woodbury in particular. One of the witnesses, however, Mr. William G. Nixon, Mrs. Eddy's former publisher, stated that he had understood that by the "Babylonish woman" Mrs. Eddy meant Josephine Woodbury.

During the trial the court-room was crowded with Christian Scientists, and Mrs. Woodbury decided that they had effected the outcome of the suit by concentrating their minds upon the judge and witnesses, and by "treating" them in Mrs. Eddy's behalf. She, accordingly, would not permit an appeal, but abjured Christian Science and retired into private life. Her church was broken up; her students scattered and grew cold; her musicians and sweet singers returned to their instruments, her artists to their drawing-boards; her vestals married and ceased communing with visions. The "War in Heaven" was over, and with Mrs. Woodbury's defeat perished the romantic movement in Christian Science.



THE DELIVERANCE

BY

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

AUTHOR OF "A FIGHT IN ONE ROUND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY E. TOWNSEND

"BRING John R. Saunders here," said the manager of the Western branch of the International Surety Bond Company to his private secretary.

A little later, a tall, lean man entered the room, and walked slowly, with ponderous yet agile softness, across the rich-hued Oriental rug toward the chair to which the manager pointed.

The manager looked at Saunders closely, as a man looks at a person with whom he is well acquainted, yet whom he always finds worth study, and asked:

"Can you do some work for me, Mr. Saunders?"

"It is rather strange, but I was thinking of notifying you to-day that I could do no more work for you, Mr. Jolliffe." These, Saunders' first words, were delivered in a peculiar drawl, in deep, rich, musical, pleasing tones.

The manager looked almost startled. "Why, what is the matter?"

Saunders shook his head. "Oh, nothing much, Mr. Jolliffe — only, I think I am getting old. I want to rest. I don't feel as much interest in my work as I used to. I——"

"Oh, tut!" said the manager. "This is only a disguised kick, Saunders. You mean that you have not had any real work, anything that appealed to you. But I now have something of the real sort for you."

Again Saunders slowly shook his head. "I cannot express my feelings, Mr. Jolliffe," he said murmurously, broodingly. "I never could write a decent report. It's not just old age——"

"I should say not!" cried the manager briskly.

"No; but, somehow, I have begun to lose interest."

"Didn't I say so? But I can stir your interest. And, Saunders," the manager went on, with a change of tone, "I am up against it. I frankly beg your help. You've read of Walling?"

Saunders nodded, his eyes glinting slightly. The manager saw that gleam, and exhaled a sigh of relief.

"I want Walling," said the manager; "and you are the only man to get him. Will you do it?"

Saunders sighed, and answered: "Yes, I will try, as a favor to you. But this will be my last work of the kind."

II

Then followed the search.

Of that search in detail a book might be written, filled with curious tales — of how Saunders picked up the trail of the man who, as the trusted cashier of a bank in Illinois, had gone to ruin in speculation and stolen over thirty thousand dollars; of how he followed the trail to Chicago, through devious thickets of the jungle of the under-world there; then on to New York; thence to the South, to New Orleans; and thence out of the country, down to Costa Rica.

From the fever-haunted port of entry he traveled by mule-back, and after three days he found himself high up on the side of a mountain, not far from the coast, despite the length of the journey. Far away, and far below, there was the dim blue profundity of the Caribbean. Surrounding the little town — San Bartolomeo, it was — were mist-wreathed peaks aspiring to the clear blue profundity of the sky.

And near the little church on the plaza, almost in the thin shadow of its plaster campanile, there was a squat dark stone house that served for hotel; and in the dusky café Inspector Saunders, standing on the threshold, saw Arthur Walling.

The detective had run down his prey.

Yes, there he sat, what was left of him after months of deterioration, miserably brooding

over a whisky-glass, with the bottle near his elbow; unshaven, shambling, unclean, physically and morally; teeth unbrushed, nails neglected — the wreck of the sleek, plump, well-fed, well-groomed "leading citizen" of the past.

Inspector Saunders watched him unmovingly, leaning against the wall, pondering without haste his next move in the game — how to effect Walling's return to the United States, to be handed over to the punishment that awaited him. The inspector held several cards in his hand. It was possible to bring about Walling's arrest here through diplomatic agency — by inducing the government to turn him over to the United States, whence he came, as a man undesirable to harbor in Costa Rica. But this method would be uncertain, tedious — costly as well. Another method would be simply to kidnap Walling — trick him down to the coast, and get him on board a vessel, and land him back in his own country. Saunders had played such a game before. But the longer he watched Walling, the longer he considered the case in the light of the appearance and history of the stoop-shouldered creature sipping and sipping the vile liquor in the sordid, dingy café, the less did Saunders consider either of these plans, and the more he inclined to a simpler one.

"Mr. Walling!" he said, his deep-toned voice, pitched low, vibrating like a soft gong.

But it was as if a pistol-shot had shattered the whisky-bottle at the absconder's ear, starting all the horrors that lurked in his soul racing frantically into visual life. He leaped from his place. His eyes, glazed with alcohol and red with the fever of despair, glared at the apparition of the *man who knew him*.

But he could not keep on his feet, and limply, slackly, all unstrung, he fell back in his chair.

"My name — my name," he hoarsely said, "is not Walling. You — you have made a mistake. My name ——"

"Mr. Walling," said the inspector, "my name is Saunders; I am a detective in the employ of the International Surety Bond Company."

He sat down opposite the former cashier.

A sudden cackle of forced laughter came from Walling's bluish, trembling lips.

"Oh, all right," he said. "My name is Walling. What of it?"

"I want to persuade you to return to Illinois with me," Saunders said.

Again the splutter of metallic, nasal laughter came from Walling; but he said nothing, and his shaking hands groped for his glass and lifted it to his lips.

"I think it would be best for you to come home with me, Mr. Walling," said the inspector.

Suddenly Walling leaned over the table and swore savagely: "Why, you must be crazy! What kind of a fool game are you trying on?"

"I know all about the lack of extradition," continued Saunders gravely, undisturbed by the insults hurled at him. "I also know a good deal about you. The thirty thousand dollars you took has melted away. You lost fifteen thousand at the race-track and in the gambling-rooms in New Orleans; you played poker on the boat coming down here, and lost several thousand — I mean you were fleeced; and you have been fleeced here ——"

Walling winced painfully at the repetition of the word "fleeced."

"Finish what you have to say, and be short about it!" he burst out.

But Saunders went on calmly: "And you will be fleeced and cheated at every step of your way down here, Mr. Walling. You are not in the same class with these Latin-American sharpers and grafters who make a living from men who are dodging extradition. If you had been a bank burglar, and used to this business, it would be different; but you are merely a bank cashier gone wrong. You cannot make out down here. You are already in prison. You cannot leave this country, save to go to another like it — for, if you do, we shall get you, as you know. You are practically without money. You are separated forever from your family; and your wife is sick, and your daughter ——"

"Damn you, shut up!" bawled Walling suddenly, and then he slumped down on the table, his face in his hands, his shoulders heaving and shaking violently.

Saunders waited impassively for a minute or two, until the storm had spent its first fury, and then continued: "And, Mr. Walling, you are in poor physical shape, I can see; and this is a land of yellow fever. It is a land, too, where men are over-free with their knives. Now, if you come back with me, you will go to prison; I suppose you cannot escape that. However, I know nothing about that part of the matter. It is certain, though, that, even if you went to prison, you would be able to try things over again when you got out; for you are not an old man, Mr. Walling — and you have your family, you know. But if you stay here — well, it is life-imprisonment, though maybe not for very long."

"Do you think I would care how short it was?" mumbled Walling.

"I suppose you would not," answered Saunders; "but there is your family."

"Oh, my God!" said Walling brokenly; and again he began to cry, like a child, wildly.

"Tut, tut, Walling!" said the inspector.

"THE DETECTIVE HAD RUN DOWN HIS PREY"

"You see for yourself how your nerve is broken. Think of what I say."

"Let me alone until to-morrow," said Walling, lifting his tear-blurred, working, sodden face of misery.

"Very well," said Saunders.

He rose, and stood for a moment watching Walling. Until to-morrow! Would Walling be alive to-morrow?

III

Walling did not kill himself. "I'll go home with you," he said to Saunders in the morning; and they started back the next day for the coast,— alone, save for a guide,— traveling on mules.

The decision at which he had arrived seemed to have braced the defaulter wonderfully. All uncertainty was gone. He did not even drink. He knew his fate: he would be put into prison. But here in Central America he could not as yet realize the crowded court-room in his home town; the looks, the pointing fingers, the scornful words — the shame. He would see his wife and his daughter again. He winced. But even this thought did not come with all its acid of shame, as later it might. All that he could now be decidedly conscious of was the fact that he had given up the hopeless rebellion against the laws he had violated, was returning to his doom, and was not suffering any more in the purgatory of exile, isolation, uncertainty.

He was almost cheerful; and, singularly, though perhaps naturally enough, his attitude toward Saunders was almost that of a rescued person to his rescuer. Besides, the strength, the will, of this somber, taciturn agent of the law had impressed him deeply.

The effect on Saunders of this attitude toward himself was peculiar. It was, to begin with, unprecedented. The inspector was used to being regarded as a bloodhound, a haunting specter, a dreaded enemy, an agent of shame and disgrace — but never as something approaching a friend in need.

He said to Walling: "Do you know, Mr. Walling, you are the first man, in your position, who has behaved toward me as if I were a human being."

"How did they treat you?" asked Walling.

"Oh, like a machine — or a cold-blooded beast — something like that." The inspector, unused to analyzing his moods, stumbled over his words, hesitated, and gave up the attempt.

"Oh, well," said Walling, with the bright, quick, friendly smile that had been one of his social assets in the days gone by, "so long as there are men like me,— who do the things I have done,— there must be men like you."

"Ah, there you have it!" exclaimed Saunders. "It is queer — but of late I have been thinking over my occupation, trying to understand it — trying to place myself, you might say. I never used to do so, Mr. Walling. But I am getting old; I shall make few more trips like this, I guess; indeed, I guess I'll give it all up pretty soon, and go to the country and farm my little place."

"Your occupation has to be carried on, of course," said Walling. "You do not seem old. Why should you want to stop?"

"Well," replied Saunders hesitatingly, "because of late I have found myself getting handicapped by something." He stopped broodingly.

"May I ask what it is?"

Saunders turned his somber eyes toward his companion.

"Yes," he said; "I am becoming handicapped by pity." His deep, sonorous voice boomed on the word in unconscious stress. "Pity," he repeated; and the word rang like a deep, soft bell in the forest aisle through which they paced side by side, their lazy guide ambling on ahead.

Walling looked at him quickly, and then turned aside his head, embarrassed, as all men are by revelations of deep feeling. But Saunders seemed to be speaking more to himself than to Walling, and he continued:

"I have arrested more than a thousand men in my time, Mr. Walling. More than five hundred of them have gone to prison; half a score, perhaps, have been hanged. And now I ask myself,— a thing I never did before,— why?"

"Why?" repeated Walling, puzzled.

"Yes, why? Why should men steal and kill? Why should there be prisons and hangmen?"

"Because there are — criminals, I suppose," said Walling in a troubled tone, "and men who are driven to criminal deeds."

Saunders suddenly turned his eyes on his companion.

"Take yourself, Mr. Walling. Man to man, now, why did you begin to take the money?"

Walling blanched, and winced as though stung, but answered steadily: "I thought of that last night, when — when, Mr. Saunders, my hand was near — near a — a ——"

"A revolver?" asked Saunders.

Walling nodded. "And I remembered how my — my girl, who is in college, sprained herself playing basket-ball. She was crippled; it might have lasted for life. The expert surgeons saved her — but it took every cent I had. Other expenses fell due; I — I began to speculate, and made a lot of money. I kept on; then

"SAUNDERS GOT WALLING TO A HOUSE IN THE LITTLE TOWN"

— I — I lost. And — and now I am — here!" He vaguely gestured with a shaking hand that indicated the forest, the guide ahead, and the man by his side.

And Saunders sighed — sighed as he had on that day when the local agent had spoken of Walling's sick wife and the daughter in college. "So it goes," he said; "and even the men who begin to do wrong for no such reason — why should it be so with them? Why?"

"God knows," said Walling, feebly troubled; divining, and in his turn sharing, the troubling, bewildered uncertainty, the doubt, the interrogation of things as they are, which lay upon the detective like an obsession.

And for hours the two men talked together. Walling, deeply, singularly interested, questioned the inspector, asking him how he had started on his career, and why, and how he had fared.

And the uncertain, almost haphazard words in answer revealed it all, and can be summed up succinctly. For twenty years Saunders had been attached to the secret service of the United States government, mainly in post-office work. He had entered it as a mere youth, through an uncle, a veteran of the service. To Saunders, as a boy, his uncle's career had been an inspiration. This uncle's adventures had been famous; in the service itself he had been admired as a genius, and his exploits became legendary. And Saunders had taken up his work as a protégé and devotee of a great artist might follow the precepts and walk in the footsteps of his master. On a few fundamental and seemingly irrefutable facts the whole fabric of his life was built. There were the laws. Infraction of laws meant punishment of the offender. In the administration of the laws there were judges, juries, lawyers, and other officials; for the infliction of punishment there were courts and prisons and the scaffold. With all that he had small concern. He was one of the men whose sole function it was to capture and deliver up to punishment the men who broke the laws. Into the laws themselves he never inquired; and although he knew from hearsay that, under the administration of State and civic governments, offenders against the laws sometimes escaped the punishment, yet it was not so with the federal government, which, when offended, ceaselessly pursued the offender.

There had come a change in the administration of his department, for political reasons, and Saunders had lost his position; whereupon he had entered the service of private agencies. He had been profoundly affected by the change. So many times the offender was allowed, for one reason or another,— lack of funds to pursue him, influence brought to bear in his behalf, and the like,— to escape; and all this had disgusted him. Then he had been engaged by the surety bond company, which *never* turned aside from the pursuit of a defaulter, and had been satisfied again. For years he had been satisfied.

But now, of late, the change had come.

"I guess I *am* growing old and weak," said Saunders; "but perhaps it is time. I will get out of the business; I am no longer sure of it — or of myself; I might be swayed from my duty, or affected ——"

"For instance," said Walling, with a half-laugh and a quick glance at his companion, "suppose that I changed my mind and decided not to go back with you?"

Saunders threw up his drooping head like a startled hound, and his somber eyes flashed darkly. "Think nothing like that, Mr. Walling. No!"

His great voice boomed out "No!" like a warning bell.

"I meant nothing serious, Mr. Saunders," said Walling hastily. "But, tell me, what will you do with yourself when you leave your work? You are not married, are you?"

"I am not. I shall try to live a little," said Saunders, "and to understand a little more about life. I shall try to have friends ——"

Again there came from Walling one of his quick, friendly, appealing smiles, a flash of his irresponsible personal magnetism. "Perhaps," he said, "by and by — perhaps *we* may be friends, and study these perplexing problems together."

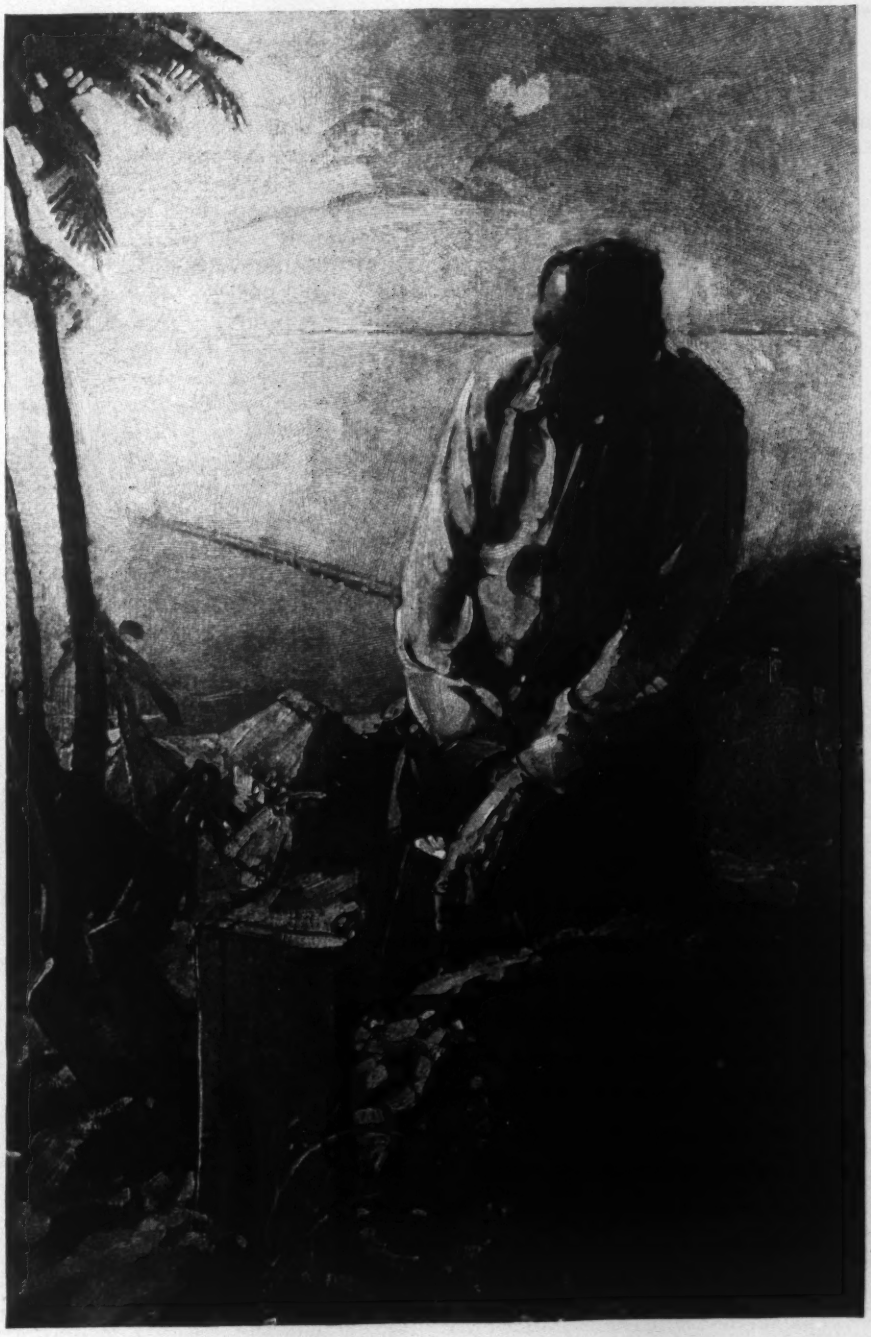
Saunders suddenly thrust out one of his huge hands, with that quickness and softness which Walling by this time had learned lay behind his somnolent, feline manner, and gripped Walling's hand in a hard grip. "The Lord grant it, Mr. Walling," he said earnestly. "Do you know, I like you!"

"Thanks," said Walling, with a trembling lip, and turned his head aside.

IV

Two days later they reached the coast, and came to a small village. On the outskirts of the foul, mist-enshrouded place they met a procession of people hurrying out to the foot-hills, bearing upon their backs their household goods, or whipping laden mules in frantic haste. The guide stopped to speak to one of these inexplicable fugitives; and then he abruptly turned and joined them, spurring his mule, so that he quickly disappeared.

Walling stared in surprise at Saunders. The latter, with a grave face, questioned a man hur-



"'POOR WALLING—IS DELIVERED FROM HIS OFFENSES. DELIVER ME!'"

rying by behind a mule. Then he turned to Walling.

"There is yellow fever in the town," he said.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Walling, and he slipped from his mule and threw himself upon the ground.

"What is it? What is it, Walling?" cried Saunders.

Walling turned a face of horror toward him. "I have the fever," he said hoarsely. "I have been sick for hours; now I know what it is. It is the fever — the fever! Oh, my God!"

"Nonsense, man!" said the inspector sharply. "This is pure fright — nervousness."

"It is the fever," whispered Walling, and laid his head in the dust.

It was.

Saunders got Walling to a house in the little town. He had his pick of all the houses. The village was absolutely deserted, save for a boatman at the mole. Three or four small vessels lay deserted. The report of the epidemic had been enough to terrify the small population. Two cases had come into port that morning, and the vessel had then been deserted by its crew, leaving two dead men on board.

Saunders left Walling for the time, and hurried to the mole, where the fisherman was hoisting sail. The fisherman offered, for ten dollars in American gold, to carry Saunders to the port of San Carlos, where there were physicians and nurses; but not for a thousand dollars — inconceivable wealth — would he take Walling on board. He cast off his rope, at the suggestion, before Saunders could leap on board.

The detective's hand flew to his back pocket. Then he swore violently. He had, for convenience, been carrying his revolver in a holster attached to his belt while traveling, and he had left his belt at the house.

Even as his hand vainly fumbled for his weapon, the fisherman looked back and hailed him.

"Come with me!" he cried. "Come with me and save your life, señor!"

And the words came winged with temptation —temptation subtle and compelling and alluring. His life! It was what he wanted, so that, at last, he might know it; at last enjoy it; at last make some use of it beyond the use that was its wont — which he had come to think of as like the use of some rigid, mute, blind part of a terrible mechanism, working why he knew not. To stay in this pest-ridden hole with a man down with the pest, with the bodies dead of the pest, and risk his life, when seaward, there in the boat, lay life?

He sighed profoundly, and turned his back on mole and harbor and boat and man, and the voice of the fisherman came back to him like a thin, sad wail:

"God guard you, señor!"

He turned back to Walling — to the man who had hoped that some time, years hence, he might be Saunders' friend. Friend!

And the friend had thought of desertion. A mournful look came into the aging man's somber eyes, and he walked with his head bent low, as a penitent walks.

But when he reached the house he was alert, ready, strong; and he set to work.

Alas, the futility of it all!

He went to his prisoner — to the man who might have been his friend — and he nursed him. He scoured the town for water, for ice, for food, for netting, for drugs. He talked with him, when talking could be done; he allowed him, one day, to write a letter to his wife.

But the end came.

One day at high noon, when the sun was beating down like sprayed flame, Walling emerged from delirium, in which he had been talking to his wife about their daughter, and looked at the hollow-eyed detective, and said:

"I'm all — in, Saunders. . . . Shake hands again. Tell — my wife — my girl — I loved them, will you? . . . I wonder — I wonder what makes a man do the things — the things he — he really doesn't want — want to do? . . ."

Saunders bent lower. The words fluttered into indistinctness; but there came a gleam of that old smile — that gay, frank, alluring smile, that emanation of personal magnetism, and Walling feebly reached for the gaunt hand near his own, feebly pressed it.

"We — we did not — did not — wait — wait to be — friends," he murmured; and his eyes closed. He said nothing more. Soon it was all over.

At sundown Inspector Saunders buried his prisoner — buried his friend; and over him he read from a book he had found in a deserted house once occupied by an Englishman, and which he had kept by him. He read, "I am the resurrection and the life," and all the awful words of the order for the burial of the dead from the Book of Common Prayer. And, when it was done, he sank on his knees by the side of the mound and repeated the phrase that he remembered best:

"Deliver me from all my offenses."

His deep, sonorous voice rang brokenly on the words.

"Poor Walling — is delivered from his offenses. Deliver me!"

THE WAYFARERS

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

XII

TO live in the same house, to meet not only at the accepted times, but in all the little passing ways — on the stairs, coming in and out of the door; to meet also in all the little unpremeditated ways that are really premeditated — the going to the library for a book, the searching over this, that, and the other, with all its pretended inconsequence and surprise; the abstraction of two people from the same room at the same time on different pretexts; the lingerings while the minutes grew toward the hour, the sudden hurried partings at a footstep, the reunion for just a moment more when the footstep did not come that way — all this unnoticed and casual intercourse with its half-secrecy and hint of the forbidden becomes a large factor in its relation to after-events, when the participants are a man and a woman. There is no influence so little regarded for the young by those in authority as the tremendous influence of propinquity.

Among all the social comings and goings at the Leverichs', the excitement of Lawson's presence held its place with Dosia. The sudden sight of his olive profile and his lithe figure, his cool, appraising gaze, his "Well, young lady?" with its ironic tone that yet conveyed a subtle kindness, his lazy, caressing expostulation, "Why not, when we are friends?" — these things made heart-beats that Dosia took pains to assure herself were of a purely Platonic nature, when she stopped at rare occasions to take tally of her emotions, though there was a continual unacknowledged inner protest, in spite of her yielding, which made her resolve each day to withdraw a little on the next. But they never talked of love; they talked only of goodness, or art, or music, or about the way you felt about different subjects, or little teasing things, like why she drew her mouth down at the corners when he looked at her, or why she had seemed to disapprove the night before. They were bound together by the hope of higher things. She met him always in the morning with the bright uplifting smile that said, "I know you will repay my confidence — for *I* believe in you!"

"I really wish Lawson would go away," said Mrs. Leverich, one day, as the two sat over their afternoon tea together.

"Why?" asked Dosia, with the suddenly concentrated composure his name always brought her outwardly. "I thought you said last week that he had improved so much."

"Oh, yes, he's had one of his good streaks lately; and he *is* a sweet fellow when he's nice — he was the dearest *little* boy! Lawson can twist me around his little finger when he wants to; he knows that he can get money out of me every time, even when he oughtn't to have it. But he can't keep up this sort of thing long, you know, he is so restless; there's bound to be a breakdown afterwards. I dread it; the breakdowns get worse, now, every time."

"Perhaps there will be no breakdown, after all," said Dosia, in an even voice, but with that sudden deep sensation of disenchantment which his sister's words always brought to her, and which lay upon her spirit like a living thing, dragging her fancy in chains. It was not alone Mrs. Leverich's words, either, that had this power; when any one spoke of Lawson it brought the same displeasing uneasiness, followed by the wonted eager remorsefulness later, when she saw him. But through each phase one foundational sense held good: he was not at all the kind of man she would ever want to marry; the whole attraction of the situation was in the fact that one could be so nobly intimate, and still keep off the danger-ground. Once or twice he had seemed to be infringing on it, and then she had turned him aside with sweet solemnity and additional inner excitement.

"CAME DOWN THE FLIGHT AT THE SIDE WITH HURRYING, STUMBLING FEET"

These were days indeed! It was Lent, but there were all the minor pleasures of luncheons and card-parties, and little evening entertainments held at Mrs. Leverich's hospitable mansion. It mattered not whether there was anything going on in the town or not; society focused at her house, with Dosia for the central point. When she thought of going back again to Lois, it was with a blank shiver.

Lois, indeed, had not been well lately. The children were out of quarantine, but she had a sore throat, and kept her room under the care of a trained nurse. Dosia had not seen her, but only Justin, who looked tired and older. Dosia was not to return now until after Easter and after the ball. Mrs. Leverich was going to give a ball for Dosia; it was to be, in a sense, her "coming out."

She had by this time become quite used to her position as daughter of the house, accepted luxuries as a matter of course, and even suggested improvements, when she found that it pleased Mrs. Leverich to have her do so. She received that lady's embraces gracefully, brought newspapers unasked for Mr. Leverich, and gave orders to the maids for her hostess. She had grown accustomed to being waited on, petted, made much of, and given presents, and blossomed like the rose under this vernal shower of kindness. Her dress, her manner, her very expression, betrayed the ease of elegance. She did not like to own, even to herself, that long conversations with Mrs. Leverich were somewhat tiresome when the subject was neither Lawson nor herself, and she learned to get out of the way of too many tête-à-têtes. This did not keep her from having a fervent gratitude for all the blessings of the situation, and a real love for the dispenser of them. Now, when the time of her stay was narrowing to a close, she clung to each day as if it neared the end of life. Every pleasure was doubly dear in that it was the last of its kind. To be sure, the fairy prince had not arrived as yet. Bailey Girard, who had come to the house while she was still a stranger to it, had been half across the Continent since. It is one of the shabby jests that life is always playing us, that two who have met once as wayfarers on the same road, with the memory of that one meeting so curiously vivid and intimate that it seems as if the fate of the next turning must bring them within touch again, are yet kept out of sight or sound of each other for miles by the slight accidents of travel. Fate, when we count upon her, is apt to be extraordinarily slow in working out her fulfilments.

Dosia hailed with delight a proposition made by Mrs. Leverich to get up a party and drive over one evening to a neighboring town to hear a lecture given there by a friend. The lecture was nothing, the friend not a very great attraction, but the expedition in itself gave an excuse for a drive, and a supper on the return to the Leverich mansion. It was early April, but the weather was unseasonably warm, and there was a golden moon. They were to go in a "barge" — the local name for a long, low, uncovered wagon, with two lateral seats, holding about thirty people. Mrs. Leverich had insisted on plenty of lap-robes and extra wrappings and even umbrellas, in spite of remonstrances. She herself did not go, but there were plenty of chaperons, little Mrs. Snow having been pressed into service as a substitute at the last moment, with every promise of mild evening weather especially beneficial to rheumatism.

Some one had a bugle that woke the echoes as the caravan drew up at each door to gather the different segments of the party. Dosia felt wild with glee as she bundled into the barge, amid merry shrieks and laughter, and found herself seated by Mr. William Snow, while Lawson took the place on the other side of her. Ada and Mr. Sutton were farther down, with Mrs. Snow near them. Opposite Dosia was a chaperon of the chaperons.

Dosia hardly knew what she was saying as she laughed and talked with the crowd, while Lawson conversed across with Mrs. Malcolmson, but the sense of his nearness never left her. Billy at last got a chance to say to her in a low, intense voice:

"Why are you always listening for what *he* says?"

Her glance followed his, and her color rose.

"Dear little Billy is rude; Billy must learn manners," she retorted gaily, but with a sharpness below the gaiety.

"I don't care whether it's rude or not. Here I'm sitting by you for the first time this week, and you don't seem to hear a word I say. I've been trying to talk to you, and you don't pay the slightest attention."

"Oh, you poor child!" said Dosia. "Would it like some candy?"

"It's no use talking to me like that," returned William stubbornly. "I know you're a year older than I am ——"

"Two," interpolated Dosia.

"It's seventeen months and three days — but that's nothing to do with it. It's no use your trying the grandmother act. I could marry you, just the same, if I *am* younger. Mrs. Sanford is two years older than her husband, and Mrs. Taylor is five years older

than hers. Lots of people do it — but that's not the point now. I'm miles older than you in everything but years. I've had experience of the world, and you haven't." His belligerent tone softened, and he looked at her tenderly as he towered above her, his blue eyes alight. "You need somebody to take care of you. I don't care whether you believe it or not; I know what I'm talking about. I wish you'd drop that fellow."

"Why?" asked Dosia, with dangerous calm.

"Why? Because — you ought to know. He isn't a gentleman; he's no good. He isn't *fit*. If he was, don't you think he'd look out for you, and not take advantage the way he does? If he had a decent spark in him, he'd never let you be seen with him; he knows it, if you don't. Why, there have been times I've seen him when you wouldn't pick him up off the road with a pair of tongs."

"Mr. Barr, will you fasten this cloak around me?" said Dosia, in a clear voice.

She turned with her back to William and leaned a little closer to Lawson, after he had helped her arrange the garment. Lawson had made every resolution to take no advantage of his position, but he was not proof against this alluring moment. His warm hand with its long, tapering fingers sought hers under cover of the lap-robe, and held it while he still talked with apparent unconcern to his matronly vis-à-vis. Once he looked around at Dosia with those teasing eyes full of laughter, and yet of something more. She could not drag her hand away without betraying the struggle, as his closed more tightly over it, though her riotous heart beat so that she feared it must get into her voice, and there was an odd feeling as if she were doing some one a wrong. Her fluttering was intoxication to Lawson.

They drove for five miles with the early spring moonlight shining silvery through the last rosy haze of the sunset, the air sweet with the scent of green grass and dewy blossomings.

Lawson did not look at Dosia as he helped her out of the wagon, nor did he come in to listen to the lecture, through which she sat pulsating at the thought of the drive home, desiring yet fearing it. Would he be near her then? Her question was answered. He helped to put every one else in the wagon, and they two came last. This time their opposite neighbors were a young couple engrossed in each other. Dosia's quick eye took in the situation at once. She was determined not to speak first, and they rode for a while in silence; then he moved nearer, and asked in a low tone:

"Why don't you look at me?"

"Why did you — hold my hand?" She spoke in a whisper that he had to bend his head to hear.

"I might tell you a good many reasons — but one will do. I am going away for good."

"What?" She turned breathlessly, with a quick pang. The night had grown very dark, but she could see the gleam of his eyes and the outlines of his olive face as it leaned over her. "Why?"

"Because —" He stopped, and his quizzical look changed into something deeper. "I believe I ought to. I've had a sort of an offer out West, and it's time I made a change."

"Is it to lead a new life?" asked Dosia, with deep and tender solemnity. Mrs. Leverich's words came back to her; this, then, had been all planned.

"Oh, let us always hope so!" said Lawson lightly. "Who knows? Perhaps I'll turn into a highly respectable individual and make money. You can't be respectable without money. I've tried it, and I know. I had a sort of an opening in Central Africa which my dear brother-in-law pressed upon me, but I decided against it."

"Central Africa!"

"Yes. I appreciated Leverich's feelings in the plan — you can't get back easily from Central Africa, if your get back at all. So I'm going, for good or bad, to a nice little mining-camp in Nevada, where you get your mail every six weeks or so, and where you can go down into your grave any way you please without scandalizing your friends. I'll be really quite out of the way."

"Out of the way!" Her heart leaped with pride in him. How little William knew of this man!

"Yes, out of everybody's way — and yours, dear little girl. I'm not good enough for much, but perhaps I'm good enough for that."

"Oh," said Dosia, distressed and fascinated by his tone of real feeling. "But why — oh, I shall miss you so much — and think of you — so much!" Her voice broke. "I can't bear to think of your going off in this way — so lonely."

There was a shriek from farther down the barge. "It's beginning to rain, it's beginning to rain!" A wild scramble ensued for cloaks and umbrellas. A furious shower was descending almost with the words, and the whole party slid off the two long seats into the straw on the bottom of the barge, and cowered under the carriage-robes pulled up around them for a shelter, showing only a mass of umbrellas above.

Lawson's quick movements had insured Dosia's protection.

"You are not getting wet at all?" He bent

"THEY TWO CAME LAST"

over her tenderly under the enveloping umbrella.

"Not at all," she whispered.

It was as if everything were a confidence now. She reverted to the subject of their conversation:

"Oh, do you think you will really not come back?"

He laughed. "Yes, I mean to — now. Of course, you know that's my chief fault — my resolutions are too frequently writ on sand." He spoke of his own weakness with the bitter yet facile contempt which too often enervates still more instead of strengthening. "Yes, I mean it. Do you wonder I took your hand? Are you sorry I'm going — is my little friend sorry? She mustn't be sorry; you know, nobody is sorry — she must be glad to get rid of me. Speak — and say it."

"No," whispered Dosia.

He pressed her arm close to him, as he held her hand and pulled the wraps around her, shifting the umbrella as the wind changed. One of the men in front lighted a lantern and held it out in the rain at arm's length, to glimmer ahead in the pitchy darkness and show the road to the driver, who held the horses at a walk. The wagon lurched and tipped in mud-holes and unexpected ridges and depressions, running up once on the edge of a bank, while the couples on the floor of it screamed and laughed. There were muttered rolls of thunder in the distance. Rain in the night had always brought back the scene of the disaster to Dosia, but she only thought now that she could not think. All of her that lived was living at this moment here.

"Why are you so silent?" he murmured headily, after an interval.

"I don't know."

"Is there anything else that you want to tell me?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, yes, you do." His voice had grown dangerously tender. "What is it?" He waited again, bending nearer. "Don't you want me to leave you — is that it? Don't you want me to leave you?"

"No," whispered Dosia.

"Then I'll stay!"

His arm slid exultingly around her waist, and his hand pressed her head down upon his shoulder, while she submitted passively, a thing of suffocating heart-beats and burning blushes, captive to she knew not what. "You oughtn't to have said that, you know, for

now I'll never go. I'll stay with you. Hush — keep still!" He held her firmly as some one spoke from the front, and he answered in a loud tone:

"Yes, Mrs. Malcolmson, it's the right road. Swing the lantern a little further around, Billy. Yes, that's the old white house; we turn there — it's all right."

He kept his attitude of attention for a few minutes, looking from under the cover of his umbrella at the huddled heaps and the umbrellas in front of him. Then Dosia felt that he was coming back to her. She tried desperately to rally her forces, to think if this was the man with whom she wanted to spend her life, her husband for all her days. Alas, she could not think! Some giant, unknown force had sapped her power of thought. She weakly took his two hands and tried to push his arm from around her waist and to raise her head from his shoulder. His arm did not move; her head sank back again. His lips were on hers — which no man had ever touched before! Those lips now were Lawson's.

"There was *one* girl kissed to-night," announced Mrs. Snow, as she took off her numerous layers of shawls and worsted head-coverings in household conclave after her return from the Leverichs'.

"It was perfectly disgraceful! Is there any hot water on the stove, Bertha? I want a glassful to drink. I hope you left a piece of stale bread in the oven for me; I feel a little need of something. Oh, yes, of course there was a supper; we had lobster Newburg and champagne, but I didn't take any; a cup of beef-tea or a little cereal would have suited me much better. It's a mercy if I haven't taken my death of cold. It was Dosia Linden's goings-on that I was speaking of; she's a bold sort of a piece, evidently, quite different from what I thought. Sh — William's gone up-stairs, hasn't he?" Mrs. Snow dropped her voice mysteriously. "My dear, she and Lawson Barr sat hidden under an umbrella all the way home, and never spoke a word. You can't tell *me!* Never said a word that any one could hear. When she came into the dining-room at the Leverichs', her face was scarlet; and she couldn't even look at any one, though she talked enough for ten while he played some queer thing on the piano. You can just ask Ada."

Miss Bertha had preserved an immovable countenance throughout the monologue, but her eye now sought her sister's and received a swift glance of confirmation from that silent and discreet damsel. The confirmation brought a shock to Miss Bertha. Fond of the trivial and unimportant in gossip, the scandal which hurt the young devolved a hurt on her, too. As mothers who have lost children feel a tenderness for those who do not belong to them, so Miss Bertha, who had lost her youth, felt toward the youth in others. Her mother's small mind yet had an uncanny power of partial divination, gained from years of experience and espial, that irritated while it impressed.

"Her face was probably red from the wind and the rain," said Miss Bertha, in a matter-of-fact tone, regardless of her mother's contemptuous sniff. "What kind of a time did you have, Ada? Did you see anything of Mr. Sutton?"

"Just a little," replied Ada temperately.

This time it was the mother's and Miss Bertha's eyes that telegraphed. "Ada, my dear, you may take my shawls up-stairs. She was with him *all* the time. I hope he saw enough of Dosia Linden's bold actions to disgust him, at any rate. Yes, my dear, everything was managed very beautifully at the Leverichs', and it was all very elegant; but she *is* a little common — Mrs. Leverich, I mean. She was really quite put out because we hadn't driven back faster. There was a Mr. Girard who had come out from the city, and she wanted Miss Dosia to meet him before he left — he had just come back from somewhere in the West. She really made quite a time about it. And there's a sort of vulgar display about her that I don't care for; you can see she's Lawson's brother. Oh, well, don't take me up so, Bertha; you know what I mean, well enough. You have such a sharp way with you sometimes, like your dear father's family. William — William!"

"Yes, mother."

"I want you to come down and put the cat out and lock up at once,— oh, you did, did you? — and kissed me good night, too, you say? I didn't notice it. And did you empty the water-pan under the ice-box, and bank up the fire, and water the big palm? Oh, very well. Then, William — *Wil-liam!* I want you to come down again, now, and take a rhinitis tablet, after the dampness of to-night."

There was an emphatic sound from above.

"He's shut his door," said Miss Bertha.

Ah, what does a girl think who has given up all her bright anticipations for a man whom she knows is not worthy? Lawson had pressed Dosia's hand only when he said good night,— there were others around,— but he had looked at her lips. She knew

how his felt upon them; their touch — more than all the murmured elusive questions and answers — had made her his.

She knelt down by the big chair in her room, and buried her hot face in the cushions, to try and think at last, with a suddenly sinking heart that feared when it should have rejoiced. He had told her that no one could make him go, now that she loved him; he would stay here. "And work for me?" she had asked, and he had answered, "Yes, and work for you." She should be so happy now, so happy! The perspective down which she had always seen her future was suddenly shortened; this was the end. Lawson Barr, the man she had been playing with at a delightful, enthralling, forbidden game, he was the man with whom she had promised to spend her life, her husband for all her days. That which was to have been her uplifting was instead something for her to carry. Suppose that she had more of those awful, clear-sighted moments which had disenchanted her when his sister spoke? No, no; that must not happen, that must not! Dosia had acquiesced in what was said about him, with the large-eyed incomprehension of the girl who pretends that she understands what every one expects her to. It meant something — she was afraid to have any one tell her what. She pretended to understand, because she was afraid some one would let her know of half-divined, unmentionable things. He was not — *good;* he drank; people despised him: but he clung to her, and she had let him kiss her, oh, not only once or twice, but many, many times. She knew in her heart, she knew, that he was what they said; but it was to be her work to help him always. When she had been with him hitherto, there had always been the excitement of feeling that the claim was temporary, to hold or not, at will, a mere pretense of a claim. Now it was real. She was bound forever!

Was the moment of disenchantment upon her now? She did not deceive herself — too late she owned the truth. What was the worst? He was weak. Then she must be strong. She thought of herself in years to come. People said you couldn't reform a man who drank — her father had been very strong on this point. She had thought of it all before, to be sure; but now — now it came home. She imagined herself keeping his house for him, getting his meals — perhaps with children; waiting, listening suspiciously for his returning footsteps; trying to keep him "straight" — perhaps not succeeding. Yes, she must succeed! People looked down on him — so they would look down on her. And while her clear and pure nature reasserted itself, and she thought, and tried pathetically to find out truth alone, her cheeks still burned, her senses owned his sway. Those intoxicating moments forced themselves upon her, whether she would or no. But the truth — the truth; below that, the truth was that she did not love him. You can carry any burden if you have the strong wings of love, but she had them not. What was to have been the crowning of her maidenhood had come to this — a sacrifice to the baser, and without love. Nay, not that, not quite that! The maternal spirit in Dosia rose and yearned over this outcast, whom nobody loved, with a tenderness which owned no thought of self. She must never think of herself any more, but only what was best for him. She was to be his wife. The word brought a choking feeling, with its thrill of mystery. She was so young — so young! Could she keep up a sacrifice always? Why had she not been able to think in this way until now? The answer came clearly in her search for truth: because she would not let herself do so. She had been warned — she had been warned.

"KNELT DOWN BY THE BIG CHAIR AND BURIED HER FACE IN THE CUSHIONS"

"Pray — it

helps." That was what she had said to him. Ah, yes! She slid to her knees; her only real help was in Heaven. She must keep her promise! She must always love him whom nobody loved, and trust him whom nobody trusted. Perhaps — perhaps when he kissed her again — She put the thought away, so that she, a child, might speak straight to God. And while she prayed Lawson was coming down-stairs with his hat on.

"You are not going out?" His sister barred the way, in a purple velvet gown, and laid a plump jeweled hand on his sleeve. The lights were already out in the drawing-room, and, beyond, the servants were removing the last traces of the supper.

He did not answer for a moment, looking at her with hard eyes, void of expression, save for a certain tenseness. It was a look she knew. Then he answered roughly:

"I'm going in on the twelve-o'clock train with some of the boys. It's no good to talk."

"Lawson! not now." Her tone was angry. "Go up-stairs — to bed."

"Well, I guess — not!" said Lawson. He swept her hand from his arm, and was out of the door and running quickly down the steps before she turned.

Dosia, on her knees, heard his step. It set her heart beating with a rush of emotions that drowned her prayer. She was his, though she had been warned.

Warned — yes; and left carelessly to her fate in a world of chaperons and parents and guardians and people who knew!

XIII

It was the night of Mrs. Leverich's grand ball. Dosia was "coming out."

The preparations had been going on for the entire week since the drive. The great house had been cleaned from top to bottom, the floors waxed, the state silver brought out and polished. Mrs. Leverich drove out half a dozen times a day with Dosia, to order or to countermand orders, to select, compare, discuss. Every arrangement that was made or thought of required discussion: what furniture was to be taken up in the attic and what left where it belonged; where the flowers were to be placed, where the musicians were to take their stand; how many small tables would be needed for the serving of the supper that was to come from town. Leverich himself had said there was to be no expense spared, and he would see to the wine; all he wanted was the privilege of asking some of his own friends. The invitations were out late, as there had been a delay in the engraving. Dosia looked at her own name on them, and tried to realize that this was indeed what Mr. Leverich called "her party." He had insisted, at his wife's suggestion, in presenting Dosia with her gown for the occasion, and had been pleased with her pretty thanks for his kindness. There was something about Mr. Leverich, with all his outer coarseness, that Dosia liked. When she spoke in a certain way, he never answered wrong, as his wife sometimes did; he understood.

Not since the night of the barge-ride had Dosia seen her lover. After her first disquiet and wonder at not seeing him at the breakfast to which she came down very late the next morning, she was relieved to hear that he had suddenly been called away earlier. He might not be back for a day or two. She longed to question more, but could not bring herself to do it, and his absence seemed to be taken as a matter of course by every one else. But there had been a note from him, after the two days were up, postmarked from the city — a mere line that said only, "For the girl I love."

"Will your brother be back for the party?" she asked Mrs. Leverich, trying to keep her color steady and ask the question casually.

"Oh, yes, indeed," the sister answered readily. "He may be back at any minute now. He'll be here on the day itself, for certain; he knows I want his help about some things."

Without Lawson's actual presence, Dosia could fashion him into the man she loved, and pitch her own key of living higher. With that higher thought and her simple earnestness of purpose, she grew sweeter, dearer, more subtly sympathetic with others. She was no girl any longer, she said to herself, but a woman; for she was loved. How would his eyes claim hers when he came? Her cheeks mantled at the thought. There was a strange tingling emotion in everything connected with him. Ah, he would be worthy — he must! Suppose he were her hero, after all? Absence supplied him with the halo.

All the village was astir over the ball, as well as the Leverich house. It was impossible to overestimate its importance. Every woman was having a new dress made, or was absorbingly renovating an old one, and every man was sick and tired of hearing about the festivity. Everybody was asked; not to have an invitation to the Leverich ball was to be outside the pale indeed. Mrs. Snow was not going, — she had taken cold on the ride, — but it was to be one of Miss Bertha's rare appearances in public; she was to chaperon Ada. Lois and Justin were coming; the former was to be one of the receiving party.

Dosia's week had been one surging thought of

"IT WAS A LOOK SHE KNEW"

Lawson, mixed with wild anticipations of the ball; yet even at dinner-time on the eventful night he had not arrived.

"Girard is coming, you know, after all," said Leverich, as they assembled for the hasty meal in a little side-room. "I met him in town to-day, and was lucky enough to get him. That's the right man for you, Dosia."

"For me!" Dosia laughed, with her rising color. "Mr. Leverich, you are always trying to find the right man for me. I don't want him!"

"You haven't met him yet," said Leverich wisely. "He's the only fellow I know that I'd be willing to have you marry. I told him you were waiting for him."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Dosia, in consternation.

"Now, don't get excited," said Leverich, smiling broadly. "I said he'd have to work to get you — that you weren't the kind of a girl that came when she was beckoned to. Oh, I put your stock 'way up."

He laughed at her horrified gaze, and then lapsed indulgently. "No, I'll confess! I didn't say anything of the kind; I was just romancing. I did tell him he'd meet a pretty nice girl — you don't mind that, do you?"

"You don't deserve to be answered," said Dosia. She went and hung over his chair caressingly for a moment before escaping from the room.

In spite of his recantation, the effect of having been offered to Mr. Girard remained the real situation — one of sudden and great intimacy. The thought of his coming to-night added to her happiness; it brought the deep pleasure inseparable from his name — it was as if something both calm and protecting had been added, like the comfortable presence of one who understood. He would sympathize, if he knew, with that high motive of duty which must uphold her, whether the glamour held or failed. He would know what it was to feel that you must be true.

As she went through the still unlighted upper hall, she came face to face with some one in an overcoat, a man who carried a valise.

"Lawson!" she whispered.

For one dreadful moment she saw him in that way she feared: shallow, insincere, unstable — was that all? Was there something indefinably odd, indefinably strange? Then she saw only the gaze that recalled everything: he loved her! That thrilling thought carried all before it; her pulses leaped to own him master, with a sudden lovely, trusting joy.

"No, no!" she whispered again, with falling eyelids, as he made a movement toward her. His lips touched her hair. "Not here! Some one is coming."

"Later, then!" he murmured assentingly, with a gleaming eye, as she eluded him and ran down the corridor to her own room.

This was to be her ball, her ball! Her

lover had come. Her dress lay on the bed, a white and airy thing; her white pearl-beaded slippers were below it on the floor. Every chair was piled high with dainty whiteness of some sort. Her dressing-table, with its candles and flowers, was like a shrine for her beauty. The mirror reflected her with loosened waves of hair and bare arms and feet, her bath-robe slipping from her shoulders. It reflected her again, fresh and gleaming, low-bodiced, short-skirted, and a-tiptoe in her pearly slippers; and again in filmy, trailing petticoats, and half-covered neck, sitting like a pictured marchioness of old in front of the dressing-table, in the shine of the candles, while Mrs. Leverich's maid piled the fair hair high on her small head. And every few minutes there was a knock at the door, and a maid brought in a box of flowers, great, delicious bunches of red and pink and white roses, and sweet peas and lilies, and violets tied with yards of lustrous satin ribbon. Dosia held out her arms for them, the dear, fragrant, heavenly things, and hung over them, and buried her face in them, and kissed them, before she sent them down-stairs, with loving protest that she should have to be parted from them until she should follow. She had not so much as dreamed of this richness of flowers for her! It was because it was her ball, her ball! And her lover had come.

There was a noise of carriages driving up to the house — the intimate friends who came first. The musicians below were beginning to tune their instruments, and the twanging of the strings touched an intenser chord of exhilaration. The long-ago dance at the bazaar — was Dosia to have another to-night to which that would be but as a shadow? For this was her ball — her ball, and the dance would be with Lawson as her lover. Her feet kept time to some fairy measure of her own.

Now she was robed in the white gown. It was like a white cloud enveloping her. Mrs. Leverich, rustling richly in pale green satin, came into the room and clasped a little thread of pearls around the slender white throat before she went down-stairs.

Lois came also, gowned in trailing blue, beautiful, but pale and cold. There was a sick look around her mouth. One or two girls ran in for a peep at the débutante. And was not Dosia coming down? Mrs. Leverich sent up word that they were all waiting for her. In a moment — Dosia would come in a moment. If they would leave her, she would be down in a moment. The music had struck up now, and swung into the preparatory strains of Lohengrin. Dosia would come in a moment.

As the bride feels who lingers for that little space alone in her chamber before facing the new joy, so felt Dosia. Her spirit cried out that this instant could never come again; she wished to feel it, to know it, forever. The mirrors reflected her with her hand on the door-knob, as she leaned half backward, her lashes touching her cheeks. . . . Then she opened the door and went down the hall to the stairs.

Dosia's beauty was of the kind that distinctly depends on the soul within, the most touching, yet the most transitory. Never in her life would she look again as she did to-night, with that lovely, childlike joy of anticipation. Deeper happiness might be hers, but never happiness of the same kind. The men at the foot of the stairs saw it, and one shaded his eyes with his hand.

The green-embowered stairway was a broad one which led to a broad landing; from thence it faced the wide doorway of the brilliantly lighted drawing-room across the hall. In there were grouped Mrs. Leverich, Lois, the rest of the receiving party, and the Misses Snow, standing near a table on which were piled the flowers sent to Dosia, their long ribbon streamers hanging down to the floor. Mr. Leverich was at the foot of the stairs, talking to Justin; beside him was George Sutton; beside him, again, was Billy Snow; at one side, in the half-shadow of some palms, was another man. Something in the turn of the shoulders was oddly familiar to Dosia; he moved suddenly, and for a second she stood with that figure in a dimly lighted tunnel. This was Bailey Girard. Hardly had this swift thought come to her than it was followed by another: Where was Lawson?

"Here is our princess descending the stairs," announced Mr. Sutton gallantly.

At that instant, as Dosia stood on the landing, with one slippered foot on the lower step, facing her little admiring world, somebody began to come down the flight at the side with hurrying, stumbling feet. It was Lawson in evening dress, his olive cheeks flushed, his eyes reckless. The men who were watching knew at once that, in common parlance, he was "not himself." Dosia, her sweet eyes raised to meet his, only knew, with a quick, half-frightened thrill, that he looked strangely unnatural. He seemed to see no one but her, as he caught up to her, saying jovially:

"You can give me that other kiss now."

Did his hand but touch her white shoulder in that suggestion of vulgar familiarity that

branded her as with a hot iron in its scorching, blinding shame? She could not blush; the blood had all gone to her stricken heart, and left her white as a snow wreath. Then Leverich sprang up the steps and took Lawson by the arm, dragging him forcibly back into the upper regions, as some of the guests began to descend. Dosia must go in, helpless, toward those staring faces. Would no one come to her aid? Justin? He had turned to speak to Lois. Billy Snow? His face was averted, his eyes on the ground. Bailey Girard, her helper once, the hero of her dreams, the man his friend had pledged for succor — Bailey Girard stood motionless.

It was George Sutton who came forward and, placing her hand in his arm, led her with old-fashioned courtesy to her place beside Mrs. Leverich. The whole incident had taken barely a moment. Dosia stood up, pale and graceful, artificially self-composed, greeting the many people who began to pour in, smiling above the enormous bouquet of bride roses that she held, and chatting in a high, thin voice. Her one immediate thought was that she must stand up straight, as if nothing had happened — stand up straight and talk.

"Has the girl no feeling?" thought Lois contemptuously. "Why, she did not even blush!"

Feeling! If Lois had known of that corpse-like feeling of death in the heart that Dosia strove to cover decently! What did those men think of her, or those women who saw? What could they think her like, to have given any man a right to act that way toward her? Yet, what had Lawson done? Nothing. He had put his hand on her shoulder — he had asked her for a kiss. That was all. It was nothing and it was everything — something that could never be undone. Through the dancing, through the flirting, through all the laughing and the talking, the words repeated themselves. What had happened? It was nothing — and it was everything. Each effort for comfort brought with it that horrible, blinding shame to surge over her more and more, as each time also she recalled the scene, the touch.

How dazzlingly bright the room was, how brilliantly showed the people, how gay the scene! One partner after another claimed Dosia. She danced and danced, and did not know she danced. This was her ball! And in all that throng there was not one person whom she could call her friend. She fancied that people were whispering as she passed them. She had but one prayer — that the evening might end. She met Justin's eyes from time to time; they looked stern and disapproving. Even Leverich had an altered expression. She knew both he and Justin blamed her, and she was right. Those who are responsible are squeamish as to the appearance of delicacy in the conduct of a young girl. Lawson was in the greater condemnation, yet there was more of personal irritation felt with her, in that such a thing had been possible. It lowered her, and it placed them all in an awkward position. Justin had said to Leverich briefly, "She had better come back to us at once," and Leverich had answered, "Well, perhaps it would be best."

William Snow stayed outside in the hall, not coming into the ball-room at all. He stood, instead, leaning against a doorway, and watched every one who approached Dosia. His brows were lowering, his attitude aggressive. He saw that George Sutton hovered around Dosia when she was not dancing, his round moon-face, suffused with pleasure, bent solicitously toward her. Once she sent him for a glass of water, and William saw that she had lapsed momentarily on a corner divan by his sister Bertha. He noticed the wistful eyes raised to the elder woman, but he did not hear her say, with a suddenly tremulous voice:

"Oh, Miss Bertha, I'm so glad to be here with you!"

"Thank you, my dear."

"I'm homesick," said Dosia, with a white smile. "Oh, Miss Bertha, I'm so homesick!" Her fancy had leaped passionately to the security of the untidy cottage in the South, with its irresponsive inmates, as if it were really the loving home she longed for.

"Homesick at a ball!" said Miss Bertha, with a kind inflection. She patted the folds of the dress near her comfortingly with her thin ungloved hand. "You oughtn't to be homesick now. You must enjoy yourself, my dear; you're young."

Something in her tone nearly brought the tears to Dosia's burning eyes. If she could only have stayed with Miss Bertha! But she was claimed for the dance. Why must you dance when you were dead? Would the ball never end?

The evening was half over when she found herself in front of Mr. Girard, with some one hastily introducing them. He had just come from up-stairs with several men, all laughing and talking together interestedly; but he hardly had been in the room at all, and she had sensitively fancied that he had kept out of her way on purpose, though she remembered hearing Leverich say that he did not know how to dance, and so did not care for balls. Now, as she had looked at him coming through the crowd, his personality made itself felt, through her dull misery, as something unaffectedly

charming and magnetic. He was tall, straight, and well made, with the square shoulders she remembered, and the easy, erect carriage of a soldier. The thick waves of his light-brown hair, his long, thin face with its large, well-shaped nose and resolute chin, all gave an impression of young vitality and power that accorded well with her thought of him. His eyes were light gray, and not very large; Dosia had seen them full of laughter a moment before, but they seemed to acquire a sudden baffling hardness now as they met hers. She had thought of him so long and intimately that his presence near her brought its exquisite suggestion of help and comfort. She looked up at him. It might help even her to be near any one as strong as that, if he were kind — as kind as she knew he could be. Her heart was in her eyes, as ever, unconsciously, as she half extended her hand.

Was it by accident that he did not see it? He bowed formally as he said: "Pardon me, but I am just on my way to the train."

He stepped aside, leaving a free passage for the youth who came pushing by to claim his dance with her, and was gone almost before she knew it. He *could* have stayed — he did not want to talk to her! She was lonely and disgraced, and the thought of Lawson an agony.

She did not see that, as Girard went into the hall, some one gripped him there and said fiercely, "Come with me!" Billy Snow, his

"LIKE A PICTURED MARCHIONESS OF OLD"

eyes blazing, had pulled him out on the piazza beyond.

"'You've got to answer to me for that," he stuttered. "You've got to answer to me for that, Mr. Girard. Why did you turn away from Do — from Miss Linden like that?"

"What right have you to ask?" questioned the other man coolly, but with a sudden frown.

"None, except that I — love her," said Billy, with a queer, boyish catch in his voice. "Yes, I love her, and she doesn't care a snap of her finger for me. But I don't care; I love her anyway, and I always shall. I'm proud to!" The catch came again. "She may step on me, if she wants to. You saw what happened here to-night when that damned brute —" He made a gesture toward the hallway.

Girard made no answer, but looked into vacancy for a moment. Before the sight of both of them came a vision of Dosia in all the radiance of her beautiful innocence, the flush on her cheek, and the divine, shy look in her eyes when she first raised them to Lawson, before it changed to ——

"You saw what happened here to-night," said Billy, with renewed heat at the other's silence. "I don't care what *he* said, or what you think; she's no more to blame than ——"

The other stopped him with a quick, peremptory gesture.

"You mistake," he said shortly. "You're speaking to the wrong person. *I* saw nothing. I don't know what you mean, and I don't want to."

"What!" cried William, staring.

"Let me give you a piece of advice," said Girard incisively, with an odd whiteness in his face. "Don't you know better than to bring the name of a woman into a discussion like this? If a girl needs no defense — by Heaven, she needs none! And that's the end of it. Only a fool talks."

"Yes," said William, with a sharp breath, after a pause,—"yes; thank you — I'll remember. But when I meet *him*—" He stopped significantly.

"Oh, whatever you please!" said Girard, spreading out his hands lightly, with a smile and a quick, steely gleam in his eyes that cut like a simitar.

"Sorry I've got to go — my overcoat is just inside. No, I don't want to ride; I'd rather walk. Good-by!"

He went off in a moment, with long strides, down the carriage-drive to the station, the dance-music growing fainter in the distance. She was dancing still. Her face — her pure, sweet, pleading child's face — went with him through the moonlight. He knew that look! When helpless things were hurt like that — He couldn't talk to her that night, nor touch her hand, because of that burning desire to leap on Lawson Barr and choke the life out of him first.

XIV

The morrow after the ball was drawing to a close in darkening clouds and an eery, rushing wind. It had been one of the gray, cold days of spring, with a leaden sky and a pervading damp and chill — a long, long day to some of those in the Leverich house. Rumor whispered that Lawson had been found upon the highroad in the early morning, unconscious, with his face and head cut, and that there were tracks yet on the side piazza from the feet of those who had carried him in from the muddy roads. Rumor said that the wounds had not come from accident. The doctor's carriage had been seen there, and had gone again; but the doctor might have come to see Miss Linden, who was also said to be prostrated and in bed, or Mrs. Leverich, who was excused to callers as having a headache. The great house was silent and deserted-looking inside, except for the servants engaged in setting it to rights and carrying the furniture down from the attic, where it had been stored overnight.

Only a few even of the inmates — of whom Dosia was one — knew that Lawson was in an upper room, with his head bandaged, sobered and sullen, watching through the wide windows the gray clouds shifting overhead, as he waited the completion of the arrangements that were to take him at nightfall a couple of thousand miles away. Leverich had put his foot down this time: Lawson was to go. He was bringing his vices too near home. Concealment was no longer possible. All his unsavory hidden past rose to make a fetid exhalation about his name that also affected Dosia's.

"It's no use," he had said to his wife, in a stormy interview that morning; "I won't have the fellow here another day. I'll ship him off to Nevada, and not another penny will I give him while he lives. He can sink or swim, for all me; and he *will* sink — down to hell."

"Oh, don't say that you won't send the poor boy any money," pleaded his wife.

"Not a red. I've had enough of him, Myra. *You* know! As long as he could appear halfway decent, I was willing to carry my end; but he's going to the dogs now too fast for me. I've done with him; he goes to-night, whether he's able to or not."

Dosia was not to leave the house until the next day. Mrs. Leverich, impelled by what

"'WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE GOINGS-ON?'"

sometimes seems to be the very demon of hospitality, still pressed her to stay longer, while knowing that her absence would be a relief.

"It is too bad that you want to go like this," she had said crossly, sitting in gorgeous negligée by the side of Dosia's bed, her handsome, richly colored face showing mean lines in it. "I looked upon you quite as a daughter; I thought we would have such nice times together. Why on earth couldn't you let Lawson alone, as I told you to? Then none of this would have happened." Her tone was complaining, as of one compelled to suffer unnecessarily; there was such a total absence of warmth as to prove that shown before as but a tinsel glow. Mrs. Leverich hated unpleasant things; discomfort of any kind gave her an injured feeling. If there had been a glamour around Dosia, the glamour had departed. What little depth the nature of Myra Leverich contained was all in the tie of blood, which made her resent any imputation on Lawson.

"I suppose you'd like to rest up-stairs to-day, and have your meals in your room," she went on in a businesslike way. "I'll send Martha up to pack your trunk for you — that is, if you insist on going — if she's not too busy. The servants have so much to do to-day."

"Oh, I can pack it myself," said Dosia. What did one stab the more matter now? She took Mrs. Leverich's hands impulsively. "You've been so good, so kind to me — you've given me so many pretty things,"— her voice sank to a whisper,—"it doesn't seem to me that I ought to keep them now. I want to give them back to you."

"What is it you say?" asked Mrs. Leverich impatiently. "You speak so low, I can hardly hear you. Oh, these!" She turned to a little pile of jewel-cases on the table. "Why, I gave them to you to keep. Well, if you feel that way about it — these pearls, perhaps. But the pins were quite inexpensive. Do keep them; really, there's no reason why you shouldn't, you know."

"I'd rather not," said Dosia; and her hostess gathered the things when she went out.

It was a long day — a long, long day. From the bed where Dosia lay, she saw the gray clouds shifting, shifting endlessly above through the opening made by the parted window-curtains. What had happened? Nothing — and everything; nothing — and everything!

Gossip reigned in the village, carrying Dosia and Lawson up and down its gamut, even reaching the high crescendo of a secret marriage, with the inevitably hinted smirching reasons therefor. The Leverich ball promised to supply subject-matter for many a day to come. Mrs. Snow, from as early as eleven o'clock in the morning, sat with a white worsted shawl wrapped around her — the sign of elegant leisure — and rocked in the green-bowered and steaming little sitting-room between the geraniums and the begonias while awaiting visitors. She greeted each one who "ran in" with the invariable remark:

"I suppose you know all about the Leverichs' ball last night. Well, what do you think of the

goings-on there?" being intent mousingly on getting every last little cheesy crumb of detail, and peacefully unaware of deep, rich stores concealed in her own family. The incident of the stairway was common property, but Miss Bertha had told nothing of Dosia's little heart-breaking confidence to her. Her mother was amazed at the very conservative disapproval expressed by this elder daughter, turning for confirmation of her own views to her callers.

"I thought, before all this, that the girl was a bold thing," she announced in virtuous condemnation. "It's all very well for you to try and defend her, Bertha, but neither you nor Ada would have gone on in that way. — Oh, yes, Mrs. Willetts, my dear, he kissed her on the stairs — just as they all say. But that was the least part of it. They say his *manner* to her — And he was — yes, exactly. Oh, a man doesn't take liberties, in *such* a way, unless a girl has allowed a good deal. It's evident that they've — been — pret-ty — intimate. I'm sorry for the Alexanders; they'll have a handful in her. Bertha, will you knock on the window? The man with the eggs is passing by, and we want three. *Bertha!* you are not paying any attention to me. She is not herself at all to-day, Mrs. Willetts, she looks so yellow. Yes, you do, Bertha. Don't you think she's very yellow, Mrs. Willetts?"

"Perhaps it is the light," suggested Mrs. Willetts evasively.

"No, it's not the light; it's the late hours," said Mrs. Snow. "I did not want her to go to the ball; late hours knock her up for days. William shows the effect of it, too — his right hand is all swelled up. He says he doesn't know how it got so, but I think it's from dancing too much ——"

"Mother!" expostulated Miss Bertha.

"Well, my dear, I don't see why you speak to me like that. I'm not in my second childhood yet! I don't know why he couldn't get a swelled hand from dancing; some of these young girls are so athletic, they grip your fingers like a vise — I know *I* find it very unpleasant. Don't you remember — no, of course you don't, but I do — how poor General Grant's hand was puffed out to twice its size from people shaking it? The picture of it was in all the papers at the time."

"I don't think William danced much," said Ada.

Mrs. Snow pursed her pale lips and shook her small, neat head.

"All I know is that he was quite worn out; he slept so heavily that he never heard me at all when I rattled at his door-knob and called to him at three o'clock this morning that I thought I heard some one on the porch below his window. It's very odd — I've heard it before. I don't think it's cats, and I'm so afraid of tramps."

The statuesque Ada looked up with a swiftly startled expression.

"There are always tramps around," said Mrs. Willetts.

"Yes, I know it, and it worries me to have William out so late alone. William is nothing but a child, though he is so tall," said Mrs. Snow. "Of course, last night his sisters were with him." She paused before harking back to the appetizing theme. "They say Miss Linden is still staying at the Leverichs'. *I* shouldn't think she'd stay there an hour longer than she could help. They say Mrs. Alexander refused to have her back again at first — did you hear that? They say ——"

And in Dosia's room, where she lay alone, the long, silent day wore on; the gray clouds shifted, shifted above. What had happened? Nothing — and everything.

If Leverich was to keep his word about Lawson, the preparations for his departure must be speedy. They also took money. Leverich could contract for any amount of expenditure to be paid in the future by large drafts, but to hand over five hundred on the minute in cash was at certain times and hours an irritatingly difficult procedure. He cursed the necessity now, with a fervor born of the disastrous ball, and the late hours, and the further fact that stocks had gone down suddenly and he was out on a deal. The gray clouds meant also, in the city, clouds of dust, which the raw wind swept snarlingly into his eyes every time he had occasion to go out. As he was getting ready at last to go home with the purchased tickets, he looked up and saw Justin coming in. Leverich nodded to the other's greeting, but did not otherwise return it.

"I won't ask you to sit down," he said curtly; "I want to catch the four-o'clock train out. How are you getting on? All right?"

"All wrong."

"What's the matter?"

"This," said Justin, with a white light in his eyes, and holding out a letter which the other took half reluctantly, relapsing mechanically into the chair by his desk, while Justin dropped straddle-legged into another opposite, his face looking over the back of it, around which his arms were clasped. He went on talking, while the other slowly unfolded the paper and looked at the heading.

"You remember those first big consignments we sent out after the fire? Well, the whole output was rotten!"

"Great heavens!" said the other, sitting up

straight, with his eyes stuck to the lines. "Are you sure it's as he says?"

"Sure? It's the sixth letter of the kind we've had in ten days; three came in this morning's mail. The packing-room is full now of returned machines — what we'll do with the rest I don't know. A couple of firms want the instruments duplicated; the rest want their money back. We talked big at first; thought it was a mistake — that's why I didn't speak of it to you. But it's no mistake; the whole output's rotten. The bars are rusted and bent, so that everything's out of gear; it would cost more to repair the machines than to make new ones."

"Were the bars those you got from Cater?" asked Leverich.

"Yes."

Leverich whistled.

"It's no fault of his; those he used were all right. Bullen says they must have been a fraction off size for us, and that did the business. Heaven only knows how many more letters we'll get! I don't see how we're to pay up and get out of it, as it is."

"Yes," said Leverich, throwing the letter down on the desk, drumming on it with the ends of his fingers. Then he shrugged his big shoulders as if shunting the burden from them as he rose. "Well, I must go. Sorry I can't help you out, but Martin's away now. By the way, when you can pay up on that interest, we'll be glad to have it. We've been going pretty easy with you, you know, but it can't last forever. We've got to have our money, as well as other people." He had not meant to say anything of the kind, but the bad news and the inferred appeal had accented the irritation of the day.

"Oh, certainly," said Justin, with a swift gleam in his blue eyes, and a pride that could be large enough to make contemptuous allowance for a little meanness in the man from whom he had received benefits. He had counted on Leverich's ready help in this trouble, but there was more between the two men than the money. From the first moment of meeting this afternoon, Dosia's name, unspoken, had correlated in each a little hidden spring of antagonism. One of Justin's womenkind had misused Leverich's hospitality; both resented the fact and her enforced departure. How many business situations have been made or marred by domestic happenings, no history of finance will ever tell.

And still the long day wore on in Dosia's silent room.

The preparations for Lawson's going were all made before the nightfall that was to cover his exit. His trunk had gone; his coat and hat and hand-luggage were stacked conveniently together on a chair in the empty, cleared-out room.

"And this is the last money you'll ever get from me," Leverich said, counting out the bills on the table by which Lawson sat uneasily, his head and part of his swollen, discolored face bandaged, his dark eyes glancing furtively from under their heavy lids. "There are your tickets; they'll carry you through. Peters will be at the door with the carriage at nine to take you to the train here, and James will go over with you to the terminal and put you on the sleeper. You can't get out too fast for me."

"It's kind of you to kick a fellow when he's down," said Lawson sardonically.

"It's a pretty expensive kick," returned Leverich grimly, "but it's the last. You'll never get a cent more from me, nor from Myra either, if I know it."

"Oh, very well," said Lawson indifferently. But when his sister came in afterward alone, he cut her words short; through all her plaintive farewell complainings there was a manifestly cheerful prevision of relief when he should be gone.

"I've had enough of this — don't come in here again. He says you're to send me no money; but you're to send me all I want — you hear?"

"Oh, Lawson!"

"You know why you'd better." He fixed his eye on her threateningly, and the full color blanched suddenly from her face.

"Yes, yes, I will." She made an effort to recover herself. "If you realized how used up I am over all this ——"

"Don't come in here again!" His rising voice, the glance he shot at her, sent her flying from the room. It was as if some crouching animal were about to leap a barrier between them.

The shifting gray clouds were darkening now into a solid mass; the eery wind that had sprung up whined fitfully around the corners of the house, as he sat there waiting. After a while the door opened and shut; there was a soft, rustling noise. Lawson looked up, and saw Dosia against that background of the darkening sky. She was in a white silken gown, given her by Mrs. Leverich, that fell in straight folds from her waist to her feet. She had been in white the night of the ball. But her face! He put his hand involuntarily across his eyes. So pinched, so wan, so small, so piteously changed that face, he did well to hide the sight of it from him. Only her eyes — those eyes that were the mirrors of Dosia's soul — showed

that she still lived; in them was a steadfastness and a purpose won from death.

She came straight toward him, though with a slow and languid step, dragging a low chair forward to a place by his. His rough appearance, so different from his usual carelessly well-cared-for aspect, sent a momentary spasm over her pinched face, but that was all. She dropped into the chair as one who found it difficult to stand, saying after a moment's silence, in a childlike voice:

"Please take your hand down from your eyes; please don't mind looking at me."

He dropped the hand heavily on the table, with some inarticulate protest.

"Please don't mind looking at me. I want to say — I came here to say — it is all wrong to act as if everything were all your fault, as if you were all to blame. I've been thinking, thinking, thinking, all day long. If I had done what was right, none of this would have happened. It was my fault too."

"No!" said Lawson roughly.

"Yes." She stopped, and repeated solemnly: "It was my fault too. They are sending you away now because — because you had been making love to me. But I let you"— her locked fingers twisted and untwisted as she talked —"I *wanted* you to, when I knew it was wrong, when I didn't really love you. That was why you couldn't respect me. If I had been quite high and good, you would not have — none of this would have happened."

"Oh!" said Lawson; the old bitter, mocking smile flickered back to his lips. "Really, don't you think you're setting too much value even on *your* influence? I assure you, you can have quite a clear conscience in that regard."

She went on, with no attention to what he had been saying beyond the fact that her pale cheek seemed to whiten and her gaze was fixed the more solemnly on his.

"I couldn't be satisfied until I had thought out the truth. There is nothing that satisfies but the truth." Her voice sank to a whisper. "If it cuts your heart in two, you've got to bear it — and be glad — because it's the truth. I know now that, after all, I didn't help you; I *hindered*. That's all the more reason for me to stand by you now. And I came to say,"— she took his hand and laid her cold cheek upon it,— "if you go away — take me with you! I have enough money to go too. If you have to work, I'll work; if you are hungry, I'll be hungry. There is no one to love you but me, and I *will*. I said I would believe in you, and I will believe in you — as I promised — always."

"My God!" said Lawson. He tore his hand from her, and flung his head upon his folded arms on the table, breaking into great, voiceless sobs that shook him from head to foot. Half-inarticulate words fell from him: "Don't touch me — don't come near me!" At last he turned, and, gathering up a fold of her gown, kissed it again and again. His passion raised a faint stir of the old thrill that came from she knew not where, except that his presence inevitably called it forth.

"For this once you may believe in me," he said. "Look at me!" His gaze, burning with an inner scorn, rested on hers. "You are the dearest, the loveliest —" His voice broke once more; he had to wait before he could regain it. "If I were to let you sink your life with mine, I'd deserve to be hung. I've let you talk as if you could help me. Well, you can't, and I'll tell you why — I'll clear your conscience of me forever. Down at the bottom of it all, I don't want to be helped. I don't want to be made better. I don't want to live a different life! There are moments when I've deceived myself as well as you; but it was all rot. It's not that I'm not fit for you,— no man's that! — but I'm made so that I'd rather go to the devil than be fit for you. The more you cared for me, the more I'd drag you down. That's the whole brutal truth. The one saving grace I own is that I tell it to you now."

"Ah, no, no!" said Dosia, with a cry. "It can't be so." She turned her head from side to side, as one looking for succor. Her composure was failing her, after so many cruel knife-thrusts in her already bleeding heart. She yearned over him with a compassion and longing too great to bear.

"Dosia," said Lawson, standing up; his altered voice sounded far away in her ears.

"Yes," she answered, rising also, she knew not why.

"This is good-by."

She did not speak, but looked at him. His face seemed to lose the marks of dissipation and bitterness, and became strangely boyish, strangely sweet, in its expression.

"See!" he said, "I could clasp my arms around you, as I'm longing to, and kiss your darling mouth. You'd let me, wouldn't you, blessed one? For all that I've done or all that I've been, you'd let me?"

"Yes," whispered Dosia, trembling.

"Then remember it of me, for one poor thing of good, that I did not — that I was man enough to keep you free of me at the last. I'll never touch you again — no, not so much as the hem of your gown. And, so help me God, I'll never look upon your face again."

"Lawson, Lawson!"

"I'll never see your face again. When you

think of me, believe and pray that I'll keep my word. I want to have the thought of you to die with."

"I can't bear it!" wailed Dosia suddenly.

"Good-by."

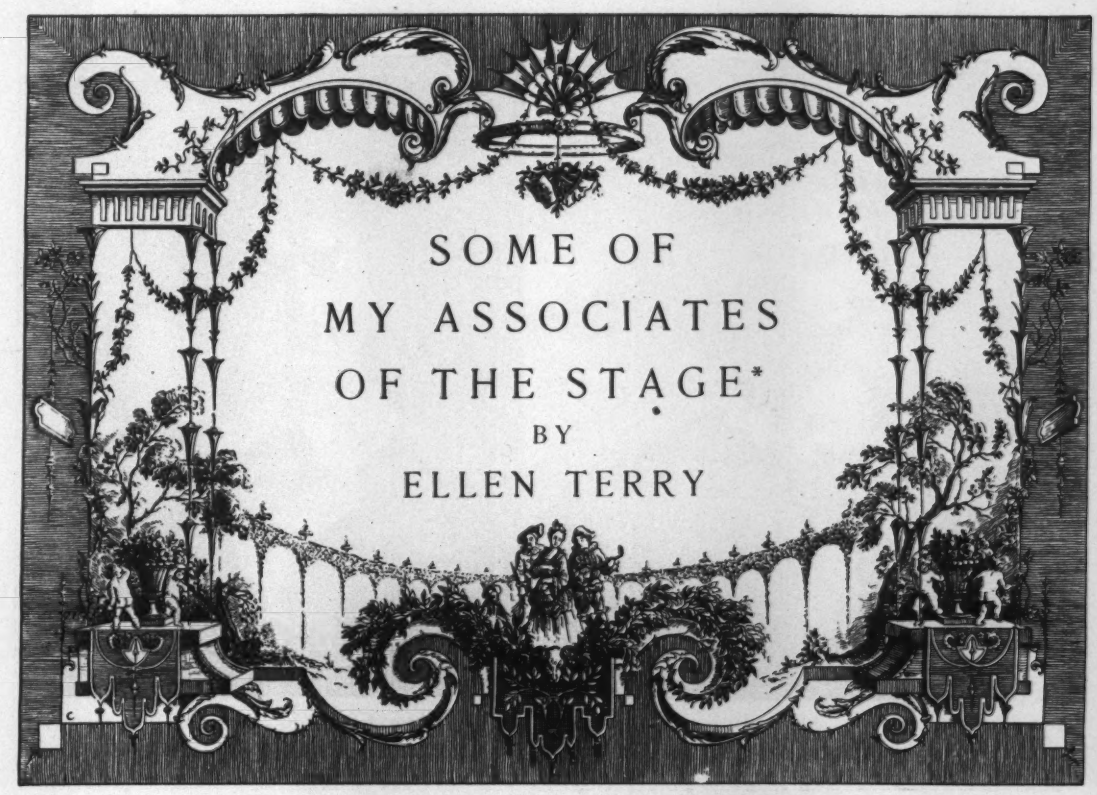
She made a motion as if to fling herself upon his breast, and his gesture stayed her. They stood, instead, looking at each other. The room faded away from before them in those moments that were of eternity. The past, the present, the future, crept up now and stood between them, pushing them farther and farther away from each other, farther and farther, till even parting had become a fact long ago lived through and grown dim. They were neither man nor woman, but two souls who saw truth, and beyond it something beautifully just, even comforting.

Through the high window, the darkening sky had become suddenly luminous where it touched the horizon.

Slowly she moved away from him — slowly, slowly. One last lingering, solemn look, and the door had closed.

TO BE CONTINUED

"FLUNG HIS HEAD UPON HIS FOLDED ARMS"



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM A DRAWING BY ERIC PAPE

"ARE you affected by adverse criticism?" I was asked once. I answered then, and I answer now, that legitimate adverse criticism has always been of use to me, if only because it "gave me to think"—furiously. Seldom does the outsider, however talented as a writer and observer, recognise the actor's art, and often we are told that we are acting best when we are showing the works most plainly, and denied any special virtue when we are concealing our method. Professional criticism is helpful, chiefly because it induces one to criticise one's self. "Did I give that impression to any one? Then there must have been something wrong somewhere." The "something" is often a perfectly different blemish from that to which the critic drew attention.

Unprofessional criticism is often more helpful still, but, alas! one's friends are to one's faults more than a little blind, and to one's virtues very kind! It is through letters from people quite unknown to me that I have sometimes learned valuable lessons. During the run of "Romeo and Juliet" some one wrote and told me that if the dialogue at the ball could be taken in a lighter and *quicker* way, it would better express the manner of a girl of Juliet's age. The same unknown critic pointed out that I was too slow and studied in the Balcony Scene. She — I think it was a woman — was perfectly right.

My Dresser, Sally Holland

My dresser, Sarah Holland, came to me, I think, during "Romeo and Juliet." I never had any other dresser at the Lyceum, except Sally's sister Lizzie, who dressed me during the first few years. Sally stuck to me loyally until the Lyceum days ended. Then she perceived a divided duty. On one side was "the Guv'nor," with "the Guv'nor's" valet Walter, to whom she was devoted; on the other was a precarious in-and-out job with me — for after the Lyceum I never knew what I was going to do next. She chose to go with Henry; and it was she and Walter who dressed him for the last time, when he lay dead in the hotel bedroom at Bradford.

Sally Holland's two little daughters "walked on" in "Romeo and Juliet." Henry always took an interest in the children in the theatre and was very kind to them. One night, as we

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Photographs by W. & D. Downey, London, S. W.

WILLIAM TERRISS AS ROMEO AND AS DON PEDRO

came down the stairs from our dressing-rooms to go home,—the theatre was quiet and deserted,—we found a small child sitting forlornly and patiently on the lowest step.

"Well, my dear, what are you doing here?" said Henry.

"Waiting for mother, sir."

"Are you acting in the theatre?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what part do you take?"

"Please, sir, first I'm a water-carrier, then I'm a page, and then I'm a virgin."

Henry and I sat down on the stairs and laughed until we cried! Little Flo Holland was one of the troop of "virgins" who came to wake Juliet on her bridal morn. As time went on she was promoted to more important parts, but she never made us laugh so much again.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY

WHO PLAYED HERO IN THE LYCEUM PRODUCTION OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

Her mother was a "character," a dear character. She had an extraordinarily open mind, and was ready to grasp each new play as it came along as a separate and entirely different field of operations. She was also extremely methodical, and only got flurried once in a blue moon. When we went to America and made the acquaintance of that

FRANK BENSON

WHO PLAYED PARIS IN "ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE LYCEUM IN THE ABSENCE OF GEORGE ALEXANDER

dreadful thing, a "one-night stand," she was as precise and particular about having everything nice and in order for me as if we were going to stay in the town a month. Down went my neat square of white drugget; all the lights in my dressing-room were arranged as I wished; everything was unpacked and ironed. One day when I came into some American theatre to dress, I found Sally nearly in tears.

"What's the matter with you, Sally?" I asked.

"I 'aven't 'ad a morsel to heat all day, dear, and I can't 'eat my iron."

"Eat your iron, Sally! What *do* you mean?"

"'Ow am I to iron all this, dear?" wailed my faithful Sally, picking up my Nance Oldfield apron and a few other trifles. "It won't get 'ot."

Until then I really thought that Sally was being sardonic about an iron as a substitute for victuals!

When she first began to dress me I was very thin, so thin that it was really a grief to me. Sally would comfort me, in my thin days, by the terse compliment:

"Beautiful and fat to-night, dear."

As the years went on, and I grew fat, she made a change in the compliment:

"Beautiful and thin to-night, dear."

Tormenting a Nervous Actor

Mr. Fernandez played Friar Laurence in "Romeo and Juliet." He was a very nervous actor, and it used to paralyse him with fright when I knelt down in the Friar's cell, with my back to the audience, and put safety-pins in the drapery I wore over my head to keep it in position, while I said the lines:

> Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
> Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Not long after the production of "Romeo and Juliet" I saw the performance of a Greek play — the "Electra," I think — by some Oxford students. A young woman veiled in black, with bowed head, was brought in on a chariot. Suddenly she lifted her head and looked around, revealing a face of such pure classic beauty and a glance of such pathos that I called out:

"What a supremely beautiful girl!"

Then I remembered that there were no women in the cast! The face belonged to a young Oxford man, Frank Benson.

Frank Benson as Paris

Henry Irving engaged him to play Paris, in "Romeo and Juliet," when George Alexander, the original Paris, left the Lyceum for a time. Already Benson gave promise of turning out quite a different person from the others. He was easily distinguished as a man with a purpose, one of those workers who "scorn delights and live laborious days."

SARAH HOLLAND, ELLEN TERRY'S DRESSER

Those laborious days led him at last to the control of two or three companies, all travelling through Great Britain, playing a Shakespearian repertoire. A wonderful organiser, a good actor (oddly enough, the more difficult the part, the better he is — I like his Lear), and a man who has always been associated with high endeavour, Frank Benson's name is honoured all over England. He was only at the Lyceum for this one production, but he always regarded Henry Irving as the source of the good work that he did afterward.

"Thank you very much," he wrote to me, after his first night as Paris, "for writing me a word of encouragement. . . . I was very much ashamed and disgusted with myself all Sunday for my poverty-stricken and thin performance. . . . I think I was a little better last night; indeed, I was much touched at the kindness and sympathy of all the company and their efforts to make the awkward new boy feel at home. . . . I feel doubly grateful to you and Mr. Irving for the light you shed from the lamp of art on life, now that I begin to understand the labour and weariness the process of trimming the lamp entails."

"Much Ado about Nothing"

Our success with "The Belle's Stratagem" had pointed to comedy, to Beatrice and Benedick in particular, because in Mrs. Cowley's old comedy we had had some scenes of the same type. I have already told of

SCENE FROM "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

TAKEN DURING MISS TERRY'S JUBILEE PERFORMANCE IN 1906. NINETEEN MEMBERS OF MISS TERRY'S FAMILY ARE REPRESENTED IN THIS PICTURE

my first appearance as Beatrice at Leeds, and said that I never played the part so well again; but the Lyceum production was a great success, and Beatrice a great personal success for me. It is only in high comedy that people seem to know what I am driving at!

The stage-management of the play was very good, the scenery nothing out of the ordinary except for the Church Scene. There was no question that it *was* a church, hardly a question that old Mead was a friar. Henry had the art of making ceremonies seem very real.

This was the first time that we engaged a singer from outside. Mr. Jack Robertson came into the cast to sing "Sigh No More, Ladies," and made an enormous success.

Johnston Forbes Robertson made his first appearance at the Lyceum as Claudio. I had not acted with him since "The Wandering Heir," and his improvement as an actor in the ten years that had gone by since then was marvellous. I had once said to him that he had far better stick to his painting and become an artist instead of an actor. His Claudio made me "take it back." It was beautiful. I have seen many young actors play the part since then, but not one of them made it anywhere near as convincing. Forbes Robertson put a touch of Leontes into it, a part which some years later he was to play magnificently, and, through the subtle indication of consuming and insanely suspicious jealousy, made Claudio's offensive conduct explicable at least. On the occasion of the performance at Drury Lane which the theatrical profession organised in 1906 in honour of my Stage Jubilee, one of the items in the programme was a scene from "Much Ado about Nothing." I then played Beatrice for the last time, and Forbes Robertson played his old part of Claudio.

Forbes Robertson Paints the Lyceum Company

During the run Henry commissioned him to paint a picture of the Church Scene, which was hung in the Beefsteak Room. The engravings printed from it were at one time very popular. When Johnston was asked why he had chosen that particular moment in the Church Scene, he answered modestly that it was the only moment when he could put himself as Claudio at the "side"! Some of the other portraits in the picture are Henry Irving, Terriss, who played Don Pedro, Mr. Fernandez as Leonato, Jessie

From the collection of Miss Frances Johnston

ELLEN TERRY AS BEATRICE

Millward as Hero, Mr. Howe as Antonio, Mr. Glenny as Don John, Miss Amy Coleridge, Miss Hallwood, Mr. Mead, and his daughter, "Charley" Mead, a pretty little thing who was one of the pages.

The Lyceum Company was not a permanent one. People used to come, learn something, go away, and come back at a larger salary! Miss Winifred Emery left for a time, and then returned to play Hero and other parts. I liked her Hero better than Miss Millward's. Miss Millward had a sure touch, strength, vitality, interest; but Miss Emery had far more distinction and poetry.

Miss Emery came to us during "The Belle's Stratagem" and played the part that I had played years before at the Haymarket. She was bewitching and, in her white wig in the ballroom, beautiful as well. She knew how to bear herself on the stage instinctively, and could dance a minuet to perfection. The daughter of Sam Emery, a great comedian in a day of comedians, and the granddaughter of *the* Emery, it was not surprising that she should show aptitude for the stage.

Henry used to spend hours and hours teaching people. I used to think impatiently: "Acting can't be taught." Gradually I learned to modify this conviction, and to recognise two classes of actors:

1. Those who can *only* do what they are taught.

2. Those who cannot be taught, but can be helped by suggestion to work out things for themselves.

Henry said once: "What makes a popular

From the collection of Miss Frances Johnston

ELLEN TERRY AS BEATRICE

actor? Physique! What makes a *great* actor? Imagination and sensibility." I tried to believe it. Then I thought to myself: "Henry himself is not quite what is understood by an actor of physique — and certainly he is popular! And that he is a great actor I know. He certainly has both imagination and sense and sensibility."

After the lapse of years I begin to wonder if Henry was ever really *popular*. It was natural to most people to dislike his acting; they found it "queer," as some find Whistler's painting; but he forced them, almost against their will and nature, out of dislike into admiration. They had to come up to him, for never would he go down to them. This is not popularity.

Brain allied with the instinct of the actor tells, but stupidity allied with the instinct of the actor tells more than brain alone. I have sometimes seen a clever man who was not a born actor play a small part with his brains, and have felt that the cleverness was telling more with the actors on the stage than with the audience.

Terriss, like Mrs. Pritchard, if we are to believe what Dr. Johnson said of her, often did not know what on earth he was talking about! One morning we went over and over one scene in "Much Ado,"— at least a dozen times, I should think, — and each time, when Terriss came to the speech beginning:

What needs the bridge much broader than the flood?

he managed to give a different emphasis. First it would be:

What! *Needs* the bridge much broader than the flood?

Then:

What needs the bridge *much* broader than the flood!

After he had been floundering about for some time, Henry said:

"Terriss, what's the meaning of that?"

"Oh, get along, Guv'nor, *you* know!"

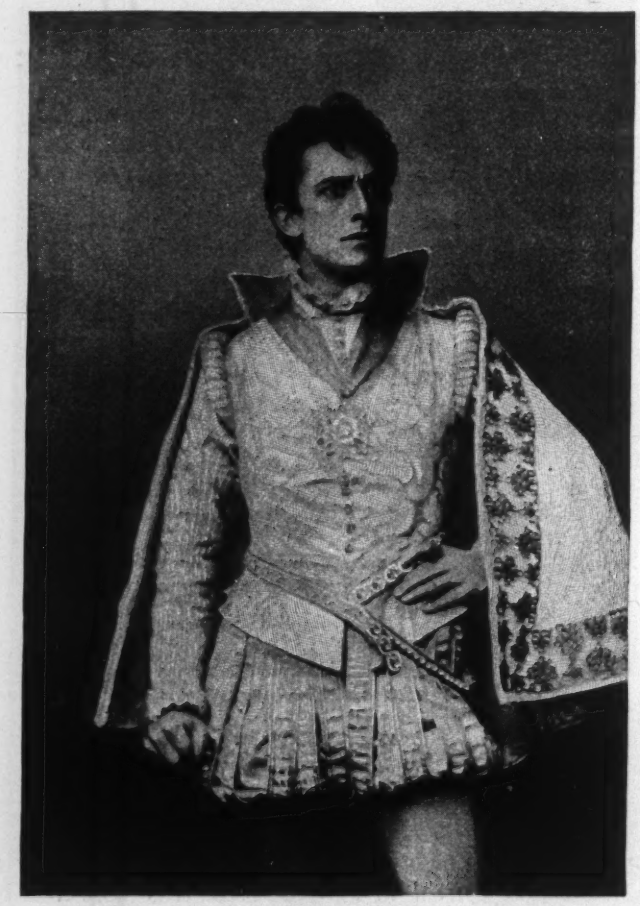
Henry laughed. He never could be angry with Terriss, not even when he came to rehearsal full of absurd excuses.

One day, however, he was so late that it was past a joke, and Henry spoke to him sharply.

"I think you'll be sorry you've spoken to me like this, Guv'nor," said Terriss, casting down his eyes.

"Now, no hanky-panky tricks, Terriss."

"Tricks, Guv'nor! I think you'll regret having said that, when you hear that my poor mother passed away early this morning."



JOHNSTON FORBES ROBERTSON

AS CLAUDIO IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

And Terriss wept.

Henry promptly gave him the day off. A few weeks later, when Terriss and I were looking through the curtain at the audience just before the play began, he said to me gaily:

"See that dear old woman sitting in the fourth row of stalls? That's my dear old mother." The wretch had quite forgotten that he had killed her!

ELLEN TERRY AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"

FROM A DRAWING BY ERIC PAPE

Terriss, the Heaven-Born Actor

As I look back, I remember no figure in the theatre more remarkable than Terriss. He was one of those heaven-born actors who, like kings by divine right, can, up to a certain point, do no wrong. He had very little talent, brain, taste, or knowledge; yet he "got there," while many cleverer men stayed behind. He had unbounded impudence, yet so much charm that no one could ever be angry with him. Sometimes he reminded me of a butcher-boy, as he flashed past, whistling, on the high seat of his cart; or of Phaethon driving the chariot of the sun — pretty much the same thing, I imagine! When he was "dressed up," he looked common; when he was in rough clothes, he looked a prince. Terriss had a beautiful mouth. That predisposed me in his favour at once. Pretty mouths have always been a weakness of mine! I remember that I used to say "Naughty Teddy" to my own little boy, just for the pleasure of seeing him put out his under lip, when his mouth looked lovely!

Terriss always commanded the love of his intimates as well as that of the outside public. To the end, he was "Sailor Bill"— a sort of grown-up midshipmite whose weaknesses provoked no more condemnation than the weaknesses of a child. In the theatre he had the tidy habits of the sailor. He folded up his clothes and kept them in beautiful condition; and of a young man who had proposed for his daughter's hand he said: "The man's a blackguard! Why, he throws his things all over the room! The most untidy chap I ever saw!"

Terriss had had every sort of adventure, by land and sea, before I acted with him at the Court. He had been midshipman, tea-planter, engineer, sheep-farmer, and horse-breeder. He had, to use his own words, "hobnobbed with every kind of queer folk and found myself in extremely queer predicaments." The adventurous daredevil spirit of the roamer, the incarnate gypsy, always looked out of his insolent eyes. Yet, audacious as he seemed, no man was ever more nervous on the stage. On a first night he was shaking all over with fright, in spite of his confident and dashing appearance.

His bluff was colossal. Once, when he was a little boy and wanted money, he said to his mother: "Give me five pounds, or I'll jump out of the window." And she at once believed he meant it, and cried out: "Come back, come back! and I'll give you anything."

He showed the same sort of "attack" with audiences. He made them believe in him the moment he stepped on to the stage.

His conversation was extremely entertaining and, let me add, ingenuous. One of his favourite reflections was: "Tempus fugit! So make the most of it. While you're alive, gather roses; for, when you're dead, you're dead a damned long time."

He was a perfect rider, and loved to do cowboy "stunts" in Richmond Park while riding to the Star and Garter.

Terriss' Success with Children

When he had presents from the front, which happened every night, he gave them at once to the call-boy or the gas-man. To the womenfolk, especially the plainer ones, he was always delightful. Never was any man more adored by the theatre staff. And children, my own Edy included, were simply daft about him. A little American girl, daughter of William Winter, the famous critic, while staying with me in England, announced gravely, when we were out driving:

"I've gone a mash on Terriss."

There was much laughter. When it had subsided, the child said gravely:

"Oh, you can laugh, but it's true. I wish I was hammered to him!"

I have never seen any one at all like Terriss, and my father said the same. The only actor of my father's day who had a touch of the same insouciance and lawlessness was Leigh Murray, a famous *jeune premier*.

Perhaps if he had lived longer he would have lost his throne. He died as a beautiful youth, a kind of Adonis, although he was fifty years old when he was stabbed at the stage-door of the Adelphi Theatre.

An Old Playgoer's Tribute

A playgoer, whose knowledge of the English stage extended over a period of fifty-five years, wrote a letter to Henry about "Much Ado," which was later passed on to me because it had some ridiculously nice things about me in it:

Savile Club,
Jan. 13, 1883.

MY DEAR HENRY: I were an imbecile ingrate if I did not hasten to give you my warmest thanks for the splendid entertainment of last night. Such a performance is not a grand entertainment merely, or a glorious pastime, although it was all that. It was, too, an artistic display of the highest character, elevating in the vast audience their art instinct — as well as purifying any developed art in the possession of individuals.

I saw the Kean revivals of 1855–57, and I suppose "The Winter's Tale" was the best of the lot. But it did not approach last night. . . .

I was impressed more strongly than ever with the fact that the plays of Shakespeare were meant to be *acted*. The man who thinks that he can know Shakespeare by reading him is a shallow ass. The best critic and scholar would have been carried out of himself last night into the poet's heart, his mind-spirit.

. . . The Terry was glorious. . . . The scenes in which she appeared — and she was in eight out of the sixteen — reminded me of nothing but the blessed sun that not only beautifies but creates.

Terriss has "come on" wonderfully, and his Don Pedro is princely and manful. . . .

I have thus set down, my dear Irving, one or two things merely to show that my gratitude to you is not that of a blind, gratified idiot, but of one whose intimate personal knowledge of the English stage entitles him to say what he owes to you.

I am, affectionately yours,

A. J. DUFFIELD.

In 1891, when we revived "Much Ado," Henry's Benedick was far more brilliant than it had been at first. In my diary, January 5, 1891, I wrote:

"Revival of Much Ado about Nothing. Went most brilliantly. Henry has vastly improved upon his *old* rendering of Benedick. Acts larger now, not so 'finnicking.' His model (of manner) is the Duke of Sutherland. VERY good. I did some parts better, I think — made Beatrice a *nobler* woman, yet I failed to please myself in the Cathedral Scene.

"*Two days later.*

"Played the Church Scene all right at last. More of a *blaze*. The little scene in the garden, too, I did better (in the last act). Beatrice has *confessed* her love and is now *softer*. Her voice should be beautiful now, breaking out into playful defiance now and again, as of old. The last scene, too, I made much more merry, happy, SOFT.

"Jan. 8th.

"I must make Beatrice more *flashing* at first, *softer* afterwards. This will be an improvement upon my old reading of the part. She must be always *merry*, and by turns scornful, tormenting, vexed, self-communing, absent, melting, teasing, brilliant, indignant, *sad-merry*, thoughtful, withering, gentle, humorous, and gay, *gay*, GAY! Protecting (to Hero), motherly, very intellectual, a gallant creature, and complete in mind and feature."

"The Lyons Mail"

After a run of two hundred and fifty nights, "Much Ado," although it was still drawing fine houses, was withdrawn, as we were going to America in the autumn (of 1883), and Henry wanted to rehearse the plays that we were to do in the States by reviving them in London at the close of the summer season. It was during these revivals that I played Janette in "The Lyons Mail"— not a big part, and not well suited to me, but I played it well enough to support my theory that, whatever I have *not* been, I *have* been a useful actress.

I always associate "The Lyons Mail" with old Mead, whose performance of the father, Jerome Lesurques, was one of the most impressive things that this fine actor ever did with us. (Before Henry was ever heard of, Mead had played Hamlet at Drury Lane!) Indeed, when Mead "broke up," Henry put aside "The Lyons Mail" for many years, because he dreaded playing Lesurques' scene with his father without Mead.

"Meadisms"

In the days just before the break-up, which came about because Mead was old and — I hope there is no harm in saying of him what can be said of many men who have done finely in the world — too fond of the wine when it is red, Henry used to suffer great anxiety in the scene, because he never knew what Mead was going to do or say next. When Jerome Lesurques is forced to suspect his son of crime, he has a line:

"Am I mad, or dreaming? Would I were!"

Mead one night gave a less poetic reading:

"Am I mad, or *drunk?* Would I were!"

It will be remembered by those who saw the play that Lesurques, an innocent man, will not commit the Roman suicide of honour at his father's bidding, and refuses to take up his pistol from the table. "What! you refuse to die by your own hands, do you?" says the elder Lesurques. "Then die like a dog by mine!" (producing a pistol from his pocket).

One night, after having delivered the line with his usual force and impressiveness, Mead, after prolonged fumbling in his coat-tail pockets, added another:

"Damn blast — God bless my soul! where's the pistol? I haven't got the pistol!"

The last scene in the eventful history of Meadisms in "The Lyons Mail" was when Mead came on to the stage in his own top-hat, went over to the sofa, and lay down, apparently for a nap! Not a word could Henry get from him, and Henry had to play the scene by himself. He did it in this way:

"You say, father, that I," etc. "I answer you that it is false!"

Tom Mead had a remarkable *foot*. Norman Forbes called it an *architectural* foot. Bunions and gout combined to give it a gargoyled effect! One night,— I forget whether it was in this play or another,— Henry, pawing the ground with his foot before an "exit,"— one of the mannerisms which his imitators delighted to burlesque,— came down on poor old Mead's foot, bunion gargoyles and all! Hardly had Mead stopped cursing under his breath than

on came Tyars, and brought down *his* weight heavily on the same foot. Directly Tyars came off the stage, he looked for Mead in the wings and offered an apology.

"I beg your pardon — I'm really awfully sorry, Mead."

"Beg my pardon, indeed," the old man snorted. "It's a damned conspiracy!"

It was the dignity and gravity of Mead which made everything he said so funny. I am afraid that those who never knew him will wonder where the joke comes in.

I forget what year he left us for good, but in a letter of Henry's dated September, 1888, written during a provincial tour of "Faust," when I was ill and my sister Marion played Margaret instead of me, I find this allusion to him:

"Wenman does the Kitchen Witch now (I altered it this morning), and Mead the old one — the climber. Poor old chap, he'll not climb much longer!"

"Twelfth Night"

"Twelfth Night" was one of the least successful of Henry's Shakespearian productions. Terriss looked all wrong as Orsino; many other people were miscast. Henry said to me a few years later, when he thought of doing "The Tempest": "I can't do it without three great comedians. I ought never to have attempted 'Twelfth Night' without them."

I don't think that I played Viola nearly as well as my sister Kate. Her "I am the man" was very delicate and charming. I overdid that.

My brother Fred played the part of Sebastian, my double. Directly he walked on to the stage, looking as like me as possible, yet a *man* all over, he was a success. I don't think that I have ever seen anything so unmistakable and instantaneous.

We had the curious experience of being "booed" on the first night. It was not a comedy audience, and I think the rollickings of Toby Belch and his fellows were thought "low." Then, people were put out by Henry's attempt to reserve the pit. He thought that the public wanted it. When he found that it was against their wishes, he immediately gave in. His pride was the service of the public.

His speech after the hostile reception of "Twelfth Night" was the only mistake that I ever knew him make. He was furious, and showed it. Instead of accepting the verdict, he trounced the first-night audience for giving it. He simply could not understand it!

In America "Twelfth Night" was liked far better than in London, but I never liked it. I thought our production dull, lumpy, and heavy. Henry's Malvolio was fine and dignified, but not good for the play, and I never could help associating my Viola with physical pain. On the first night I had a bad thumb — I thought it was a whitlow — and had to carry my arm in a sling. It grew worse every night, and I felt so sick and faint from pain that I played most of my scenes sitting in a chair. One night Dr. Stoker, Bram Stoker's brother, came round between the scenes, and, after looking at my thumb, said:

"Oh, that'll be all right. I'll cut it for you."

He lanced it then and there, and I went on with my part for *that* night! George Stoker, who was just going off to Ireland, could not see the job through, but the next day I was in for the worst illness I ever had in my life. It was blood-poisoning, and the doctors were in doubt for a little as to whether they would not have to amputate my arm. They said that if George Stoker had not lanced the thumb that minute, I *should* have lost my arm.

A disagreeable incident in connection with my illness was that a member of my profession made it the occasion of an unkind allusion (in a speech at the Social Science Congress) to "actresses who feign illness and have straw laid down before their houses, while behind the drawn blinds they are having riotous supper-parties, dancing the can-can, and drinking champagne." Upon being asked for "name," the speaker would neither assert nor deny that it was Ellen Terry (whose poor arm at the time was as big as her waist, and *that* has never been very small!) that she meant.

I think we first heard of the affair on our second voyage to America (during which I was still so ill that they thought I might never see Quebec), and Henry wrote a letter to the press — a "scorcher." He showed it to me on the boat. When I had read it, I tore it up and threw the bits into the sea.

"It has not injured me in any way," I said. "Any answer would be undignified."

Henry did what I wished in the matter, but, unlike me, whose heart, I am afraid, is of wax,— no impression lasts long,—he never forgot it, and never forgave. If the speech-maker chanced to come into a room where he was, he walked out. He showed the same spirit in the last days of his life, long after our partnership had come to an end. A literary club, not a hundred miles from Hyde Park Corner, "blackballed" me (although I was qualified for election under the rules) for reasons with which I was never favoured. The committee, a few months later, wished Henry Irving to be the guest of honour at one of the club dinners. The honour was declined.

THE PREVENTION OF CRIME

BY

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICANS," "AMERICAN TRAITS," ETC.

A FEW weeks ago there stumbled into my laboratory a most pitiable human wreck; I saw at the first glance how morphine had devastated the frame of the man in his best years. Trembling and with rolling eyes, he confessed that he was using thirty grains of the destructive poison every day. He could neither eat nor sleep; he had not worked for years; he had left wife and child — it was a gruesome story of heartrending misery. They had sent him to asylums in vain; he remained the slave of his passion. Slowly I drew out his whole tragedy from the beginning. He had been successful in life and was hard at work when an accident had occurred, and he had been taken to a hospital. There the surgeons gave him morphine every evening to secure him a restful night, just a little "shot" of an eighth of a grain. When he left the hospital his hip was healed, but the poor fellow could not sleep without the drug, and from day to day the dose had to be increased. He became a morphinist, an outcast, without energy and without hope.

For weeks I have been fighting his passion with persistent suggestive treatment; the dose he needs has been reduced to a hundredth part of what it was, and his old strength and enjoyment of life have slowly come back; he will be cured soon. But every day, when I put my full energy to the task, I think of the cruelty with which society has treated him. He was not born a "dope fiend"; he did not choose the poison. Organized society injected it into his system — a small dose only, but enough to make the craving for it irresistible; and, when this craving had grown to ruinous proportions, society was ready to despise and to condemn him. Even at best, it could only make heroic efforts to overcome the gigantic passion which it had recklessly created.

To me this case of diseased passion is a symbol of all the crime that fills the countries of the globe. No man is born a criminal; but society gives him, without his will, the ruinous injection,— of course, a small dose only, a shot of an eighth of a grain,— and despises him if the injected instinct grows and grows; and when it has destroyed the whole man, then society goes heroically to work with police and court and punishment. Nearly always it is too late; the prevention of that first reckless injection would have been better than all the labor of the penitentiaries.

At last this conviction is making its way everywhere: prevention of crime is more important than treatment of crime. It is said that the United States spends annually five hundred million dollars more on fighting existing crime than on all its works of charity, education, and religion; the feeling is growing that a fraction of the money and the energy expended would be ample to prevent much of this habitual crime from coming into existence at all. To obtain such a result, however, all social factors should coöperate in harmony, and no science that might contribute to this tremendous problem should hold back. It is evident that it is the duty of modern experimental psychology to give its serious attention to this subject, and a psychologist may, therefore, ask for a hearing. He has, perhaps, but little to contribute, for only in very recent days has the psychological laboratory come into connection with the world of crime; but that little is the more needed to awaken interest in this too much neglected problem.

Public opinion, to be sure, leans to-day toward calling in the psychologist as witness for a very different purpose. He is expected to disburden society of its responsibility for the growth of crime, and to that end he is called upon to testify that the criminal is born as such. Reminiscences of Lombroso's interesting theories and of his whole school fill the air. It seems an accepted dogma that the true scientist must class the born criminal with other types of human abnormality which are beyond our social making and unmaking, like the epileptic, or the musical genius; but in such form

the doctrine is certainly misleading and distorted, and the psychologist must refuse to furnish evidence.

The discrimination between criminal and honest minds is a social but not a psychological one. A life is honest, or at least decent, if the tempting ideas of forbidden ends are inhibited and overpowered by opposing considerations: by ideas of punishment and harm, or by religious fear, or, on the highest level, by the idea of moral dignity. Whatever may check the forbidden impulse, the non-criminal, correct life is thus always the result of a complex interplay between ideas and counter-ideas. The thought of an unpleasant consequence inhibits the desire. But psychologically the mechanism of the process is then not different from the case where, for example, the idea of bodily harm prevents one from doing a reckless or dangerous thing. The non-criminal behavior thus practically coincides with the reasonable, cautious way of living in every other respect. By the smallest possible steps every man's adjustment to his environment leads from the avoidance of bodily risks to the avoidance of social risks, and thus to non-criminal habits. There is nowhere a sharp demarcation-line. The one who is instinctively overmuch afraid of being found out in wrong-doing will live a faultless life, from the standpoint of law, just as truly as his neighbor who obeys the laws from a moral conviction.

The normal decent life thus demands that an idea which stimulates to a forbidden action shall awake, at the same time, the counter-ideas which stimulate to the inhibition of the action, and that these opposing ideas shall be victorious. It is evident that crime may thus result from most opposite reasons. Those social counter-ideas may not have been learned, or they may not come quickly enough to consciousness, or they may be too faint; or, on the other hand, the original ideas, with their desires, may be too intense, or their emotions may be too vehement, or the mechanism of inhibition may not be working normally — in short, a defect or an abnormality in any part of the complex process may lead to a conflict with the law.

Just that must be the case in minds which are born slow or stupid or brutal or excitable or lazy or eccentric or reckless or dull — and thus evidently in every one of such minds a certain chance for crime is given. But to be born with a mind which, by its special stupidity or carelessness or vehemence, gives to crime an easier foothold than the average mind certainly does not mean to be born criminal. The world is full of badly balanced or badly associating persons; we cannot deny that nature provided them poorly in the struggle for social existence. They are less fit than others, but their ending within prison walls is only one of the many dangers which life has in store for them; the same unfit apparatus may make them unable to gain a position or to have friends or to protect themselves against disease. In short, it is not criminals that are "born," but men with poorly working minds. And yet, who will say where a mind is of just the right kind? No brain works perfectly. What intelligence and what temperament would be ideal? "All the world is peculiar." It is thus only a question of relative amount.

Exactly this, indeed, is the situation which the psychologist finds. Of course, if we turn to the professional criminal who has become a specialist at safe-blowing or at sneak-thieving, at check-forging or burglary, and who has been shaped by long years in the penitentiaries, we find specimens of mind which are very different from the normal average; but those are the differences of training. Such individuals have, indeed, become almost unable to avoid crime; they must go on in their career. But it was not their inborn disposition that forced them to burglary. If we abstract from the effect of such life training in the social under-world, and from the traces of poor education, of bad example, of disease and neglect, we find among the criminals the same types of mind as in other spheres, only with a great percentage of all kinds of mental inferiority — stupid and narrow minds, vehement and passionate minds, minds with weak power of comprehension and minds with ineffective power of inhibition, minds without sound emotions and minds without energy for work. Each of these deficiencies must interfere with the normal inhibition of forbidden impulses.

When a school for criminal boys was carefully examined, it was found that, of the two hundred boys, one hundred and twenty-seven were deficient in their general mental make-up, either in the direction of feeble-mindedness or in the direction of hysteric emotion and epileptic disturbance. And fuller light is thrown on this figure as soon as others are added: in eighty-five cases the father or the mother, or both, were drunkards; in twenty-four cases the parents were insane; in twenty-six cases, epileptic; and in twenty-six further cases, suffering from other nervous diseases. Not the criminal tendency was born with the poor children, but the insufficient capacity and resistance of the central nervous system; and this was their inheritance from abnormal and degenerate parents.

If we wish to express it in terms of experimental psychology, we may consult the careful

tests which have been made with female criminals in Southern penitentiaries and with the female students of a large university. Certainly, point for point, the criminals show a different result. For instance, in memory tests, the average student remembered a series of seven letters or a series of eight numerals, while, under the same experimental conditions, the average criminal remembered only five letters or six numerals. Characteristic also was the test for the attention, measured by the ability to discriminate tactual impressions. When two compass-points touched the right forearm, the students recognized them as two when the points were separated by a distance of sixteen millimeters; the criminals felt the two points the same distance apart as one impression only; they did not discriminate them as two with less than twenty-four millimeters' distance between them. When the students pulled at a hook as fast as they could, their average decrease of energy in half a minute was 1.6 pounds, while that of the criminals was 2.4 pounds. Or, if a word was given as a starting-point for any associations which might arise in consciousness, the average number of associations in one minute was, for the students, ten; for the criminals, five. In short, in every respect the average of the criminals shows a poorer mental equipment than the average of the picked student minds. But here, again, no one feature points to a special demand for crime. Criminals are recruited especially from the mentally inferior; that is the only true core of the doctrine of the born criminal. But the mental inferiority — intellectual or emotional or volitional — forces no one to steal and burglarize. He cannot and never will equal the clever, well-balanced, energetic fellow; but society may find a modest place, humble but safe, for even the most stupid and most indifferent and most unenergetic: no one is predestined by his brain to the penitentiary.

It may be replied, of course, that there are plenty of cases in which crime is committed from an irresistible impulse, or from a total lack of inhibition, or from other defects which exclude free self-determination. But in such cases we have, clearly, no longer any right to speak of crime; it is insanity. The man who starts incendiary fires because he has hallucinations in which he hears God's voice ordering him to burn the town, is not a criminal. Moreover, the pathological impulses of the diseased mind are, again, not confined to the criminal sphere; again, crime is only the chance effect, the disturbance is general. The irresistible impulse may just as well be directed against the man's own personality, and may lead to self-mutilation or to suicide; and that holds true also of milder cases. Only to-day I studied the case of a lad of eleven who was brought to me because he was found stealing from time to time. He is a dear little boy, surrounded with comfort and the best and most loving influences. He fights and fights against his impulse, and speaks of it frankly. Sometimes it comes like an attack: he longs, perhaps, for some money with which to buy fire-crackers; he simply cannot resist till it is taken, he told me with tears, and then he hardly knows why he took it. But it was evident at the first glance that the boy was not normally built, and that the attacks which led to such pseudo-crimes were pathological, quite similar to epileptic or hysteric fits. To prevent such explosions of the diseased brain is not prevention of crime, but, on the one side, treatment of disease; on the other side, protection of society against the outbreaks of dangerous patients. In real crime we have to presuppose that the checking of the impulse by the counter-idea would have been possible if the available energy had been brought into play. Crime is not a disease, and there is no need to excuse the existence of our jails by considering them as asylums.

If we thus exclude the pathological mind from further discussion, we can say that no one is born a criminal: what, then, has society to do, that no one shall become a criminal? The latest of all sciences, eugenics, might look backward and demand that society take care that mentally weak and inferior persons are not born at all. Vital statistics show, indeed, on some of their darkest pages that the overwhelming majority of degenerate personalities have drunkards and epileptics as parents. But our immediate need is a different one: presupposing that the minds of the millions, in all their variations of strong and weak, of intelligence and emotionality and power, are born and sent into the streets of the cities — what can the psychologist advise, that their way may not lead them from the street to the cell of the prison?

But now the problem has become simplified. We know the mechanism which keeps men straight; we can foresee, therefore, what influences must be detrimental. If the counter-idea is to balance and to overcome the first desire, we can foresee that the chances for crime must grow if the impulses are strengthened, or if the counter-ideas are weakened or eliminated, or if the inhibitory apparatus is damaged, or if in any other way the sound balance is tampered with. Here is, indeed, the place for the experiment of the psychologist. He can isolate the special factors and study their influence under

the exact conditions of the laboratory. We may take illustrations at random.

We have said that crime involves an impulse to action which is normally to be checked. The checking will be the more difficult, the stronger the impulse. The psychologist, therefore, asks: What influences have the power to reinforce the impulse? For instance, has imitation such a power? Mere speculation cannot answer such a question, and even so-called practical experience may lead to very mistaken conclusions. But the laboratory experiment can tell the story in distinct figures. I ask my subject, for instance, to make rhythmical finger-movements by which a weight is lifted and the apparatus in which his arm rests records exactly the amount of every contraction. After a while the energy seems exhausted; his idea has no longer the power to lift the weight more than a few millimeters; the recorded curve sinks nearly to zero. I try with encouraging words or with harsh command; the motor energies of these word-stimuli are not ineffective: the curve shows a slight upward movement; but again it sinks rapidly. And then I make the same rhythmical movement myself before the eyes of my subject; he sees it, and at once the curve ascends with unexpected strength. The movements have now simply to imitate the watched ones, and this consciousness of imitation has reinforced the energy of the impulse beyond any point which his own will could have reached.

It is as if the imitation of the suggestive sight suddenly brings to work all the stored-up powers. The psychologist may vary the experiment in a hundred forms; always there will be the same result: that the impressive demonstration of an action gives to the impulse of the imitating mind the maximum of force. This, then, must be the one condition under which it is most difficult to inhibit the impulse. How many helpful suggestions for the good, for education and training and self-development, can be drawn from such facts! but, much more, how many warnings against the reckless fostering of criminality! In millions of copies the vulgar newspaper pictures of crime reach the homes of the suggestible masses, and every impulse toward the forbidden is dangerously reinforced. Every brutality spreads outward and accentuates the lawless impulses in the surrounding world; the abolition of prize-fights and whipping-posts is not enough.

To point in another direction: everything must be fatal for weak honesty which reduces the power of restraint. The psychological experiment can here analyze the influences, for instance, of our usual stimulants — coffee and tea, tobacco and alcohol, drugs and nervina. Laboratory experiment may indicate, perhaps, only slight variations in the rapidity of movements, or in the memory tests, or in the discriminations of stimuli; but every one of those changes must be endlessly magnified when it is projected into the dimensions of a world-city in which the millions indulge in artificial excitement and stimulation.

Take the well-studied case of alcohol. We ask, let us say, a number of normal men to go through a series of experiments in their ordinary state. We may begin with a reaction-time experiment; that means we study how long it takes to make the quickest possible hand-movement in response to a flash-light or to a click. We measure the time between the light or sound stimulus and the reaction in thousandths of a second. Then we vary it by a test where various movements are to be made in response to different lights, so that a choice and discrimination is involved. We then turn, perhaps, to memory experiments — with the learning of letters or figures or words.

Next may be an experiment in intellectual activity; we measure the time of simple arithmetical operations. Then we study the mental associations; for instance, we give a list of two hundred words, and our subject has to speak for each one the first word which flashes on his mind. We may then study the character of these closely bound ideas and may group them statistically. Then we measure with a dynamometer the strength of the greatest possible effort for action. Next in order, perhaps, we study the judgment of our subject in his estimation of space and time distances; then the accuracy with which he imitates a given rhythm; then the rapidity with which he counts the letters of a page; then the sharpness of attention with which he discriminates a set of rapid impressions; and so on through other tests for other mental functions. For every test we get his average figures; and then we begin the examination of the effect of the stimulants. How are all these exactly measurable functions changed twenty minutes or an hour or two hours after taking a dose of one ounce or two ounces or three ounces of pure alcohol, whisky, beer, or champagne?

Only such a variety of tests affords the possibility of disentangling the effect and of understanding where the real disturbance sets in. Certain functions seem certainly improved. For instance, we soon find that the reaction-time test gives smaller figures under alcohol, at least in a first stage; the subject who needs normally, say, 150 thousandths of a second to

press a telegraph-key after hearing a click, may need only 125 thousandths of a second half an hour after his alcohol dose. But is that really an improvement? The same records show that, while the time of the reaction decreases, there appear at the same time wrong reactions which did not occur in his normal state: again and again the key is pressed before the signal is really heard; the impulse explodes when any chance touches it off, instead of remaining under the control of consciousness until the click. In the same way, it seems in the first short period from the dynamometric tests that the alcohol brings an improvement of motor energy; but half an hour later the tables are turned: the muscular effectiveness is decreased. In the field of associations the time of bringing a new idea to consciousness becomes longer, the process is retarded, but, more important, the associative process becomes more mechanical. The external associations of space and time connection strongly increase with alcohol; the internal ones of meaning and purpose become eliminated.

Still greater are the changes in mechanical memorizing, which is at first greatly facilitated. Calculation, on the other hand, suffers from the first. The strongest improvement is shown in reading, the greatest difficulty in the intellectual connection. And, if we connect the various threads, we get a unified result: all motor reactions have become easier, all acts of apperception worse; the whole ideational interplay has suffered. The merely mechanical and superficial connections of ideas control the mind and the intellectual processes are slow; the power of inhibition is weakened.

Is it necessary to demonstrate that every one of these changes favors crime? The counter-ideas awake too slowly, hasty action results from the first impulse before it can be checked, the inhibition of the forbidden deed becomes ineffective, the desire for rash, vehement movements becomes overwhelming. In such a way, experimental psychology can carry the vague impressions of the bystander into a field of exact studies where mere prejudices are not allowed to interfere, but where real objections can be substantiated. Moreover, the general statements can be particularized by subtler examinations still: how does alcohol work in different climates, at different seasons, at different hours of the day, in work and in fatigue, in different states of health, with food and without, for different ages, different sexes, different races? And how is the effect of pure alcohol related to that of the various beverages, to whisky and beer and wine? Only if we can differentiate the mental influences through such experimental tests can we secure a rational protection against one of the most persistent sources of social evils.

With the same methods we might study tobacco and coffee and tea, bromides and morphine, but also the effects of physical or mental overstrain, of bad air and bad light, of irrational nourishment and insufficient sleep, of exhausting sports and emotional exertions, and a hundred other factors which enter into the daily life of the masses. On such an experimental basis only can we hope for regulation and improvement. A sweeping prescription, of course, might be reached without laboratory studies: simply to forbid everything is easy; but such radicalism is practically impossible as far as the influence of fatigue or poverty is concerned, and perhaps possible, but unwise, as far as the stimulants are in question. The psychological experiment must show the middle way which shall close the fountains of evil and yet keep open the sources of good.

Mere abstinence from stimulants, indeed, is no real solution of the problem; it is just the psychologist who knows too well the evil effects of monotony and emptiness — who understands that the craving for stimulants and artificial excitement belongs to the deepest conditions of physiological existence, and that the complete suppression of it leads to mental explosions which bring man again to disastrous impulses and crime. The laboratory experiment can demonstrate, in turn, how the psychological conditions are changed when such a dreary state of waiting and monotony lays hold on the mind, how certain mental functions are starving and others dangerously overwrought. A state of dullness and expectant attention is created in which the longing for contrast may intensify the desires to a point where the reaction is more vehement than under any stimulant. That is the state which, projected into the masses, may lead to gambling and perversity, and on to irrational crimes which, through the mere excitement of the imagination, overcome the emptiness of an unstimulated life.

On the other hand, the experiment may begin to examine the subtler mechanism of mental inhibition. How far does the suppression and inhibition of the reaction-movement depend on the intensity of the counter-stimulus, and how far on habit — that is, on unbroken repetition? How is it altered by interruption of training or by the feeling tone of the ideas? Simple measurement of reaction-times may again be the method. Yet the short schematic experiments of the psychologist's work-shop illuminate clearly how and why a public state of lawless corruption and general disrespect of law must under-

mine the inhibitory effects of the law, and thus bring crime to a rich harvest. That is just the wonderful power of the psychological experiment — that it can analyze the largest social movements in the smallest and most schematic miniature copies of the mental forces involved; and from the subtle analysis is only one step to the elimination of dangers. What the commercialism of our time or the vices of the street, the recklessness of the masses and the vulgarity of the newspapers, the frivolity of the stage and the excitement of the gambling-hells, may mean for the weak individual cannot better be understood than through the microscopical model of it in the experimental test which allows subtle variations.

The psychologist will thus certainly not believe that all or most is done for the prevention of crime by mere threatening with punishment. The question, in this connection, is not, whether the punishment satisfies our demand for retaliation, or whether the punishment helps indirectly toward prevention by educating and reforming the man behind whom the doors of the penitentiary are closed. The question is now only whether the fear of a future judicial punishment will be a sufficient counter-idea to check the criminal impulse. The psychologist cannot forget that too many conditions must frustrate such expectations. The hope of escaping justice in the concrete case will easily have a stronger feeling tone than the opposing fear of the abstract general law. The strength of the forbidden desire will narrow the circle of associations and eliminate the idea of the probable consequences. The stupid mind will not link the correct expectations; the slow mind will bring the check too late, when the deed is done; the vehement mind will overrule the energies of inhibition; the emotional mind will be more moved by the anticipated immediate pleasure than by the thought of a later suffering. And all this will be reinforced if overstrain has destroyed the nervous balance or if stimulants have smoothed the path of motor discharge. If the severity of cruel punishments has brutalized the mind, the threat will be as ineffective as if the mildness of the punishment had reduced its pain. And, worst of all, this fear will be ruled out if the mind develops in an atmosphere of crime where the child has learned to regard the criminal as a hero and looks at jail as an ordinary affair, troublesome only as most factors in his slum life are troublesome; or if the anarchy of corruption or class injustice, of reckless legislation or public indifference to law, defeats the inhibiting counter-idea of punishment and deprives it of its emotional strength. The system of punishment will be the more disappointing, the more mechanical it is in its application. The plan of probation thus means a real progress.

More important than the motives of fear are the influences which can shape the minds of the tempted, the influences which reduce the emotional and motor powers of forbidden desires, awake regularly and strongly the social counter-ideas, strengthen their inhibiting influence, and weaken thus the primary impulse. It must be said again, criminals are not born, but made — not even self-made, but fellow-made. Society must work steadily to remove those influences which work in the wrong direction. The atmosphere of criminality, the vulgarity and brutality, the meanness and frivolity, of the surroundings must be removed from the mind in its development. And if social contrasts are necessary for much of the good in the world, at least the cheap estimation of mere riches and the pitiless contempt for misery can be eliminated.

Above all, a well-behaved mind grows only in a well-treated body; it is true that far-seeing hygiene can prevent more crime than any law. But it is not only a question of the favorite work of our hygienists, the infectious and germ diseases, together with the sanitary conditions of factories and tenements. Hygiene has to take no less care of the overworked or wrongly treated senses and nerve systems, from the school-room to the stock-exchange; there is no gain if we avoid typhoid epidemics, but fall into epidemics of insanity. The whole rhythm of life breaks down the instruments of nervous resistance, and the most immediate symptom is necessarily the growth of crime. It is not the impulse itself, but the inability to resist the impulse, that is the real criminal feature. The banker who speculates with the funds of his bank is not a criminal because such an idea emerges in his consciousness, but because his idea is not inhibited by the counter-ideas; and yet, the whole community has pushed to break down the barriers which his mind could have put into the motor path of the ruinous impulse.

Of course, the negative precautions must be supplemented by the positive ones. Hygiene has not only to destroy the unclean, but to build up the clean; and for mental hygiene this holds still more strongly. To create a public life which is an example and an inspiration to the humblest, which fills with civic pride the lowest, would mean to abolish the penitentiaries. The public welfare must give through work, through politics, through education, through art, through religion, to everybody a kind of life-interest and life-content in which

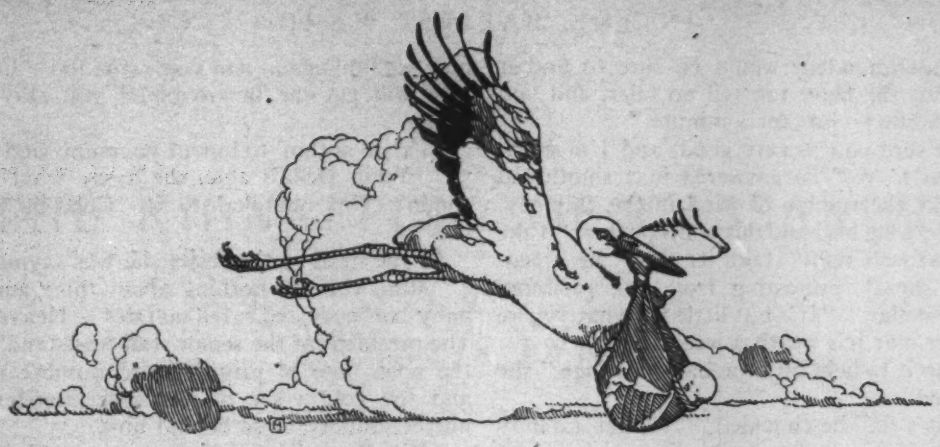
envy is meaningless. It is from this realm that the counter-ideas which automatically check the impulse to the immoral deed must be reinforced. But no public scheme can make superfluous those clearest sources of pure life, the motives of private personal interest between human being and human being.

Everything which strengthens family life and works against its dissolution, everything which gives the touch of personal sympathy to the forlorn, helps toward the prevention of crime. How often can a criminal life be fundamentally changed, as soon as the absurd prejudice is given up that every criminal is a different kind of man from those outside of jail, and straightforward sympathy instead of mere charitable pity is offered. To make them feel that they are recognized as equals means to win them over to decency. And those who analyze them psychologically know well that there is really no condescension necessary for such acknowledgment. They are the equals of the unpunished; they are stupid or lazy or vehement or reckless or uneducated or unemotional or egotistic; but all this we find on the other side of the legal demarcation-line as well. We are accustomed to bow to the stupid and lazy and reckless and egotistic, and the rest, if life has brought them under conditions where a sufficient balance was secured; they are not different in their inmost selves, even if surroundings, bad example, overwhelming temptation, the saloon, the cruelty of misfortune, have once in a hasty hour destroyed that balance.

There remains, finally, the deep importance of a full confession. The man who confesses puts himself again on an equal ground with the honest majority; he belongs again to those who want a healthy justice; he gives up his identity with the criminal and eliminates the crime like a foreign body from his life. A true confession wins the bed-rock of life again, and is the safest prevention of further crime. The psychologist — I say it with hesitation, as my observations on that point may not yet be complete enough, and the subject is an entirely new one — may even be able to find out by his experiments whether a true confession is authentic or not.

After all, the actions of every man strive for satisfaction, and there cannot be satisfaction without unity. He who lives only in the present gains such satisfaction from the immediate experience; the pleasure and enjoyment of the present hour is the end of his consciousness, and absorbs him so fully that complete unity of mind is reached. Another type rushes forward — the mind directed toward the future; the suffering of the hour is overborne by the hope of the coming success, and present and future complete for him the unity of life. Both those who turn to the present and to the future cannot have desire for true liberating confession. But it is different with those who have a vivid memory and whose minds are thus ever turning back to the past. There is the unending conflict between their memories which belong to the life of purity, to childhood and parents' love, to religion and friendship, and the present sorrow and anxiety; the craving for unity must end this struggle; a confession connects the present with the past again, and throws out the interfering intrusion of shame.

If the experiment of the psychologist demonstrates the possession of a vivid, living memory, the chances are strong that a confession is to be trusted. The criminal deed is thus almost a split-off consciousness, a part of a disassociated personality, and through the confession it is cut off absolutely. On the other hand, if it is too late, if the split-off part has grown to be the stronger and has finally become the real self, then it is nearly always too late for prevention by social hygiene. The criminal who has become a professional is nearly always lost, and society has only to consider how to protect itself against the damage he is effecting. He must be separated from the commonwealth just as the insane must be removed from the market-places of life. Short punishment for the professional criminal is useless and harmful in every respect. But his career is a terrible warning against delaying the prevention of crime till society — rashly ignoring psychology — has itself manufactured the hopeless criminal.



IN THE BABIES' WARD

BY

CAROLINE K. HERRICK

IN the line of anxious inquiring friends waiting in the hospital corridor was seated a young man, very young, loutish, manifestly Irish, and carrying the marks of his trade in the plaster that caked his shoes and spattered his trousers, suggesting a likeness to the image "with feet of clay" in the Assyrian king's vision. The superintendent of nurses looked disapprovingly at the patch of gray dust that surrounded the big, shuffling feet.

"You should have wiped your shoes on the mat at the door," she said.

"I beg your pardon, mum," he said humbly; "I forgot it through bein' that disturbed in me mind. I'm come to see is me wife doin' well? — Mrs. Delia Gaffney. I'm — him."

"You are her husband?"

"I am that, mum."

"She is doing well."

"Has she — is it —" He gazed dumbly in her face, with parted lips.

"She has a boy."

The blood rushed hotly up to the sandy hair that overhung his brow. He pushed the hair back with an unsteady hand as he stammered:

"Is he — is he — a good wan?"

"Just like all of them," she answered indifferently.

"There's niver another wan of thim all that's mine, mum," he replied, with a sort of ungainly dignity. "Might I have speech of me wife? Might I see thim?" He choked on the word.

"No; not before Sunday," the superintendent answered stiffly.

The nurse at her elbow ventured to suggest:

"There is no one else in the maternity ward at present, Miss Stone, and the young woman is very well."

"I can make no exception to the rule," retorted the superintendent, and passed into the office.

"If we held an autopsy on that woman," said the junior intern, "I suppose we should find a heart; it is the only way in which we shall ever obtain evidence of its existence."

"I wonder if I dare," the nurse mused.

"Go ahead," the young doctor encouraged her; "she's safe for twenty minutes in the office."

"I'll tell you about your baby," she smiled on the young man, who was shambling dejectedly toward the door; "you shall see your wife on Sunday." They were at the door now, and out of hearing of the others. "Go around to the back of the building, to the small door near the corner, and I'll take you up to have a peep at the baby," she whispered.

He almost betrayed her by the exclamation that escaped him. She pushed him through the door. "Be quiet — be quick," she said; "there's very little time."

When he reached the small door at the corner, she was already turning the key. The door, seldom used, refused to open. "Push, push," she called through the keyhole, "but don't make a noise." She led the way along the paved corridor, warning him to be as quiet as possible.

"I'll make no noise at all, mum," he assured her, as he followed, crouching, with great hands sweeping the wall to steady his tiptoeing steps, while his shoes creaked horribly.

"I dare not let you see your wife," she said;

"the superintendent would be sure to find it out. But the baby can tell no tales, and you shall see him — just for a minute."

"I'm sure you're very good, and I'm much beholden to ye," he answered in a smothered voice like the rumble of wind in the chimney. Then, drawing his hand out of his pocket, "Take it — that's all right; take it, now," he urged, as she shrank protesting from the proffered quarter-dollar. "It's but little for what you're doin' for me; it's worth a week's pay."

"Keep it to help buy the baby-carriage," she suggested.

"That's so," he chuckled; "I'll get a dandy wan!"

"Don't get it until your wife comes home," she cautioned. "She will like to select it herself."

"Mebbe she'd do it better," he admitted meekly. "We'll need to be savin'. He's goin' to cost!" He grinned with evident satisfaction at the thought. "And we'll not be runnin' about evenin's now, neither." The grin broadened as the lengthening list of privations added to the value of its unconscious cause.

In the babies' ward, he hung in dumb wonder above the snuffling bundle from which the nurse turned back the covers, and touched the mottled cheek timidly with one finger, producing a twitching of the mouth sufficiently like a smile to fill him with delight.

"D'ye mind how he laughs, the wise little thing!" he cried gleefully. "Ain't he a sort of a queer color? It'll change, will it? Well, I'm glad to hear it. It might be prettier. There's a great dale of babies here, isn't there, mum — and yous do be in the way of knowin' a lot about thim?" She nodded. "Thin, will yous tell me thrue?" His manner was as solemn as if he were administering the oath to a witness. "Will yous tell me thrue, is he a good wan? Is his back and his legs all they had ought to be?"

"He's a fine boy," she assured him; "you'll be proud of him."

"I'm that now," he said.

"You look too young to have others," the nurse said.

All the soul there was in Dan Gaffney looked from his earnest eyes, that met hers as he said, with a thrill of reverence in his voice:

"He's me furrust-borrun child."

Gripping the side of the crib, he leaned close to the tiny red ear, murmuring, "Little lad, me own little lad!" scanning the small wrinkled face as if for some sign of recognition, repeating over and over: "Little lad, little lad!"

He had forgotten the nurse, and the need for haste. She roused him regretfully:

"You must go now. Sunday afternoon you may see him again, and your wife, too. Come! You will get me in trouble if you stay any longer."

"I'd do nothin' to hurrut ye, mum, God bless ye! Whin Delia's able, she'll say what's becomin'; I'm not ekal to it. Good-by, little lad."

At the head of the stairs she was saying:

"Mind you say nothing about this; and the baby can be trusted to tell no tales — Heavens!" The president of the senior staff was standing in the open door of private ward number three, and the cold voice of the superintendent of nurses sounded close behind him.

"Miss Stone," said the doctor over his shoulder, "I'll close this door; there's a draft from somewhere. . . . I'll tell no tales, either; but get out as fast as you can."

With a grateful look toward the doctor, the nurse hurried her guest down-stairs and pushed him out at the corner door. Dr. Standish heard the creak of the closing door, and loosed his grip of the knob he had been holding. Miss Stone darted out of the room.

"Jenks must oil that lock at once," she said; "I've been struggling with it for two full minutes and couldn't turn it. I must look for that draft; Mrs. Frye says she has felt it all the morning. Miss Lane, have you had that door open?" she called sharply down the stairway.

"Just for an instant, Miss Stone," the nurse replied sweetly; "the damp weather has made it stick so — don't you think it should be opened now and then?"

Dan Gaffney had reached the street, and she felt no fear of detection, but stood watching him, wondering to see the lately slouching figure erect, almost soldierly, the shuffling tread firm and quick, hastening to meet a welcome task. He stopped a little girl who was pushing a baby before her in its carriage, stooped over the baby, whistled to it and poked a finger in its cheek — with the result of awakening a terrified shriek and arousing the indignation of the little elder sister. Dismayed at such a failure of the only fatherly art he knew, he made overtures of peace to the baby's guardian with a hand that had dipped into his pocket. The child accepted the proffered war indemnity with smiling satisfaction, and trundled the baby away. The young father stood watching until they had turned a corner, then wheeled about, stamped a foot emphatically, thrust his hands into his pockets, and threw back his head in a big, happy, boyish laugh.

The mist that dimmed the nurse's eyes for a moment was dispelled by a flash of defiance.

"I'd do it again," she whispered, "in spite of the Stone and her wrath."

THE KIDNAPPING OF CASSANDRA

BY

FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

THE fancy-dress ball at Mrs. Calmaine's Capitol Hill mansion in Denver was a charity function; and Hungerford, chief engineer of the Red Mountain Extension, had been ensnared by young Calmaine at the eleventh hour.

At first he had refused point-blank to go. It was too late to procure the proper war-paint, and it was imperative that he should leave on the midnight train; whereupon Calmaine had treacherously sunk the hook barb-deep.

"Of course, Barty, if you can't; but Cassie Wainright and her Aunt de Brutz are in town, passing through on their way west, and they've promised to look in for an hour or so. I thought perhaps you'd like to . . ."

Hungerford had had two dances with Miss Wainright, and they were sitting out a third on the landing of the grand stair. Miss Cassie was not in costume; but Hungerford was wearing a footman's livery, and his partner was admiring his audacity.

"Do you know, I fairly gasped when Mrs. Calmaine brought you over," she said. "What a daringly original notion — to come as a footman in a house where there are real footmen!"

"Handsome outfit, isn't it?" he acquiesced. "Harry shanghaied me at the hotel, and I had to come as I could."

"To oblige Harry?" she asked.

His square, determined jaw cut a clean line against the lights for her when he said: "No, not at all to oblige Harry; I came because Harry said you'd be here. And you ought not to be here; if I were responsible for you ——"

"I know; you'd bully me, as you did last summer at El Pinto — scold me for dissipating when I ought to be resting."

He looked down upon her thoughtfully.

"You need bullying; all really lovable women do. And you are not going to get it."

Her perfect eyebrows arched themselves faintly. "Meaning Cousin Percy?" she asked, with a mocking note in her voice.

"Yes; meaning Mr. Percy de Brutz."

She made a sign of assent. "You are quite right. Cousin Percy would not bully me. He would scrupulously say 'My dear' in public, and bore himself with me in private like a well-bred gentleman. What more could one ask? Are we not all hopelessly conventional?"

"No; at heart, human nature is just the same as it was in that back-number century when Young Lochinvar snatched his bride out of the ball-room at Netherby Hall. I know it; you know it; we all know it."

"The idea!" she ridiculed. "I'm sure Miss Netherby shrieked properly — and doubtless made it extremely uncomfortable for young Sir Lochinvar ever afterward."

"Don't you believe it," he insisted. "Lochinvar was a man: he saw what he needed, and reached out and took it. And if the young woman made an outcry, it was only for the sake of appearances."

"There are no Young Lochinvars nowadays," she said, half absently. "If there were ——"

"Go on," he commanded.

"Cousin Percy would say they were bad form," she finished.

"Always 'Cousin Percy'! Please don't quote him to me," he begged; "it's too new yet."

She looked down.

"Harry has told you?"

"Yes; he told me that you were to be married to your cousin at Red Mountain to-morrow."

"But you knew a year ago that ——"

He let his gaze go out over the heads of the charity pleasurers thronging the great reception-room below. It had begun the year-ago summer, in what Miss Wainright's fellow-guests at El Pinto Inn smiled at as a harmless vacation romance. They had all agreed that Hungerford was a fine fellow and a rising young railroad-builder; but he had his fortune to make:

and Miss Wainright was of the multimillionaire De Brutzes, engaged, as everybody must know, to old Hugo de Brutz's son Percy.

"Yes," he said, after the retrospective pause, "I knew it — after you told me. Also, I know that the world is coming to an end — sometime. It is only the definite catastrophe that appals us."

"How subtly you congratulate one!" she laughed.

"Mr. Percy de Brutz is the person to be congratulated," he countered. "Is your cousin here with you?"

"No; he missed the train last night at Dolomite. He is sending his man Hobbs to escort us from Denver."

A thought white-hot from the forge of audacity flashed into Hungerford's brain. He, too, was going west on the midnight train — in state, as it happened. President Brice's private car, the Sylvia, was in Denver, and Hungerford had been directed to bring it out on the line with him. He saw what might be done: how, if the Fates were propitious, the tormenting raptures of the present moment might be prolonged for a few hours at least.

"Miss Cassie, you used to enjoy riding in my old headquarters car on the Red Mountain. Would you like to 'own the road' just one more time before you promise to love, honor, and behave yourself?"

She looked up quickly. "You are going on the night train, too? — in your car? But Aunt Janet and — and Hobbs?"

"Leave the details to me. Will you go as my guest if I can persuade your aunt?"

She neither consented nor refused. The orchestra had begun the next number, and she was tilting the tiny watch pinned upon her shoulder.

"This is Harry's dance, and he has forgotten it. Will you go and find him for me, Mr. Hungerford?"

He saw the watch-hands pointing to eleven-ten. Since he must go to the hotel and dress before train-time, the interval was none too long; but he did not hesitate.

"You'll give me this last dance — and punish Harry as he deserves?" he pleaded.

She rose and dipped him a mocking curtsy.

"Who could deny the masterful Sir Lochinvar?" she jested; adding, as he led her down the steps and into the ball-room: "I feel perfectly safe — knowing that you can't by any possibility have your fleet steed at the door."

It lacked barely the half-hour of midnight when the music paused again; and when Miss Wainright saw the time she was panic-stricken.

"Mercy! we shall miss the train! Find Aunt Janet for me instantly," she commanded; and a moment later Hungerford was acknowledging a hurried introduction to a rather martial-looking lady with the De Brutz nose and the disconcerting De Brutz manner.

"Ah, Mr. Hungerford? Harry's railroad friend, I infer; I've heard him speak of you. We are going west on your road to-night; you mustn't let us get left. We shall see you later — at the train, perhaps?"

Hungerford begged his boon abruptly:

"I am going on the same train, in Mr. Brice's private car — which will be otherwise unoccupied. If you and Miss Cassie will accept the hospitality of the Sylvia ——"

"Why, how kind! We'll be delighted, I'm sure. But there is Hobbs, Mr. Percy de Brutz's man. He is to meet us at the station and accompany us."

"I'll take care of Hobbs," said Hungerford; then he excused himself and hastened to find young Calmaine.

"Where's your auto?" he demanded, finding and grappling his host in the upper corridor.

"They're both at the door, the touring-car and the runabout."

"All right; take me in the little one by way of the Brown, and let your man drive the ladies. Tell him to kill a little time, so that I can get there first. Miss Wainright and her aunt are to be my guests in the Sylvia."

"So?" queried Calmaine curiously. Then: "I'll fix it; but if chauffie is a minute or two late, you'll have to hold the train. They mustn't miss: there's money at stake."

"How's that?" asked Hungerford, struggling into his rain-coat.

"Eccentric old uncle and a will," explained Calmaine stenographically. "Pot of money to go to Cassie and Percy, jointly, if they marry before Cassie is twenty-one. If not, it goes to some college endowment. The old uncle wasn't a crank — I don't think!"

"He deserved to have to make a will," was Hungerford's comment. "And the present haste?"

"It's needed. Cassie will be twenty-one to-morrow."

"Humph!" snorted the engineer, following his host to the street. "Neither of them needs the legacy, I take it?"

"Not the least in the world. Here's my buggy; climb in and we'll go."

It lacked eight minutes of twelve when the runabout, having made the pause at Hungerford's hotel, stopped at the Union Depot.

"There is the irreproachable Hobbs waiting for his charges," said Calmaine, pointing out a smug-faced man standing guard at the cab-

stand. "Go and see to your car; I'll take the strain off Hobbsy."

Hungerford sprang out, and left Calmaine talking to the valet. When he came back, his host was waiting for him in the vestibule.

"Hold on, Bartley; you needn't rush," he said. "The jig's up. Percy de Brutz got away from Dolomite on the Transcontinental, and he'll be here at twelve-two. Hobbs is waiting to tell the ladies."

Hungerford stopped like a man who has met a soft-nosed bullet in mid-rush.

"De Brutz coming?" he gasped. "Then the wedding will be here — in Denver?"

"Sure thing, you'd say — wouldn't you?"

Hungerford shoved his hands into his pockets and took three steps toward his train. Then he came back and thrust his face into Calmaine's.

"Harry, Miss de Brutz and Miss Wainright have both told me that they positively must make our west-bound train, and I'm not supposed to know anything different. Will you go out and kill Hobbs? or shall I?"

"I'll do it," said Calmaine promptly. "But hold on a minute, Bartley. What do you hope to gain? It's all settled. You may make them lose their million or so, but ——"

"Never mind; *you go and kill Hobbs!*"

Calmaine turned and ran out to the cab-stand, and was back almost immediately.

"It's didded," he said tersely. "Sergeant Connolly has him in charge as a suspicious character. What next?"

"Next we'll pray that your chauffeur gets my passengers here in time," said Hungerford. "If we leave on the dot, De Brutz will be only two minutes away."

"Then we'd better split," said Calmaine. "You get your conductor enthusiastic, and I'll meet your fares, make Hobbs's excuses, and do the porter act."

Hungerford found Hinckley, the conductor of the Dolomite Short Line Flier, standing at the steps of the Sylvia.

"Ready to go, John?" he asked; and, when Hinckley nodded: "All right. Don't lose a second after I give you the word. We want to miss connections with the incoming T. C., if we have to leave ahead of time."

The conductor promised, and went forward. Hungerford paced back and forth in a frenzy of impatience. Would Calmaine never show up with the women? It was one minute past twelve when Hinckley came back to say: "All set, Mr. Hungerford, when you are. The T. C. has whistled in."

Hungerford had heard the whistle, and now the headlight of the train which presumably carried Mr. Percy de Brutz was in sight. Hope was giving its final gasp when Calmaine came hurrying across the platform, luggage-laden, and leading his small procession like the father of a family.

"Chauffie overdid it; and Hobbs has made his escape from the policeman!" he gasped in an aside to Hungerford, heaving the hand-bags up to the porter on the steps of the Sylvia.

"Dear me, what a rush!" panted Miss Janet, when Calmaine and Hungerford fairly lifted her and her niece up the steps. "So good of you to wait for us, Mr. Hungerford — why, where has he gone?"

Hungerford had gone to pass the word to Hinckley, who had mysteriously disappeared. Four seconds, five, six, were lost; and the T. C. train from Dolomite was pulling in. Hungerford stopped and threw up his arms in the "go ahead" signal, on the bare chance that Hinckley might be looking. Hinckley was looking. From the head of the train came the answering signal, a lantern swung in a circle, and the wheels began to turn.

Hungerford dashed back along the line of moving cars and boarded the Sylvia. Through the windows in the rear he saw his guests on the observation-platform, and quickly joined them. He was just in time to hear Miss de Brutz say: "Bless me! what is that? It — it looks like a fight!"

The Flier was barely moving. The electric headlight of the lately arrived T. C. flooded the platforms with dazzling radiance, pricking out with startling distinctness the incident to which Miss Janet was calling attention.

Hungerford did not have to look twice. It *was* a fight. A smug-faced man wearing an English tourist's cap was apparently assaulting the police. To him, running, came a neatly garmented little gentleman, side-stepping from the stream of ingoing T. C. passengers. Instantly the fight ceased; for a passing moment the little gentleman seemed to be shaking hands with the policeman. Then the two, rescuer and rescued, turned and ran neck and neck down the platform toward the outcrawling Flier.

Hungerford said something under his breath and reached for the signal-cord. The Flier's speed quickened suddenly, and Miss Cassie said sympathetically:

"Wasn't that too bad! I believe those two men were trying to catch our train."

"Yes," said Hungerford, "I'm afraid they were. There are always some members of the great family of potterers getting left. Shall we go in?"

In the central compartment the white-

jacketed porter was setting out a tea-table, and Hungerford made the tea himself, calling forth encomiums from Miss Janet.

"You railroad gentlemen manage to get the best of everything," she said in genial raillery, adjusting her eye-glasses to take in the luxurious fittings of the president's car. "Brother Hugo declares that you are all pirates and robbers of the strong hand. Are you a pirate, Mr. Hungerford?"

Hungerford laughed.

"Ask Miss Cassie," he said. "She has seen me in action — with a pick-handle for my badge of authority."

"Oh, yes," recollected Miss Janet; "I had forgotten Cassie's summer at El Pinto." And she went off upon a loosely linked chain of reminiscence which ran on unbroken until Miss Wainright said:

"You may keep Mr. Hungerford up all night, if you are cruel enough, Aunt Janet; but I'm going to bed. May I, Sir Loch — Mr. Hungerford?"

Hungerford was on his feet instantly; and when the state-room door closed upon his retiring guests the Flier had just made its first stop, and Hinckley came in with two telegrams — one, sealed, for Miss Janet de Brutz, and the other an open one for Hungerford. The latter was from Harry Calmaine:

> Devil to pay, and no pitch in the kettle. De B. has chartered a special train and a clergyman, and will chase you. Doesn't know you're in it, and is wiring Aunt de B. and Miss W. to stop off at first decent hotel town.

Hungerford jammed the telegram into his pocket and spoke to Hinckley as man to man:

"There will be a special following us from Denver in a few minutes. How long will it take it to overhaul us in the ordinary run of business on this division?"

Hinckley frowned over the problem for a moment. "With our start and the Flier's fast schedule, I'd say you'd be safe in taking a four- or five-hour nap, Mr. Hungerford. I can call you if anything's due to happen."

Hungerford nodded, let the conductor go, and began to walk the floor, feeling uncomfortably like a criminal. What would Miss de Brutz say when he should finally deliver the sealed telegram — which he had carefully buttoned into an inside pocket? And — what was of vastly greater importance — what would Miss Wainright say when she learned that she had been deliberately kidnapped?

Not being able to face these unnerving questions alone and at half-past one o'clock in the morning, he flung himself into the easiest of the wicker chairs and resolutely shut his eyes to the consequences.

He was dreaming that the special had overtaken the Flier and was telescoping the Sylvia when he awoke. But it was only the grinding of the brakes for the stop at Alpine — that and Hinckley gently shaking him.

"Daytime," said the conductor genially, "and nothing doing yet. As near as I can get it from the wires, we've still got eight or ten miles to the good."

"Eight miles?" gasped Hungerford. "Why, man, they'll catch us right here!" And, before the Flier had fairly stopped, he was off and holding an excited conference with Brockley, the superintendent at the High Mountain division station.

"No, I shouldn't dare to hold him back," said Brockley, when he had been told all that he needed to know. "He has contrived to get a 'regardless' order from Mr. Brice's office, and we can't slur that. But I'll send the Sylvia ahead of the Flier, if you say the word, giving you McBride, the best engine we have, and the right of way."

"Do it," snapped Hungerford.

Brockley gave the necessary orders: a switching-engine flew to cut out the Sylvia, and a 'phone call went to the roundhouse for the 610.

"We'll make it," said Brockley confidently, and he kept his word. The Sylvia was detached and rushed swiftly around the Flier; the coupling was made to the waiting 610; and twenty minutes later the private car was storming up the last grade on the Shunt Pass approach. Hungerford looked back. The one-car special was at that moment crawling like a black worm out of the Alpine yards — but it, also, was ahead of the Flier!

The Sylvia's guests slept late, as Hungerford had hoped they might. When the leisurely breakfast was over, the big car had descended the mountain and was rocketing smoothly down the great cañon of the Boiling Water, with the pursuing special still invisible.

After breakfast Miss Janet begged the privilege of writing some letters; and, when Hungerford had installed her at the president's desk, he suggested the observation-platform to Miss Wainright.

"Is it permitted to wish you many happy returns of the day?" he asked, when they were together under the "umbrella roof."

"Oh," she said, coloring faintly, "so Harry told you that, too, did he? Did he leave nothing at all to your imagination?"

"He didn't need to leave that," was the quick response. "I was with you a year ago to-day — at El Pinto; you wore a bunch of my

"'SERGEANT CONNOLLY HAS HIM IN CHARGE'"

roses that had come all the way from a Denver greenhouse."

"So I did," she admitted, adding: "And to-day I am hurrying to my wedding. Is that what Harry told you?"

"Yes; isn't it true?"

"That remains to be seen," she rejoined lightly. "'There's many a slip,' you know. What time shall we reach Red Mountain?"

"About supper-time."

"I thought Dolomite was the supper station."

"So it is, for the Flier; but we are — er — we're running special, you know."

"I do know," she agreed impressively. "I turned the wrong way in the passage when I came out of my room this morning, and I saw the engine. Where is the Flier?"

"I don't know," he answered lamely. "It's — it's quite a number of miles behind us by this time, I'm sure."

"Then what train is that?" she queried, pointing backward. They had left the cañon,

"HUNGERFORD COULD SEE NOTHING OF THE PURSUING TRAIN"

and had doubled a great loop that led the track, after a grade-descending detour of several miles, back to the valley of the Boiling Water. As the Sylvia curved out of the loop, another one-car train curved into it on the higher track.

"I think — I guess it must be another special," said Hungerford.

"Chasing us?" she pressed. "I fancied one of the men on the car waved to us as we passed."

Hungerford's immediate answer formed itself in sundry sharp tugs at the air-whistle cord, calling for more speed.

"It looks as if they were," he assented, for the verbal part of his reply.

"And you'll not let them catch us?"

"I don't mean to let them get near enough to tangle us in a rear-end collision."

This was in the hill country, twenty miles below Broken Arrow. An hour farther along, the prospect was wider, and the following train was frequently in sight. Miss Cassie seemed to have lost interest in it. She let Hungerford push the talk into the past, to the El Pinto summer, to her year in Europe. Later Miss de Brutz joined them, and Hungerford had the late luncheon served where they sat.

At two-ten Castle Cliff, the headquarters town of the Dolomite Short Line, was in sight a few miles ahead; and at two-twelve the Sylvia made a momentary stop at the switch and crossing where a stub from the Transcontinental — whose main track was now closely paralleling the Short Line — ran over to the coal-mines in the Burnt Hills.

Hungerford "saw his finish." By all the Medo-Persian laws of railroading, the stop of the Sylvia at Castle Cliff must be more than momentary. The train must register and take new orders for the Dolomite branch, which, with De Brutz's train no more than five or six miles to the rear, meant failure and utter defeat.

One slender hope remained. If Brockley had wired ahead from Alpine, the Castle Cliff despatcher might let the Sylvia through to the Dolomite track without the customary division-end delay.

Things happened swiftly during the next three minutes. Hungerford, listening abstractedly to Miss Janet's description of her ascent of the Rigi, saw the De Brutz train stop at the T. C. crossing-switch, and, though he could scarcely believe his own eyes, saw it swerve to the right and hasten with increasing speed around the great curve that led across to the T. C. main line.

"Excuse me," he said abruptly, and sprang to the side-rail to look out ahead. In a flash he comprehended. Brockley *had* wired the urgencies to Castle Cliff. The distance, home, and station semaphores were all wagging the Sylvia the "clear track" signal, and in the yard the switching crews were repeating it with vigorous and emphatic arm-wavings.

In spite of his triumphant joy, Hungerford could not help admiring the quick wit of his rival. De Brutz had evidently seen the signals, had interpreted them correctly, and had struck out a new plan of campaign on the spur of the moment. The Transcontinental's branch paralleled the Short Line's all the way to Dolomite. De Brutz would get orders on the other line, and try to outrun the Sylvia to the gold-camp.

"My-oh!" exclaimed Miss Cassie, when the private car tore through the Castle Cliff yard and took the branch curve at a speed that made the wheel-flanges shriek, "don't we stop anywhere any more? If this were one of the other centuries, and you were a chief of the Clan Ranald instead of a Sheffield graduate, I should be tempted to believe that you were running away with us," she laughed. And then: "Why, there comes that other train, and it's on the other track! Do you suppose it is trying to beat us to Dolomite?"

Miss Janet had gone in, and he could scowl unrestrained. "I'm afraid it is."

She laid a hand on his arm. "Are you going to let it?" she asked.

He looked her squarely in the eyes. The moment had come when his ridiculously romantic house of hope must fall to pieces.

"That is for you to say," he began gravely; "and, before you say, I must tell you ——"

"I don't like to be beaten," she interrupted. "If you let that odious train get to Dolomite before we do ——"

He rose at once. "I'm going forward to the engine," he said. "We'll beat that train to Dolomite, and then I'll come back to you and take what's owing to me."

In the cab of the 610 he took the throttle himself, and sent the outworn McBride to stretch himself on the fireman's box. Mile after mile the quickening wheels spurned the rails, and at Betterman's, Hungerford, lying far out of the cab-window, could see nothing of the pursuing train.

In the yards at Dolomite he was on his own division. McGlasher, his yard-foreman, climbed to the cab as he was slowing for the stop.

"Ye can go sthraight on to Red Mountain if ye like, Misther Hungerford," said the big Irishman. "The wor-rd come from Castle Cliff to give you the clear thrack, an' the sivin-thirty's ready to skidoo wid ye."

"All right," said Hungerford; then, "There's

a special following over the T. C., Mike, and ——"

"*Was*, ye mane," cut in the yard-master. "'Tis broke down, ut is — at Bettherman's. The wire came to the j'int yard-office two minutes ago. 'Tis grea-at joy we're all wishin' ye, Misther Hungerford"; and the quick-witted Irishman dropped off.

Hungerford rode the first thirty miles on the Extension in the cab of the 730, getting off finally at Elroyo to go back and take his punishment. As he was boarding the Sylvia, the telegraph operator ran out with a message for Miss Wainright, and he took it absently.

Miss de Brutz was dozing comfortably in one of the drawing-room wicker chairs, and he was careful not to disturb her as he passed out to the observation-platform.

"Back at last?" said Miss Cassie cheerfully, shutting her magazine on her finger. "I had quite given you up. Have we outrun the other train — for keeps?"

"We have; and now I am ready to take my medicine," he replied soberly. "Do you know what I have done? I have deliberately kidnapped you; I have taken you by force from the man you have promised to marry; I have caused you to lose the chance of saving your uncle's legacy. Oh, you needn't say a word! I know how it must appear to you — as the act of a frantic madman. But I am mad — with love for you, Cassie. You let me go too far — last summer — before you told me."

She was looking up at him with an unfathomable light in her eyes.

"You are the clumsiest plotter!" she declared. "Do you suppose I didn't know? Percy wired me yesterday at Denver that he was coming; and, besides, I saw him and Hobbs trying to catch our train last night. And this afternoon, when his train passed ours on the great curve up in the valley, I saw him and a — a clergyman, I think it must have been, on the platform of their car."

Hungerford dropped into the camp-chair beside her. He was well over his depth now.

"You — you knew all this, and you didn't interfere?" he gasped.

"No," she said; and now the embarrassment was hers. "I know what Percy was coming for: he doesn't care so very much for me, but he does hate to see Uncle Seth's money go to the colleges. I knew he would try to make me change my mind at the last moment, and I ——"

"To change your mind?" he stammered. "Then you had broken off your engagement?"

"Long ago," she said simply. "Harry was merely jumping at conclusions when he told you I was on my way to my wedding with Percy. You see, he had taxed me with it, and I hadn't denied it; that was all. Percy had cabled me that it would be necessary for us to appear together before the probate judge in Red Mountain,— so there wouldn't be any fight about Uncle Seth's will, you know,— and that is why we were hurrying so."

Hungerford was still floundering, but the water was not quite as deep as it had been.

"Harry jumped at that conclusion," he said slowly; "I wonder if he jumped at any more. He said you would lose the legacy if you didn't marry your cousin before you are twenty-one."

She laughed softly.

"He merely got that one twisted a little. I lose it if I'm not married — to some one — before I am twenty-one."

Hungerford shut his eyes and tried to gather himself for a last despairing assault on the barriers.

"Married — to some one," he was saying inanely; and then he realized that Miss Wainright had taken her telegram from his hand and was reading it. Her laugh rang sweet and clear.

"Of all things!" she said; and then she handed the telegram back to him, open.

It was from De Brutz, and it was dated at Dolomite:

Don't be silly and lose all that money. If Hungerford is the man, well and good. Have him stop train at Ariposa till Father Billy and I can catch up. You have three hours yet before you are twenty-one.

Hungerford sprang up and reached for the whistle-cord.

"What are you going to do?" she asked quickly.

"I'm going to signal the engineer to stop the Sylvia at Ariposa," he rejoined masterfully, quite sure of himself once more.

"Really?" she queried mockingly, rising to stand beside him. "What makes you think I'd let you do such a thing as that, Mr. Young-Lochinvar Hungerford? Isn't it about time to drop the curtain on the little comedy?"

"No," he retorted, sheer audacity coming once more to the rescue. "What I have I hold, and what has been given to me I keep. You love me — you know you do; and I'll — I'll never let you go!"

"*Woob!*" she shuddered, yielding in well-simulated helplessness to the strong arm that encircled her. "I — I think it's Miss Netherby's time to scream. Listen and perhaps you'll hear her." And she reached up and pulled the whistle-cord herself.

THE BLIND GODDESS AT DODGE

BY

ALBERT BENTON REEVES

HE edged in through the outer doorway, glanced around, started out a time or two, but finally slipped on into the inner office, as an inquisitive mouse approaches a sleeping cat — half advancing, half retreating, and clearly half persuaded to bolt and run.

He had some acquaintance with Carr and Spencer, and, in his way, shared in the confidence which people generally placed in them. But it was only in his way. That is, he believed that they were fairly decent, as lawyers go; but his conviction was that, while it may be true that

> "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar,"
> He's a soft easy mark, and transparent as rain,
> Compared with the typical lawyer.

And, to his mind, lawyers were all typical: as alike as beans, and never to be admitted to one's confidence — not if there was anything in it worth taking. He was shy of Carr and Spencer, too, for another reason: they had been attorneys for Ben Carter, and the old man's affection for Carter was a minus quantity — infinite degree. He didn't just lie awake at night to hate Carter,— not purposely,— but it was hard to go to sleep with Carter in mind; and if he happened to think of him at the devotional hour, his petition was very likely to ascend too hot to place on file. Carter had been the instigator of "woes unnumbered" to him, and was behind the trouble concerning which he now desired to consult a lawyer. And here he was, in the lions' den, and he didn't know just what the animals were going to do about it. He had come because his neighbors advised it. Not all of them. Tom Chambers hadn't. Tom indulged in all sorts of sulphurous talk whenever Carr and Spencer were mentioned. He said, "The fact that they ever were Carter's lawyers is a plenty for me. Can't make me believe they are mavericks after that. Carter's brand on 'em is a tally brand, maybe, and not plain enough for everybody to see it; but it's there all proper till the final round-up, and I wouldn't trust 'em even then: not if I met 'em in heaven wearin' the shiniest halos in the whole herd."

Tom himself had once had a lawsuit with Carter, and Carr and Spencer had held him up before a jury, turned on the light, and pointed out in his moral structure such a heterogeneous assortment of humbugs and other malfeasant animalculæ that he had never felt quite well after that. Mr. Evans knew this, and accordingly disregarded Tom's advice, and was now in Carr and Spencer's office, ready to do business or run — but he had not quite made up his mind which. He scarcely believed that they would betray him; but the ethical standard of the profession was something beyond him. They might regard it as entirely proper and rather clever, he thought, to pump him dry and use the information to his hurt. Suppose they should do this —— It was the recurrence of this thought that, just as he was ready to unbosom himself, would start him in retreat for the stairs.

He marched and countermarched for a while between the door and the chair which had been offered him, and tried to talk about the weather and look unconcerned. But it was plainly apparent that the old man was suffering the keenest mental agony. At last he paused and, in a tone of despair with a touch of defiance, jerked out:

"Well, men, I s'pose you've heard of this trouble my boy's in?"

"Something, yes, but nothing definite," said Spencer.

"It's all Ben Carter's work," continued Evans. "He's had nearly everybody on the creek in trouble, and now it's our turn. Some sneak cut his fence last fall, and he laid it to some of Ed's friends and wanted Ed to spy on 'em. 'Course Ed wouldn't do it, and then he took a fool notion that Ed helped, and has been layin' for him ever since. Why, if I had a boy that'd cut a fence, I'd trade him off for a 'dobe calf. Whoever cut the fence ought to be jerked up, of course, but he can't be any worse than

Carter. He's done enough cussedness, if he could collect what the law owes him, to keep him at the State's expense till — well, till he goes where it's warmer. But he never gets jerked up! No! W'y, he's got five or six buildin's on his ranch, and nearly every stick of timber in 'em was rustled from abandoned claim shanties. He don't deny it. Got his fencin' same way, too. Don't deny that, neither. And his start in cattle just come to him — like manna, he says. But I never heard of manna comin' to anybody with a rope tied to it and somebody pullin' at the other end. That's the sort of manna his cattle are. If you'd accuse him of it, he wouldn't deny that. He'd just laugh. Beats thunder how such things go, don't it? If anybody else up there steps on a law as little and useless as a gnat, the sheriff's after him 'fore he can get his foot off; but if Carter'd carry off the court-house, they wouldn't do a thing to him but elect him to office. Say, men, reckon he hain't said anything to you about Ed's case, has he? No? Thought maybe he wouldn't. S'pose he'll depend on the county attorney. Don't cost nothin'. Didn't know, though. Knowed you used to be his lawyers. Reckon, if we wanted to hire you, the road'd be clear? Don't know what we will do yet. Kindy unsettled like. Reckon 'cause you've been Carter's lawyers ain't no reason why you couldn't do square by the boy?"

"If we should take the case, Mr. Evans, we would do our whole duty, of course," said Spencer. "And as to Mr. Carter, we hardly suppose that, because he employed us in one or two matters long since settled, he would claim to own us — *a* — *a* — *absque ulla conditione*," he added laughingly.

"I don't just know what that is," said Evans seriously; "but, if he don't claim it, it's because he's afraid of the thing. W'y, if he'd go 'long the road and see anything lyin' twice in the same place, he'd actually think it his'n. And for a man like that to accuse a boy like my Ed of stealin' a calf! It just makes me — well, it makes me think of him mostly along over the sights of my old gun and me a-pullin' the trigger. I'm not goin' to shoot him, of course — I'm law-abidin'; but if somebody should plug him, the coroner couldn't get a jury on the creek but what'd bring in a verdict that he come to his death as a natural consequence of his own acts.

"Bob Wilson's the only man up there that'll have anything to do with him. Used to be, them two'd hardly speak. But misery loves company, same as white folks. It was them two that had Ed arrested, and it's them that's pushin' the case. They think they're the whole shootin'-match, but they ain't a decent waddin'. They'll have a nice time provin' it's the same calf! Nobody'll swear to it but them, and we'll impeach 'em, both of 'em, and — my goodness, men, it'd kill me for Ed to be convicted! Never was a better boy. Since mother died, I've been alone there with him and the others. The rest of 'em's little shavers, and he's like a mother to 'em. And if he is sent away, I — I — I don't know — what — we'd do!"

He walked over to the window, drew his coat-sleeve across his face, and pretended to cough. Pulling his hat down over his eyes, he continued in a low, unsteady voice: "I drove in ag'in' the wind this mornin', and it was awful dusty, too, and it makes my eyes watery. Caught cold, too, I guess; seem to be husky. But, as I was a-sayin', I don't know how we could keep house without Ed. I'm gettin' old and no-account since mother died, and he's pretty near the head of the family now. I'm glad old Ben hain't hired you fellers. Wish you hadn't been his lawyers in them other cases, though. Wish you hated him! B'lieve I'd be willin' to pay more. I'd like to see you skin him. Well, I've got to go down-town a bit. I'll come back after a while, I expect, and bring Ed along. Want to see a feller or two first and kindy talk it over." And he went out.

"If that boy is convicted, old man Evans will go insane," said Spencer. "I wonder what the facts are. From what I know of the boy, it seems improbable that he would commit larceny. On the other hand, it seems improbable that Carter and Wilson have conspired to convict him without cause. The old man doesn't act as if there were really no basis for the complaint. If it were entirely groundless, he would be more angry and less worried. There is something about it that scares him. I feel sorry for him. If I had not felt that way, his frank distrust of us would have been offensive. Strange, what a notion people have of lawyers. As a rule, they're not half so bad as their clients want them to be. No matter how unjust their cause, nor how untenable their position, the clients expect their attorney to fix up some sort of hocus-pocus to win. Thompson expressed it the other day when he said, 'What I want is results; —— the methods!' Now, in this very case of Ed's, I anticipate that they will expect us to do something that we can't do. They evidently expect to defend on the theory that Carter and Wilson have deliberately put up a job on the boy, when they don't believe it themselves, and probably know better. I hope we may get the case, though; I feel that it's one in

which a fatal mistake could easily be made by a bogus defense. I suppose Mr. Evans would balk at a decent fee. Besides, he couldn't pay it, anyhow. What do you think about it?"

Carr was walking back and forth, looking savage and sour. He stopped and snapped out:

"Clear analysis. No money, no glory, no thanks! Measly little calf case. That's one side. Decent boy headed for the penitentiary; crazy dad helping him along. That's the other side. Method: trying to dovetail a colossal lie into a thousand intricate truths and not show a crack! And they have not seen or measured the truths yet, and can't do it till the trial. Great fit that would make! Like fitting a wagon-wheel into a watch — work done by a blacksmith, and before he sees the watch. Boy needs help. Fee! They can't pay enough to be worth mentioning. Charge it up to the railroad company, hang it! Add a hundred to our fee in the Miller case. Railroad can't object. Same system as theirs — 'Charge all the traffic will bear.' Come to think of it, that way we'll sock 'em for two hundred more instead of one. It'll make 'em respect our ability. Call in the stenographer and write 'em before we lose our nerve."

Spencer retired to dictate the letter. He felt a trifle squeamish about the extra charge — especially the additional hundred. But on the subject of fees he regarded the senior member as a comfortable authority, and when, in dictating his letter, he reached that feature, he sang it out in a clear, confident tone, as though sustained by the court of last resort. When the stenographer raised his eyebrows a trifle, Spencer felt momentarily uncomfortable. It seemed like a dissenting opinion. But the extra two hundred went, for Spencer was something of a lawyer himself.

Mr. Evans came in after noon, and Ed staggered in behind him, dazed, stupefied, almost paralyzed with fright. They were not long in coming to terms and in stating their case, or so much of it as they were willing their attorneys should know. It seemed that some days before Ed had traded a calf to Carter for a pony, and the next day Carter and Wilson claimed to have discovered a V brand on the calf, and reported it to the Syndicate Cattle Company, whose cattle carried this brand. Ed's arrest had promptly followed. But Mr. Evans and Ed declared that there was no brand on the calf which Ed had traded, and that Carter was slipping in another calf just like it, except as to brand. They said that Carter and Wilson could not bring any outside evidence to prove it was the same calf, and their idea was to impeach these two witnesses, and defend along the line that a substitution had been made. From what they said, and particularly from what they dodged, it was evident that there was, when they got through, an interesting story wholly untold. Carr and Spencer asked them a good many questions, but apparently swallowed their whole story without reservation. They were afraid that if they did otherwise Mr. Evans would fly off on a tangent and become unmanageable.

The trial did not come off for some weeks, and in the meantime they used the utmost diplomacy to gain Mr. Evans' confidence and to work him into a plastic frame of mind. They let it gradually dawn upon him that they were not entirely satisfied with his plan of defense, and at last began to intimate that they were considering another plan which they might adopt in the event that his plan finally seemed unsafe; but they never moved rapidly enough in this direction to throw the tangent.

When the time for the trial came, and it was too late to balk, Carr took Mr. Evans and Ed into his private office to break them in. He opened up by saying: "I want to tell you a story." And he proceeded, much to their astonishment, to tell them the real story of the calf in controversy, as he had translated it by reading between the lines.

"And now," he said, "you wonder how I know all this. I'll tell you. I know it from what you have told me, and more especially from what you have not told me, but have dodged. You are not very adroit liars. A plausible liar doesn't dodge around as you do to save a lie or two. He lies in a bee-line and makes no wabbles. His story will track pretty straight. But your story has a number of wabbles in it, and they show up like tracks in the snow. Now if I, without hearing the other side, can take your story and make out of it what I have done, what do you suppose the jury will do when they hear the other side and see all your wabbles? They will know that you are lying, but they will not know the truth as I know it, and they cannot do otherwise, probably, than convict.

"What defense shall we make? Why, we will tell the truth. Courts seldom hear the truth in criminal defenses, I am afraid, and it will be refreshing. It is generally safest for even a half-way honest man to stick to the truth. A lie will not fit in with a truth any more than a barrel-stave will fit into a wainscoting, because one is warped and the other is straight. Now, the truth in this case cannot legally convict. One of the chief elements of larceny is lacking, and the court will so instruct

the jury that it will have to acquit on this account. No, you need not argue the matter, and you need not squirm or crawfish. This case is going to be tried on this theory. All objections are overruled, and, as it is too late to appeal, don't muss up the record with exceptions. Let us proceed. I want to hear the rest of this story — a few minor details that I have not figured out; and I want to have a few things noted down on the type-writer, for you to put in your pocket, to steer you around the rocks of cross-examination."

He called in the stenographer, and they mixed medicine for an hour. Mr. Evans and Ed did not emerge from the eclipse they were under until the interview was over and they had got from under Carr's eye. As they started away, however, the old man regained enough self-assertiveness to say:

"But where does Ben Carter's impeachin' come in? Got to do that, anyhow. Got twenty witnesses here for it."

"The deuce you have!" laughed Carr. "His story and ours will not materially differ; what's the use of impeaching him?"

"I don't care, I'm goin' to impeach him. The job's been spilin' on me for a month, and it's got to be worked."

"Well, well, old man," said Carr, "we'll fix him for you, since you're aching for it. Don't let it take your appetite; we'll fix him!"

When the case was called for trial, Colonel Denton appeared as associate counsel for the State. This was unexpected, and Carr muttered: "How the dickens did the colonel get into this little game? Thought he played 'em taller. Where'd he get his chips?"

"Oh, that's easily accounted for," said Spencer. "In this kind of a case the Cattle Association of the county puts up a hundred and fifty if they convict, and the county another hundred and fifty. The colonel's been offered a whiff of the molasses — probably the whole barrel. Otherwise he wouldn't jump on to a kid for a calf, I'm sure."

"Um, I'd forgotten that. Rustlin' a calf's a greater crime out here than murder. State only pays two hundred and fifty to convict a murderer, and that's only in extreme cases; county don't pay anything — not if a whole family is killed. Family or two more or less cuts no figure. But a calf — that's different!"

The work of impaneling a jury was taken up. When the defense was especially anxious to get rid of some one who was being examined, the examination went something like this:

Colonel Denton (concluding his examination of juror): "And so you say, then, that you have formed no opinion whatever?"

Juror: "No, I have not."

Mr. Carr (after a few preliminary skirmishes in which the juror repeats that he has neither expressed nor formed an opinion, and that he is entirely impartial): "Let me see; I believe you said you had heard something about this case?"

Juror: "W'y, yes, I've heard something about it."

Mr. Carr: "Well, was the person who told you about it a truthful person?"

Juror: "I s'pose so."

Mr. Carr: "You generally believe that person when he tells you anything, don't you?"

Juror: "Yes, I s'pose I do."

Mr. Carr: "And he told you that this calf had been stolen, didn't he?"

Juror (perhaps not accurately measuring the force of these words): "Yes, he told me that."

Mr. Carr: "Well, if he was a truthful person, and you believed him when he told you anything, you thought he was telling the truth when he told you about this matter, did you not, and you believed him then, did you not?"

Juror (not knowing that it was getting too deep to wade back): "Yes, I believed him."

Mr. Carr: "Well, if he told you about it, and you believed him, you must have formed an opinion; didn't you?"

Juror (after some reflection): "W'y, I s'pose I did form an opinion."

Mr. Carr: "I suppose, then, that naturally you would continue to have that opinion until you heard something to remove it? That is, I suppose you would naturally have that opinion until you heard some evidence, and that it would take some evidence to remove it?"

Juror (not knowing how to back out): "Yes, I s'pose so."

Mr. Carr: "Well, then, I suppose, since you have not heard the evidence, you have that opinion still, haven't you?"

Juror (concluding to let the tail go with the hide): "W'y, I s'pose I have."

Mr. Carr: "We challenge the juror for cause."

The court, after a little experience with this sort of examination, generally sustained the challenge without further parley; for if the juror ever succeeded in getting out of the hole and getting rid of the opinion thus foisted upon him, he floundered right back into the hole and got loaded up with another opinion just like the first, as soon as Carr got another whack at him.

The jury was finally impaneled, and the court said:

"Counsel for the State will make their opening statement to the jury."

Here was the county attorney's opportunity for a star performance. The young man was

imbued with the conviction that the mantle of the immortal Cicero had been tenantless for some nineteen centuries, awaiting some one large enough to fill it; and that since he himself had appeared in the forum it had, for the first time since the death of that peerless advocate, fallen upon mortal man. He had never read law, but he had sold sewing-machines, and had tried enough other pursuits without success to justify the expectation that he would make a great lawyer — upon the same theory that Uncle Bill's dog was a good "b'ar" dog: "Wa'n't worth nothin' for nothin' else." Certain influences, strangely potent among the sagacious electors of his county, as they are potent everywhere, had elected him to office. Chief among these influences were his adeptness at shaking hands and patting folks on the back, and the facility with which he could get hilarious with the boys on Saturday night and lead prayer-meeting on Sunday afternoon. In addition to this, he had incurred the suspicion of every lawyer in the county, and among the sucker element this was a strong card. So here he was, standing between the people of a great State and the criminal element. So far, the fact that he knew no law did not cut any figure. With the multitude — and it is the multitude that elects officers — audacity, and what, out West, they call "gall," pass current for years as talent, learning, statesmanship; for with men, as with door-plates, it takes some time for the brass to wear off.

Now, an opening statement, as a lawyer understands it, is a brief outline to the jury of the facts relied upon by the side making the statement, without argument or ornament. But a sewing-machine agent, turned loose upon a jury, is likely to impress the uninitiated with the notion that it is pretty much the whole thing. Punctuated with a gesture here, embellished with a flourish there, and vivified with fierce and fiery imprecation otherwhere, the county attorney's speech at least convinced admiring devotees that their idol had surely entered upon a career of red fire and glory. But it petered out at last, and the introduction of evidence followed.

The State proved that Carter had traded with Ed for the calf, and the evidence indicated that the calf was probably branded with a V like the Syndicate brand, though some of the State's witnesses would not swear that the calf was branded at all. The State proved overwhelmingly that the calf which Carter and Wilson and all the other witnesses were testifying about was the one Carter had obtained from Ed. It was anticipated, from things the Evans people had said, that this was the point at which the defense expected to escape, and the case was made especially strong on that point by the State. Certain foolish statements of Ed's were also proved, and these seemed especially damaging. Piece by piece, the evidence was piled up, until there was apparently no escape. When they got through, Ben Carter said, "I've heard of gettin' 'em out through a keyhole, but there's not even a keyhole in that wall." Ed's expression, when he saw how strong the case looked, was that of one who sees before him all the horrors of the inferno; and "old man" Evans looked at Carr with an appeal whose pathos touched one's very soul.

The court adjourned for the noon lunch, and the crowd moved out in portentous silence. Every man there believed the boy lost. The jury, as it filed out last, looked exactly as a jury is supposed to look when it intends to convict. But there is no way in this world, or any other, to tell what a jury is going to do. Lawyers used to say, "God only knows"; but they have doubts about that now. As Carr and Spencer passed out, the presentiment of conviction was so overwhelming that it staggered even them. Colonel Denton noticed it, and said:

"Boys, I'm sorry for you. You know now how I feel when I'm licked."

"Think so?" said Carr. "Then we know how you are going to feel to-night, and, if it hurts you very much, better take something for it."

"Guess I will," said the Colonel. "Think I'll take a nap after luncheon. Case is too blamed one-sided to be interesting."

"You're napping now, old man," said Carr, "and we'll put you to sleep good and plenty when we go to bat."

"You're a cheerful cuss," laughed the Colonel. "Wish I had your nerve!"

The word passed around at the noon hour that Ed had no chance to escape, and, of course, the court-room after noon was crowded. The judge announced, "Counsel for the defense will make their opening statement to the jury," and Carr for the first time appeared to be fully awake.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "our evidence will not, as to any material fact, essentially differ from that of the State. We shall simply tell you the rest of the story — including the exact manner in which we came into possession of the animal in question. It is short and quickly told, and as the code does not require the defense to outline its testimony, I shall not take up your time with the story, but let the defendant tell it to you at once, in his own way. You will then understand that, although the defendant has not acted wisely, and, to be entirely frank with you, has not acted entirely

honestly, he has not committed larceny. For the court will instruct you that the mere taking into possession of a thing, or having it in possession, is not necessarily larceny: but that there must exist, at the time the thing was taken or immediately thereafter, the intent to appropriate the thing to one's own use or to deprive the owner of it. The court will instruct you, and I have, your honor, collocated here for your convenience numerous authorities upon the subject, that you must believe beyond a reasonable doubt that at the time when the defendant came into possession of the calf, or immediately thereafter, it was his intention to appropriate it to his own use or permanently to deprive the owner of its possession. The evidence will show that this could not have been the intention at that time. And upon the instructions of the court as applied to the evidence we shall confidently rely for a verdict of acquittal at your hands."

Colonel Denton collapsed right there. Leaning over toward the county attorney, he whispered quite loudly: "There's a joker in this deck!" This unexpected defense had clearly taken the Colonel off his feet; and the manner and the language in which he expressed his surprise were a little too much for the judge's gravity; for the judge liked fun. And if he had not had a newspaper to hold between himself and the jury — well, the jury would inferentially have received a very potent instruction for which the code makes no provision. But all this significance escaped the county attorney; he merely swelled up and replied to the Colonel, "Oh, that's all poppycock!"

While the witnesses for the defense were being sworn, Carr smiled at the Colonel and said:

"Had your nap, Colonel?"

"Nap? Yes. Been sound asleep. Didn't know a thing that was going on. Eyes shut tight. Couldn't see a hole as big as Wagon Wheel Gap. County attorney's asleep yet. Born that way. Don't know a joker from a seven-spot. Go ahead with your show; I'll not be much in your way, I'm thinking."

Ed went on the witness-stand, scared half dead.

"Now, Ed," said Carr, "begin with the first time you ever saw this calf, and tell the jury all about it."

It took the boy some time to get off on the right track, but he finally got started, and, in answer to a multitude of questions, said: "The first time I saw it was about four months before I traded it off. It was early in the morning. The calf was on the outside of the corral, and our cows were on the inside. It looked then like it was about two weeks old, and nearly starved. I went off to plow that morning, and paid no attention to the calf, s'posed somebody would come after it. That evening, Willie — he's my little brother — held a cow and let it suck. He was doing the herding then. It stayed around there all summer. We didn't see any brand on it, and I don't think even now there is any. We never had any idea where it came from. 'Course I knowed it wasn't mine, and I know now I ought not to have traded it off; but I thought, as nobody knowed where it came from or who it belonged to, it was mine as much as anybody's. The Syndicate people had a big pasture rented, that comes up within about a mile of our house, and there are no fences between their pasture and our corral; but we never saw any cattle in their pasture except steers, and never thought of the calf belonging to them. The fence of that pasture was only a two-wire fence and would not hold a calf, and if they had cows and calves in there at that time, it was an easy matter for the calf to walk out and come over to our place. They say now that they had some cows and calves there a day or two, but we never heard of it till after I was arrested. We branded all the rest of the calves except this one. We never thought but what somebody would come after it. We never claimed it, and I never thought but what somebody would come after it until Carter wanted to trade for it, and then I thought that, as we never had found the real owner, we never would, and I let Carter have it. That's all there is to it."

Here Carr and Spencer held a brief consultation.

"Guess we'd better not ask that," said Carr. "The Colonel would object to it as a self-serving declaration, and head us off. They are sure to draw it out themselves if we do not call attention to it. If they don't, we might recall him and run a blazer on them, and let the jury get the benefit of it, even if the court does rule it out."

"That's all for the present," said Carr, addressing the court. "We may wish to recall the witness later."

"Now go for him," said the Colonel. And the county attorney swelled up again, and went. He asked the defendant what his name was, how old he was, where he was born, how long he had lived in the county, how many times he had been arrested, and a multitude of questions equally astute, and for some time really did very well; that is, he did not impair his case much. Finally he assumed a look unusually wise, even for the county attorney, and said:

"You didn't make any effort to find the

owner, did you? You didn't make any inquiry or ask anybody if they knew whose calf it was?"

"Yes, sir, I did. I asked Henry Martin and Al Walton and Lafe Williams and Lee Barnett, and they are about the only ones that live within five miles of us."

Here Carr looked at Ed as though he expected something more, but Ed's face showed that there wasn't another idea behind it. But the county attorney helped him by saying:

"Sure you asked all these men, are you?"

"Yes, I am, and, if you don't believe it, they are all here, and you can put 'em on the witness-stand and ask 'em."

"Hold on," said the Colonel. "All this is in the nature of a self-serving declaration, and inadmissible, and I move to strike it out, and that the jury be directed to disregard it."

"No need to argue it, Colonel," said the court. "The evidence was brought out by your side, in response to direct questions, and I think we will let it stand."

The Colonel glared at the county attorney, and glanced over at Carr as much as to say, "Under the wheels, just as I expected." The county attorney, unconscious that anything outside of the desired program was happening, swelled up and proceeded: "Why didn't you advertise the animal, as the law required?"

"Did talk about it, but figured it up and found it would cost twice as much as the calf was worth."

The Colonel looked tired, but the county attorney was undaunted, and, with a triumphant "now I've got you" air, continued:

"Carter and Wilson live not far from you. Why did you not inquire of them?"

This question put Ed to studying and fishing in his vest-pocket with his thumb; but finally his face lighted up, and, with a sickly grin, he said:

"W'y, I knowed them well enough to know that they would claim it, whether it was theirs or not."

This answer precipitated a howling comedy, and the loudest laugh of all was that of old Ben Carter. The Colonel looked at the county attorney in an inquisitive way, as though speculating as to what sort of biped he was and what species he belonged to, and then, while the court was getting his judicial dignity on straight again and squelching the general hilarity, evidently proceeded to apply the extinguisher; for the county attorney only asked one or two more questions, of a colorless kind, and subsided.

Ed was promptly acquitted, of course, and when the verdict was announced, old man Evans started a series of yelps and whoops that suggested to the old-timers Cheyennes and scalps.

THE WANDER TRAIL

BY

BERTON BRALEY

UP across the mountains, downward through the vale,
Out upon the foaming seas runs the wander trail;
Pack your bundle, comrade, and take your staff in hand;
We're off to seek contentment, which dwells in No Man's Land.
The skies are blue above us, the roaming wind is sweet,
The roads are warm and springy beneath our faring feet;
Oh, leave the home-kept people to work and play and breed—
We must be off, fulfilling the rovers' easy creed.

For lands we've never traveled, for seas we've never crossed,
Our hearts are all a-hunger, we never count the cost;
The sun in all his glory of rising at the dawn
But calls to us to follow where he is leading on,
And when in sheen and splendor he sinks beneath the sea,
He seems to send a message, "Come, comrades, follow me."
The end of all our journey—who knows what it may bring?
But, friend, the wander fever has wakened with the spring.

EDITORIAL

"ONE MAN AND HIS TOWN"

WE print below an editorial which appeared in the Boston *Herald* of December 26. It was evoked by the article by Marion H. Carter, entitled "One Man and his Town," in the January McCLURE'S. Following the publication of the article, Father de Nisco, Miss Carter, and the magazine received an extraordinary number of letters commenting upon the work the priest was doing at Roseto. This editorial represents in a fair way the feeling which the article seemed to inspire:

Two sets of people should read the article on "One Man and his Town," in the January McClure's Magazine: Those who doubt whether the Italian will make a good American, and those who think that modern society has no use for the clergy.

It has been a long time since a more encouraging article on racial assimilation and industrial welfare work has appeared; and the reader rises with profound reverence for the service to society which a sensible, honest, well-meaning ethical and spiritual guide can do, a man who joins to official authority the more permanent authority of intrinsic goodness and consecration to humanity.

The Rev. Pasquale de Nisco of Roseto, Pennsylvania, so far as the record shows, is not much concerned with "modernism." He is not a brilliant preacher. But he has taken an ostracized, shunned village on the outskirts of a Pennsylvania town, inhabited by Italian workmen in the slate-quarries near by, and saved it to decency, thrift, and good order. The economic rights of workmen have been championed. Designs of evil men seeking the earnings of the colony have been thwarted. A local industry has been started to save the girls growing up in the village from the temptations of factory life in a near-by town. Love of nature, beauty, and music have been fostered. Home-owning has been promoted. Instruction in the first principles of Americanism has been given. All the functions that in a larger community, more diverse in its population, would be performed by many men, have been carried on by this consecrated, sensible priest.

Reading such a record as this of Roseto's transformation, there comes a revived understanding of what the words "pastor" and "minister" may mean when applied to a clergyman. Too often, under present conditions of life, work, and social intercourse in towns and cities, the clergyman tends to become a mere Sunday lecturer. He can hardly know any of his congregation intimately, and only a few at all well. With the majority of his congregation it is the mere touch and go of sermonizing. In smaller communities like Roseto, or on the plains where the home missionary shepherds his scattered flock, or in communities where life is still all of a piece and neighborliness remains, the clergyman retains the old function of "minister," protector of the weak against the strong, pastor of a flock not only on Sundays, but during the week. In working there he gains an experience, a knowledge of humanity, which is not always to be had by the more celebrated pulpit orator of the city.